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### A Review of the World



The Struggle in Democratic Ranks for First Place. HE race for the presidential nomination-the semi-finals, so to speak, in the great contest for the presidency itself-presents no sensational developments on the Democratic side since the

Watterson - Harvey - Wilson correspondence broke into print. Champ Clark and Governor Folk have patched up a truce which is construed as favorable to the former's chances. Several conventions in states contiguous to Missouri and several plebiscites conducted by newspapers also indicate that Clark's strength is growing. Harmon's speech calling upon the Ohio constitutional convention to go slow on the initiative, referendum and recall will help to crystallize the conservative forces in his favor and to repel the radical forces, just as Wilson's tearful dismissal of Mr. Harvey is helping to repel the conservatives and attract the radicals. Bryan has been stirred up by the action of a Democratic House of Representatives in placing the investigation of the "Money Trust" in the hands of standing committees instead of a special committee, and now shakes his head and mutters.

One View of Democratic Harmony.

HE New York World (Dem.) draws an impressionistic picture of the Democratic situation in a single sentence: "With Woodrow Wilson chasing Col. Harvey out of the front yard;

with Col. Watterson denouncing Gov. Wilson as an ingrate; with Mr. Hearst sobbing hysterically over Gov. Wilson's historical references to Chinese labor; with Mayor Gaynor having fits over the wickedness of Mr. Hearst; with Col. Harvey tearfully turning Woodrow Wilson's picture to the wall; with Mr. Bryan alternately bumping Judson Harmon and reading Oscar Underwood out of the party; with Champ Clark clawing Joe Folk and Joe Folk clawing Champ Clark; with Martin Littleton weeping over the atrocities which the House Democrats are about to commit on Wall Street; with Roger Sullivan trying to steal Carter Harrison from the newly converted Mr. Hearst; with Mr. Bryan acting as a House of Representatives, and with Mr. Underwood defying Mr. Bryan to do his worst-it has been years since we had a Democratic party so full of vigor and action and the joy of living." That reads like a scene in "The Playboy of the Western World."

Political Neurotics and Paranoiacs.



N THE Republican party the strife is still more intense and the language that is being used ought to break the chains of winter and bring an early

President Taft says of some of his Republican critics, "they are not progressives, they are political emotionalists or neurotics." And Medill McCormick, in opening national headquarters in Washington for the Roose-



TRYING TO MAKE UP

"Forgive me and forget my manners..... I owe it to you and to my own thought and feelings to tell you how grateful I am...how I have admired you... and how far I was from desiring that you should cease your support of me in 'The Weekly.'"—Governor Wilson to Colone Happyer COLONEL HARVEY. -Robinson in New York Tribune

velt National Committee, begins operations by declaring that "the administration has embarked upon a policy of political suicide and murder-murder if possible and suicide if necessary." And in response to the President's phraze, "political neurotics," he hurls back this: "What at first they-the Progressives-took for temporary weakness, they have now discovered to be a political paranoia." This thing of fighting out the political combat with medical terms is a new and promising thing. If a presidential campaign can be made educative along scientific as well as political lines, so much the better. This heated language comes, by the way, on the same wind that brings from the St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep.) these ironic words: "The passion which was shown by the partisans of the leading aspirants a few weeks ago is subsiding to a large degree." Which makes one wish to imitate the war-horse of the Scriptures and say "Ha! Ha!"

The "Collapse" La Follette.

HE most noteworthy occurrence last month in the presidential situation was what is called in numerous headlines "the collapse of La Follette."

At 11-30 Senator La Follette rose at the dinner of the Periodical Publishers' Association.

held in Philadelphia, to make an after-dinner speech. At 1.30 he sat down. In those two hours, before an audience largely compozed of his political friends, his presidential prospects, if most of the newspaper reports are to be believed, were blighted beyond all recovery this year. As a matter of fact, the Senator's own friends, as they listened to him, felt as tho the wish of his college days to go on the stage and act in a great tragedy was at last being realized in a very grim and terrible way. It was not that there was a physical collapse; nor was it what he said about the subservience of the newspapers to the money power. That, indeed, was the most interesting part of his speech and the most characteristic. It was rather the utter lack of power where so much of it was expected. His voice had no ring in it. The written part of his speech had no fire in it. The prosiest part of it was delivered three times. The entire speech was in striking contrast to the form he displayed only a few days before in Carnegie Hall, New York. Like Jim Jeffries, there was no longer any "steam" behind his punches. Every athlete knows what it is to overtrain and "go stale." La Follette had "gone stale." That was all.

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Shifting from La Follette to Roosevelt.

HAT was all; but it was enough. The La Follette campaign had already been showing signs of collapse.

The failure of the Ohio Progressive League to name him as its candidate and the candidacy of Senator Cummins, of Iowa, were signs of weakness. The rise of the Roosevelt movement looked fatal to his aspirations. Immediately after the Philadelphia speech his supporters began to shift their position with surprizing celerity. Gifford Pinchot telegraphed to a St. Paul meeting: "In my judgment La Follette's condition is so serious that further candidacy is impossible." George L. Record, of New Jersey, announced in a public meeting that the La Follette movement had collapsed and Roosevelt was now the Progressive candidate. W. L. Hauser, La Follette's campaign manager in Washington, issued a manifesto announcing the Senator's inability to fill any further speaking engagements and advizing his friends hereafter to secure delegates instructed not for La Follette but "for the thorogoing and definite principles which he has advocated." In Chicago the whole Progressive movement, under the lead of Medill McCormick, shifted to Roose-

velt almost overnight. The same thing occurred in the state of Washington. haste," remarked the New York Tribune, a Taft paper, "with which most of the insurgent leaders are seeking to clamp the lid down on Senator La Follette's candidacy must excite the compassion of those who believe that there should be at least some moderate standard of honor among politicians. . . . He is being hustled ruthlessly inside the hearse, altho he still insists that he is strong enough to occupy a seat alongside the driver." "As a presidential candidate," remarked the Philadelphia Inquirer, another Taft paper, "we dismiss him. He may still be able to gather around him the delegates of his own state and pick up scattering delegates here and there, but as a serious candidate he has destroyed himself."

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Has La Follette Been Used as a Decoy Duck? it seemed, was an-VERYBODY, nouncing La Follette's collapse except La Follette himself. As soon as he could get his breath he announced

his firm intention of staying in the race to the end. "The report that I have withdrawn as a candidate," he wired to the Fargo Courier-News, February 13, "is false and the statements regarding my health are gross misrep-They are a part of the presresentations. sure brought to bear to force me from the contest, which I willingly undertook at a time when no one else could be induced to make the fight. I have overtaxed my strength and require a few weeks' rest, which I shall take, and then return with renewed vigor to the struggle for thorogoing progressive principles." To the Minnesota Progressive League he wired: "No misrepresentation from whatever source can take me out of the contest to bring the Government back to the people. We will not permit the issue to be obscured nor take one step aside from the direction of true progressive principles." These vigorous protests from the corpse tended to destroy the tearful harmony of the funeral procession. The Milwaukee State Journal, La Follette's home organ, began to upbraid Mr. Roosevelt and his friends for treachery. It said:

"As a progressive leader of proved ability, Senator La Follette was drafted as a leader of the fight to be made at Chicago. Colonel Roosevelt at that time positively eliminated himself from the 1912 fight, and his followers, for the most part, being also sincere admirers of Senator La Follette, pledged themselves to the latter. La Follette started the fight at a time when the prospects for



"HITCHING ON" -Minor in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

preventing the renomination of President Taft were ridiculously small. As the movement grew and the indications of possible progressive strength developed, the Roosevelt boom was launched. This boom was believed at first by many to be in reality a back fire to split the progressive movement. The crisis was reached when those who pledged themselves to La Follette's support, but who in reality preferred Roosevelt, announced the discovery that La Follette could not win and that the Nation was demanding Roose-

In Minnesota, the Dakotas, California, Kansas and Nebraska, the La Follette men, reassured, continued their efforts in his behalf. But the movement east of the Mississippi river seemed to justify the remark made by the New York World even before the Philadelphia mishap, namely, "consciously or unconsciously he-La Follette-is the Roosevelt decoy duck."

A Crisis for the Progressives.

OT content with announcing the collapse of the La Follette movement, a large number of the daily papers proceeded to announce in jubilant tones

the collapse also of the whole Progressive movement. "On the whole," remarked the



LISTENING

-Ketten in New York World

New York Evening Post, "nothing has hurt them—the Progressives—so much as their apparent readiness to drop La Follette or Cummins and to rush into the arms of Roosevelt." "The truth of the whole situation is," said the Washington correspondent of the New York Times, "that the progressive movement, as an insurrection against the Administration, is drifting aimlessly about without head or goal." The Cleveland Plain Dealer thinks that only one thing can now save the Pro-



WATCHING FOR THE GROUNDHOG

-Minor in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

gressives—namely, the open candidacy of Mr. Roosevelt. It says:

"The feeling throughout the country has been that the Roosevelt supporters, if not Colonel Roosevelt himself, have been using Senator La Follette as an innocent stalking horse. They were willing to let him do the work and bear the responsibility. For their political game it was as well for the Colonel to maintain his silence and await developments. With everything progressing according to their hopes, Colonel Roosevelt might, at the carefully calculated moment, have permitted himself to be 'forced' into the race. The removal of Mr. La Follette has spoiled this plan of campaign. . . . The anti-Taft leaders, even those who openly profess to have the confidence of the citizen of Oyster Bay, must feel that they are attempting to steer a rudderless craft as long as the leader to whom they have pinned their faith remains unresponsive. Some kind of definite statement from the Colonel is so imperative that those who have understood and approved his unvocal pose will demand that it be abandoned."

"It is now," asserts the Indianapolis News, "anything to beat Taft. That is, in truth, about all there is to the Progressive movement as it appeals to the country to-day. . . . The movement is like the dog in the express car that could not be delivered since he had eaten up his tag."

Corralling Delegates for . Taft.

ITH the subsidence of the La Follette movement, "the situation is developing," says one of the best posted of the Washington correspondents, "for

a first class fight between the Taft and Roosevelt forces." During the month the Roosevelt boom has continued to bulk large in newspaper headlines and plebiscites; but the friends of Mr. Taft have maintained their grip on the organization and have been securing the delegates. The Southern states especially are living up to their long reputation of sending none but administration delegates to a Republican national convention. Florida held her state convention first of all and instructed all the delegates for Taft. Georgia followed suit. Mississippi's state committee hastened to announce its loyalty to the President. The Cook county (Chicago) Republican convention met and voted down a resolution endorsing Roosevelt by a vote of 864 to 198 and adopted a resolution heartily endorsing and approving the Taft administration. The St. Louis city committee, which month before last endorsed Roosevelt for the presidency, met again last month and by a vote of 25 to I changed its min gres place licar rade 103 Roo Taf Okli pede gate Nev lyn) unat elec

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mind. In Nebraska a number of avowed Progressives got together and had Taft's name placed on the ballot as a Progressive Republican candidate for the presidency. The Colorado state committee met and by a vote of 103 to 10 voted down an endorsement of Roosevelt and adopted an endorsement of Taft. The Republican state convention in Oklahoma resisted a strenuous effort to stampede it for Roosevelt and instructed its delegates for Taft. The executive committee of New York county and Kings county (Brooklyn) endorsed Taft for renomination each by unanimous vote. Every member of the newly elected Republican state committee of Indiana is said to be a Taft man. Senator Townsend, of Michigan, declaring that "Theodore Roosevelt pointed the way; William H. Taft has traveled the road," took his seat in the Taft band-wagon. President Schurman, of Cornell, did likewise, saying: "He-Taft-is not a radical and is far from being a standpatter. He is a rational, reasonable progressive." George H. Lorimer, the editor of the Saturday Evening Post of Philadelphia, a paper by no means hostile to the Progressive movement, said in an interview in California: "There is no doubt in my mind that Taft will be renominated. Taft sentiment has been gaining greatly in the last ninety days I think his renomination will be unanimous, and it seems to me that the whole situation is in his hands. He can carry the country with a sweeping majority." Leslie M. Shaw, ex-secretary of the treasury, declared that Taft is sure to be reelected by a larger majority than he had in 1908.

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Nominating Taft on the First Ballot.

N THE meantime Taft headquarters had been opened in Wastington placed in the capable hands of Congressman McKinley, of Illinois, once

the campaign manager of Mr. Cannon and an optimist of the most dauntless sort. He proceeded promptly to claim that Taft already is sure of 780 votes on the first ballot. He even expressed the conviction that by the time the convention meets, Roosevelt will have gathered into his hands all the strings of the Progressive movement and will then hand them over into Taft's hand. It was this same sanguine Mr. McKinley, as the New York Sun reminds us, who was in charge of the Republican congressional campaign in 1910, and who declared a few weeks before the election that there was "absolutely no



AT LAST TAFT HAS A REAL CAMPAIGN MANAGER

Congressman William B. McKinley, of Illinois, has been training with the standpatters, but he has kept on the best of terms with the progressives, and has taken hold of Taft's campaign with a firm grip.

question" that the next (that is the present) house would be Republican. Mr. Hilles, the well-poised secretary of the President, also declares that Mr. Taft's nomination is "as certain as anything can be," and that the Republicans will then rally to his aid and ensure a "great victory" in November. One month earlier he would not have made such a prediction, he says; but the situation in the last few weeks has cleared wonderfully.

The Roosevelt Boom Also Expands.

UT it is a very big country, and while the Taft boom has been there in the tagent and the tagent and the tagent are the tagent and tagent are tagent as the tagent are tagent as tagent are tagent as the tagent are tagent as the tagent are tagent as tagent are tagent as the tagent are tagent as tagent are tagen ing itself, there has been room for the Roosevelt boom also to expand at

the same time. Eight Republican governors met in Chicago in the early part of the month and sent an address to Colonel Roosevelt beseeching him to signify his willingness to take the nomination again for the sake of the issues involved in the Progressive movement. These eight governors-Carey of Wyoming, Osborn of Michigan, Stubbs of Kansas, Hadley of Missouri, Aldrich of Nebraska, Glasscock of West Virginia and Vessey of South Dakotawere part of a gathering of about seventy men from twenty-four States who formed a Roosevelt League, established a national headquarters in Chicago, and proceeded to issue statements showing the impossibility of electing anybody but Roosevelt on a Republican ticket this year, since he "is the one man who can surely unite at this time all elements of the party and also attract a large body of independent voters." Another organization, the Roosevelt National Committee, with headquarters in Washington, pursues the same line of argument, but gets down to a closer analysis of the situation. There are now, we are told by the Roosevelt National Committees, twenty-three States under Republican control. Two of these-Maryland and Tennessee-are not to be counted on by Republicans in a national election. The others, twenty-one in number, are normally Republican with an electoral vote of 218. But in fifteen of these States-namely, California, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, New Mexico, Washington and the eight States represented by the governors above mentioned—the opposition to



ANOTHER COLD WAVE BACK EAST! -Los Angeles Times

Taft is so strong as to imperil Republican success and throw 161 electoral votes into the doubtful column. If Roosevelt is the nominee, he will be sure of these votes. He would be assured of at least 218 electoral votes to start with, needing but 48 more to win. He would have to get them in the twelve northern States now under Democratic control and having 153 electoral votes. "He could win without Indiana, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut combined."

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Newspaper Plebiscites. UT more striking than this analysis of the situation and more effective than the appeal of the eight governors are the figures published day by

day concerning various newspaper plebiscites. The Detroit News took a poll of 1,200 voters in Michigan last month. For Roosevelt there were 720; for Taft, 271; for Wilson, 80; with the votes of La Follette, Harmon, Clarke, and the others tapering down to the vanishing point. The Pittsburgh Press made a post-card canvass that showed 11,340 votes for Roosevelt, with the next man on the list-Taft-receiving but 1,593. The Kansas City Star's plebiscite has been the most sensational thing of the kind ever seen. Out of 150,754 votes cast by its readers-a large proportion of whom, by the way, are farmers-Roosevelt received more than all other aspirants combined. The poll stood:

Roosevelt77,690	Folk 7,515
Clark 15,380	Debs 3,257
Bryan 14,770	Harmon 2,633
La Follette 8,880	Cummins 1,159
Taft 8,801	Underwood 94
Wilson 7.852	Foss 101

The name of Debs was not on the ballot sent out by the Star at first, but so many votes were received for him that his name had to be added. The Star is an independent paper, but it is thoroly Progressive, and its own preference is for Roosevelt, which, of course, makes a difference. "The conflagration," says ex-Governor Fort, of New Jersey, "is on. The uprising is here. The people want him -Roosevelt-and they are going to have him."

But How About the Third Term?

OW far will the third-term issue enter into the presidential campaign, in case Mr. Roosevelt breaks his silence and consents to be a candidate? Up to

last month surprizingly little had been said either by Democrats or Republicans on that

subject. But it has in the last few weeks assumed considerable importance in the discussion. A "life-long Republican" writes to the New York *Evening Post* offering to help pay the expense, if Roosevelt runs, for placing banners in every city bearing this legend:

Washington Wouldn't, Grant Couldn't, Roosevelt Shan't.

William E. Chandler, ex-Senator from New Hampshire, thinks that all other issues would disappear and "the only visible and imperative one" would be the third term. General Agnus, proprietor of the Baltimore American (Rep.), thinks Roosevelt is "an impossibility" because of the "fixed tradition" against a third term. That issue, he thinks, would prove "a disintegrating one" to the Republican party. An attempt was made last month to bring to vote in the House of Representatives a resolution against the "third term." It was introduced by Mr. Slayden, a Democrat from Texas, but by a vote of 90 to 51 the House refused to take it up. A similar resolution has been placed on the calendar of the Senate by Senator Reed. The San Francisco Argonaut retails as "an interesting bit of gossip" a conversation in 1908 between a prominent Said the Demo-Democrat and Roosevelt. crat: "Theodore, you could probably bring about your own nomination for a third term at Chicago, but it is my judgment that you could not carry a single State in the Union." And Roosevelt is said to have replied: "I believe you are right." The Argonaut comments on this: "We are not able to see that the situation has materially changed. We doubt if any man running for a third term could carry any State in the Union." The Cleveland Plain Dealer (Dem.) observes:

"Whether the American people regarded a Roosevelt nomination this year as an effort to secure a third term or not, they may now observe the very situation which the rule against third terms is designed to prevent. Mr. Roosevelt's present campaign against his successor is one of the strongest arguments in justification of the sentiment hostile to third terms. It shows what may be expected of a man who, once clothed with the power of President, is loath to give it up."

ment against the third term were against a consecutive third term. It goes on to say:

"A man who leaves the Presidency and is reelected after a lapse of four or eight or twelve years, has no body of office-holders behind him, does not possess the power of patronage, and, therefore, stands on the same footing as any other private citizen. In Mr. Roosevelt's specific case, it is sometimes said that his statement in 1904 and 1907 that he would not accept another nomination would make his acceptance of a nomination this year inconsistent. What Mr. Roosevelt said in 1904 and 1907 referred, of course, to a consecutive third term.

"Mr. Roosevelt believes, altho we do not share his belief, that the settled policy of this country makes a third consecutive Presidential term for any man impolitic, if not improper, but the Outlook has a better appreciation of his intelligence than to suppose that he had in 1904 or has now the slightest idea of defining a third term, except in the way in which we have here defined it. The situation may perhaps be made clear by a homely illustration. When a man says at breakfast in the morning, 'No, thank you, I will not take any more coffee,' it does not mean that he will not take any more coffee to-morrow morning, or next week, or next month, or next year."

The New York *Times* scouts this reasoning and says that it is not Mr. Roosevelt's intelligence but his morality that is being tested.



IT'LL SOON BE TOO LATE

-Ding in New York Globe

The Third Term and a Cup of Coffee.

UT there is a difference, says The Outlook, in a recent editorial (not by the contributing editor), between 1908 and 1912. The objections for-

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McVeagh Says Roosevelt



NOTHER journal close to Mr. Roosevelt, Collier's, essays to set forth a defense of the third-term position. It says:

"Roosevelt is desired by more voters than any other Republican progressive.

"He is the only Republican except Hughes who could run on equal terms against Wilson.

"It would be unbecoming in him to seek the nomination, but it is not unbecoming in him to yield to an unmistakable public wish.

"His sweeping language in refusing a third term was written in view of what alone was then under discussion-a third consecutive term.

"A third term has no dangers. Washington would have taken one if he had not been tired. Grant would have received one if his second term had contained less of scandal."

And Collier's adds: "Is there any lack of clearness in this argument? One man who evidently thinks that there is a lack of clearness in it and that this lack will be very clear to the mind of Mr. Roosevelt himself is Secretary MacVeagh of the treasury. In a speech in Lansing, Mich., last month, he said:

"The 'anything-to-beat-Taft' movement was begun as a vendetta-and it has more or less of that blood-in-the-eye character still. Unless I am gravely mistaken, they will find a different man to deal with in Roosevelt. I believe the 'anything-to-beat-Taft' people will never succeed in getting Roosevelt to lead them. They are dealing with one who knows politics, and with a man who has a wealth of great things of the past to look after, to cherish, and to protect. A third term-even if a third term were legitimatized by the authority of a unanimous demand of the people-would be of far less value to him than the undimmed record of the two terms he has served. I was an uncompromizing Roosevelt man when Roosevelt was President; and I am his political friend to-day. And it is because I have so long trusted his political and patriotic instincts that I have not wavered in my belief that Roosevelt would not-and, with his make-up, could not-conceive a reason why he should run against Taft."



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PROCLAIMING THE FORTY-EIGHTH STATE OF THE UNION

On February 14, Arizona was proclaimed by President Taft a state. If we want any more stars on our flag, hereafter, we must take in Alaska or one of our insular possessions, or split up Texas, or invade Mexico, or annex Canada. There is no other territory left. The first state admitted to the Union by the thirteen original states was Vermont, in 1791, 121 years ago.

Is the Political Convention Doomed?

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nnex tates N ONE respect, this year will be unique in our political annals. That interesting old institution, the political convention, has been marked by a large section of the population as destined for

the scrap-heap along with the once equally dear old torch-light procession. In at least twelve states this spring the delegates to the national convention will be chosen at direct primaries by the enrolled voters of each party, and in five states-Nebraska, Oregon, New Jersey, North Dakota and Wisconsin-the voters will have a chance to express their choice for presidential candidate, the majority choice to be more or less mandatory upon the delegates. This is, of course, a part of the "back to the people" program which includes, besides the direct primary, the initiative, referendum, and recall. This is the first year in our history when the direct primary method has been applied to a presidential campaign. North Dakota will lead the procession, the voting under her presidential preference law taking place March 19. Wisconsin follows April 2, Nebraska April 17, Oregon April 19, New Jersey May 28. Under the Oregon law, the first of the kind to be adopted, every delegate elected to the convention takes an oath faithfully to carry out the wishes of his party as expressed at these direct primaries. If this plan is extended throughout the country, the convention, shorn of most of its importance, is expected to expire of anemia in the near future.

pealed forcibly to the Populist party, but the free-silver movement speedily swept them into the background and out of sight. The direct primary has been an addition to the original program and has made its way much more rapidly, especially in the East, than the initiative and referendum and recall. The fight seems to have been fought and practically won in the nation at large for direct primaries. Even New York state comes into line this year with such a system. But the real contest over the initiative and referendum and recall is yet to come in the East. The contest has reached as far as Ohio, where it is the foremost topic of discussion in the constitutional convention. It is essentially a state rather than a national issue, but La Follette's impassioned appeals in behalf of this three-fold issue, Woodrow Wilson's conversion to it (excepting as to the recall of judges), President Taft's veto of the bill to admit Arizona with a provision in its constitution for the recall of judges, and, last month, Governor Harmon's opposition to the program before the Ohio constitutional convention have made the issue almost as prominent as the tariff in the campaign now going on in both parties over the presidential nomination.

> Harmon Opposes Direct Legislation.



HE only Democratic candidate for the presidential nomination who has placed himself openly in opposition to the initiative and referendum as

well as the recall is Governor Judson Harmon. His utterance, we are told, was a "complete

The "Back to the People" Cry.

RADUALLY the whole "progressive" movement, in each of the two leading par-

ties, has come to revolve around this "back to the people" program. If there is to be a "third party" formed this summer, that will almost certainly constitute the point around which it will crystallize. That program has been at least twenty years in the incubator. There was a Direct Legislation League in existence that long ago, with national headquarters in New Jersey and with its national organ. Its watchwords then ap-



THE TROUBLES OF A REPUBLIC

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

surprize" and "stunned many of the delegates" because of the influence it seemed likely to have upon his presidential chances. "I am not convinced," he said, "that the initiative and referendum, applied generally to subjects of legislation, would be an improvement on our system of government by representatives." He continued:

"No one can justly claim that this new departure in government has yet passed the experimental stage in other States, while, even if it has, none of them has so large or so diversified a population as Ohio, or such a great variety of interests. I believe the work of legislation can be properly done only by bodies small enough for each member to get the advantage of conference, debate and deliberation, with the concurrence of both required and absolute rules to prevent hasty action by either, as well as final approval by another and independent actor in the proceedings. For myself, I think we should await the result of a fair trial in our cities and villages before making Statewide the operation of so radical a change in our methods.

Mr. Harmon's utterance seems all the more remarkable to the New York Press "because the platform on which he was elected governor of Ohio proclaimed flatly the virtue of the initiative and referendum."

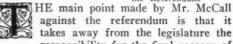


"A Discarded Device of the Ancients."

STUDY of direct legislation appeared several months ago, in the Atlantic Monthly, before that issue had been thus injected into the presi-

dential campaign. It was written by Samuel McCall, who has been for twenty years a congressman from Massachusetts. He describes the "new" issue as a "return to the reactionary policies which thousands of years ago demonstrated their destructive effect upon the government of any considerable populations." Representative government, on the other hand, is a modern invention. "Modern times," said Thomas Jefferson, as quoted by Mr. McCall, "have the signal advantage of having discovered the only device by which these rights [the equal rights of man] can be secured-to wit, government by the people acting not in person but by representatives chosen by themselves." It is now proposed, we are told by Mr. McCall, to abandon the discovery of modern times and put in its stead "the discarded device of the ancients." The advocates of this policy "should frankly spread upon their banner the word 'reactionary.'" Mr. McCall pays special attention to the working of the law in Oregon. The first objection he finds is that the law impozes upon the voters an impossible task. "The people," says the writer, "at the election in Oregon, held in 1910, passed upon propozed laws which filled a volume of two hundred pages, and they passed upon them all in a single day, each voter recording his verdict at the polling booth upon both the candidates and the propozed laws." Several crude results of this method of legislation are recorded. The fishermen who take salmon by the net in the lower waters of the Columbia river propozed a law forbidding fishing by the wheel. Those who in the upper waters use the wheel propozed at the same time a law forbidding the use of the net. Both bills were voted on the same day and both were adopted, "and thus, so far as the action of the people was concerned, the great salmon fisheries of the Columbia were practically stopped."

Political Cowardice and the Referendum.



responsibility for the final passage of laws and permits it to shift the burden upon the people. The prevailing vice of legislators in our country is "not venality but political cowardice." Under the referendum the legislator is given a plausible excuse whereby he may always dodge the responsibility of voting upon some bad but specious law where his political interests lead him to vote one way and his sense of duty another way. The prevailing fault of the voter, on the other hand, is political indifference. Very few of us will or can give to public questions any but a superficial study. This produces now nothing but an evil effect upon legislation. The evil would be "greatly intensified" if responsibility were taken from the legislature and distributed in infinitesimal amounts among a million or so of "Our statute-books would very probably soon become a medley of ill-considered reforms, of aspirations sought to be expressed in the cold prose of statutes, of emotional enactments perpetuating some passing popular whim and making it a rule of conduct for the future; and the strict enforcement of our laws would mean the destruction of our civilization." As for the recall, Mr. McCall is still more emphatic in his hostility, harking back to the days of Athens where, he finds, when all restraints upon the direct action of the people in making and enforcing laws were removed, "their greatness was soon brought to an end, and they became the victims of the most odious tyranny to which any people can be subjected—the tyranny that results from their own unrestrained and unbridled action."

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Senator Bourne Defends Direct Legislation.

HE main argument against the initiative and referendum, as advanced not only by Congressman McCall but

by Senators Lodge and Root and President Taft and others, is that it is an abandonment of representative government. This is strenuously denied by Senator Bourne, of Oregon, writing in the Atlantic Monthly in reply to Mr. McCall. The "intricate details of legislation" are still attended to by the legislature. At the last general election in that state thirty-two measures were the subject of referendum, nine of which were

adopted. But there were in all 725 bills before the legislature in its session beginning the January previous, of which 275 were enacted into law. "Evidently," says Senator Bourne, "the extent of substitution of direct legislation is indicated by the ratio of 9 to 275. This is not exactly abandonment of the representative system." The fisheries legislation to which Mr. McCall refers is construed by the Senator as a shining illustration of the way in which the general welfare is substituted for private selfishness under the referendum system. The decision against both net and wheel fishing was the result of the people's conviction that the fish were entitled to protection from both kinds of fishers and both bills were accordingly adopted. The legislature so construed the vote and proceeded to enact a new law providing for a closed season during the spawning season.

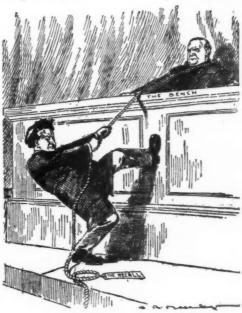
Still Bombarding the Judiciary.

TENDENCY in England toward the "semi-deification" of judges is noted by a London paper. If there is such a tendency in this country it is having hard work to manifest it-

self. The bombardment of the judiciary continues and has now reached the legislative By a vote of 148 to 82, the House of Representatives, almost without debate, passed a bill last month providing that hereafter, "before the President shall appoint any district, circuit or supreme judge, he shall make public all indorsements made in behalf of any candidate." In the same house another bill has been introduced by Congressman Lafferty, of Oregon, providing for an amendment to the Federal Constitution whereby the official service of all federal judges shall be terminated and their successors shall be elected at the next succeeding presidential election by popular vote. In the Outlook ex-President Roosevelt urges a plan whereby all future decisions of state or federal courts by which duly enacted laws are declared unconstitutional shall be subjected to review by popular vote, and overruled if not sustained by a majority at the ballot-box. And the agitation for the judicial "recall" is still spreading and making its way into the statute books of western states. Our national umpires, it is evident, have a trying season opening up before them.

N THE newspapers published in all parts of the country, says the New York *Tribune*, "we find complaints of legal delays." Referring to President Taft's oft repeated statement that the reform of legal procedure is our nation's great-

est problem, it adds: "Probably nothing else



PROGRESSIVE GOVERNMENT
—Macauley in New York World

would so confirm the judiciary in public confidence and so protect it from radical attacks as a method of making it impossible to defeat justice by wearing out the patience and exhausting the purse of an adversary and depriving criminals of the favor they enjoy under the present rules of trial." In Collier's a series of articles has been appearing written by Carl Snyder with such titles as, "The Encouragement to Kill," "The Monstrous Breakdown of the Criminal Law," "The Scandal of the Lawless Law," "The Extravagant Cost of the Law." Statements like the following appear, well buttressed with statistics: "We have in the United States at least five times as many judges as there is any necessity for and the chief occupation of these judges is the obstruction of justice";-"Among murders, to say nothing of minor offenses, not one case in four is ever tried, and not in one case in ten is there ever a conviction that holds";-"The root of the evil lies, I believe, in the fact that not merely the conduct of the law but the making of the law and the naming of judges is almost exclusively in the hands of men whose chief profit is the defeat of the law."

Overloading the Appellate

E ARE told by Mr. Snyder that while England, with a population of 32,500,000, has about 200 judges, there are not far from 4,000 judges in the

United States, with its population of 90,000,-000. Yet, with less than three times as large a population and twenty times as many judges, the dockets of the Supreme Courts of many states are two and three and even more years behindhand. The supreme court of Colorado is more than four years behind. The main reason for this condition lies in "the endless appeals, reversals and new trials." In 1908according to The Docket, a law journal-the state supreme courts alone rendered "nearly 17,000 opinions. Add to these the other state appellate courts and the federal courts, and we get, according to Mr. Snyder's estimate, "more than 25,000 written opinions"-and many more that were oral-rendered by less than 500 judges in one year's time. These cases "are largely decided according to precedent, with little regard to any questions of the mere justice or right in the issue involved." More than one-third of the appeals are successful. In some states nearly one-half are successful. Chief Justice Furman, of Oklahoma, is quoted as saying: "The habit of reversing cases upon

technicalities is a very convenient one for appellate courts, for by so doing they can escape much hard labor and all responsibility for their decisions, for a violation of some technicality can be found in almost every closely contested case." In England, no court in the realm has the power, in a criminal case, to grant or order a new trial. In civil cases, the record in England, in 1909, stood as follows: Cases heard, 475,000; cases appealed, 1,445; appeals heard, 867; reversals and new trials, 255. Yet even in England the cost of getting a case adjudicated is regarded as so high that the government is considering the establishment of referees in petty cases, from which . lawyers shall be excluded!

Responsibility of the

PEAKING recently before the New York state bar association, Senator Root admitted that the general respect of the community for every one

concerned in the administration of law has decreased; but he thinks this applies less to the courts themselves than to the lawyers. He said:

"It is the bar that makes up a great part of all our legislatures and is responsible for the stupid and mischievous legislation regarding procedure which hampers the courts in their efforts to do justice. It is the bar which, knowing all the facts and familiar with all the evils, insists upon the continuance of our methods to promote the immunity of criminals and the hindrance of justice to the point of denial. The primary fault and the primary duty of reform rest with us."

Mr. Snyder's contention is the same. There are 4,000 judges because this means, in the first place, 4,000 fat jobs for lawyers, and, in the second place, "because it requires these 4,000 judges to hear and to pass on the endless rigmarole of motions, objections, exceptions, writs of error, writs of habeas corpus, appeals, retrials and reappeals which make up the daily practice of the law and which make the law profitable." The New York Press is hopeless that either Senator Root's or President Taft's appeal to the lawyers will accomplish anything. It remarks: "Practically no progress has been recorded since the President took up the business of reforming our judicial procedure. It looks as if the laymen would have to seize the problem and solve it, with the aid of judges here and there who understand that the law's delays make the weak-

est spot in the American system of government.'

it is next to impossible for them to turn back."

UT we must go back not only of the Politics in the Judiciary courts but back of the lawyers to find the main trouble, in the opinion of

Judge Charles S. Cutting, of the probate court of Chicago. Speaking recently before the Chicago Bar Association, Judge Cutting acknowledged that "the bench of to-day is far inferior to the one of old," and the respect for it as well as for the lawyer has greatly declined. He put his finger on the seat of trouble thus:

"Just a day or two ago I saw in one of the newspapers the personnel of the men who were to select the candidates for the bench of this county. Among them were four saloon-keepers, two aldermen-who devote most of their time to that kind of work-and one man who has been convicted of a crime. These are the distinguished gentlemen who name the judicial timber from whom the people must select their judges. In all sincerity and with much humiliation I ask you, gentlemen, if this class of men should occupy the most responsible positions in the laws by which you are governed and before whose decisions you must bow?"

"Appellate Courts an Indictment of American Intelligence." OMMENTING on this situation in our courts, which is the same as was revealed over twenty years ago by a

commission of the American Bar Association, and since then repeatedly by Andrew D. White and recently by Dean Lawson, of the law school of the University of Missouri, the Knoxville Sentinel declares that, as a result of these conditions, there were in this country, in 1910, 8,975 homicides and but 94 legal executions. "There are," it asserts, "100,000 manslayers at large in America." It denounces the appellate courts as "an indictment of American intelligence," and it tells of the dismissal of an indictment in South Carolina because the word "father" was spelled farther; of an indictment in Alabama dismissed because "malice" was written without the i; of one dismissed in Missouri because the article "the" was omitted before the word "state"; of a similar action in West Virginia because the name of the state was written "W. Virginia." "Our judges," it comments, "are able and conscientious men, but it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that they have traveled so far on the wrong road that

Unsatisfactory Remedies. ITH this general admission, on all hands, of a deplorable condition of affairs in our administration of law

by the courts, confidence is very far from general in the efficacy of any of the The New York Press remedies proposed. thinks Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion of a review of a certain class of court decisions by popular vote is more radical and revolutionary than the recall or anything else suggested by any of the western progressives. The Springfield Republican thinks that the proposal demanding that the President make public all endorsements made in behalf of any candidate for a federal judgeship assails the unquestioned right of the President to receive confidential information to aid him in performing his executive duties, and that the bill passed by the lower house to this effect, even if observed, would be ineffective as it does not provide for the publication of protests and objections to candidates or of oral recommendations as well as written. The New York Tribune calls attention to the fact that "the House of Representatives is not a part of the appointive power and is without authority to put limitations on the constitutional use of that power."

The Recall vs. the Australian Ballot.

S FOR the recall of judges or other Christian Science Monitor, in an editorial that has attracted consider-

able attention, points out defects in the method of procedure. The petition process, it remarks, is contrary to the lessons taught us by the Australian ballot. It says:

"The Australian ballot has done wonders for the uplift of the American electorate. It dealt bossism its first and hardest blow. Those whose experience runs back that far know full well that political conditions to-day are vastly improved over what they were twenty years ago. To this improvement the Australian system of voting has been a large contributor.

"The petition process is a reversal of the Australian method. It undertakes to commit voters openly to support or opposition in cases where they would prefer to keep their sentiments to They are led to sign their names themselves. frequently in direct contradiction of their judgment and conviction because of social or political considerations. The petition process puts

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SUN YAT SEN BEGINS HIS NEW LIFE

The provisional president of the new Chinese Republic gathered his staff about him and bade all a touching farewell before he set out for the scene of the most arduous of his ordeals, Nanking.

Senator Root's

a premium on insincerity.... The employer of labor may no longer use undue persuasion. It is unsafe for anybody to indulge in intimidation. Yet adoption of the petition process makes possible a return to all the evils eliminated by the secret ballot."

This, says the Richmond Times-Dispatch, is "one of the most searching analyses of the question of the recall of public officers that we have seen."

ENATOR ROOT goes farther and deeper in his objections to the recall as applied to judges. He objects to it not only because of the process

pursued but because of the principle underlying it. The prevention of unlimited power, even in the hands of a majority, he thinks is of vaster importance to liberty than any particular case of a court's ruling, and the recall of judges "would involve an abandonment of the most essential feature of our system of constitutional government." He elaborates:

"A sovereign people which declares that all men have certain inalienable rights and impozes upon itself the great impersonal rules of conduct deemed necessary for the preservation of those rights, and at the same time declares that it will disregard those rules whenever, in any particular case, it is the wish of a majority of its voters to do so, establishes as complete a contradiction to the fundamental principles of our Government as it is possible to conceive. It abandons absolutely the conception of a justice which is above majorities, of a right in the weak which the strong are bound to respect. It denies the vital truth taught by religion and realized in the hard experience of mankind, and which has inspired every Constitution America has produced and every great declaration for human freedom since Magna Charta-the truth that human nature needs to distrust its own impulses and passions and to establish for its own control the restraining and guiding influence of declared principles of action.

"If the people of our country yield to the impatience which would destroy the system that alone makes effective these great impersonal rules and preserves our constitutional Government, rather than endure the temporary inconvenience of pursuing regulated methods of changing the law, we shall not be reforming, we shall not be making progress, but we shall be exhibiting the weakness which thoughtful friends of free Government the world over have always feared the most—the lack of that self-control which enables great bodies of men to abide the slow processes of orderly government rather than to break down the barriers of order when they obstruct the impulse of the moment."

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THE MAKERS OF REPUBLICAN CHINA

This assemblage of notables at Shanghai is representative of the eighteen provinces and is charged with the task of framing the constitution of that vivified and enlightened China which has become the wonder of the world.

Abdication of the Chinese Throne by the Manchu Dynasty.

EHONALA took her little nephew Pu Yi from the throne of China and made way for the republic in an outburst of characteristic rhetoric. Her country, she says in the edict of

abdication, is "seething like a boiling caldron." The majority of the people, she discovers, are in favor of a republic. "How could we oppose the desire of millions for the glory of one family?" She answers by vesting "the sovereignty of the Chinese Empire" in the people. Yuan-Shi-Kai is bidden to set the republic going and to see that Manchus, Chinese, Mongols, Mohammedans and Tibetans are not left out. "We, the Empress Dowager and the Emperor, will thus be enabled to live in retirement, free from responsibilities and cares and enjoying without interruption the nation's courteous treatment." On paper, therefore, the Chinese crisis has terminated.

> dential dignity at Shanghai, asserted all last month that China is a republic. Yuan-Shi-Kai, acting as Prime

Sun Yat Sen and Yuan-Shi-Kai, UN YAT SEN, invested with presi-Minister in Peking, insisted that China is

an empire. The debate between these statesmen upon their puzzling theme exhausted the patience of the revolutionists. Their forces amounted a fortnight ago to fully a hundred thousand men, according to the despatches of the London Post. Their recruits pour in from the whole south. Their various commanders assembled fifteen infantry regiments for that movement upon Peking which has been announced on three different occasions. Europe manifests the most eager curiosity regarding the ample supply of Sun Yat Sen's funds. His government met its rather heavy expenses without the slightest embarrassment. He predicted some weeks since a perfect agreement between himself and the "Premier" in Peking. Yuan-now President-wrested most favorable terms for the throne. It does not consent to abdication as that term is understood in western Europe. The haughty Yehonala, as Empress Dowager, is to retire to one of the holy cities as a species of spiritual regent. This does not suit the Cantonese. The Paris Figaro reports them as insisting that Yehonala, whom all elements distrust, be stripped of all power and authority. The latest of the provinces to go over to the revolt is Shan-Tung. In all parts of China two sets of officials tend to appear at the various capitals,

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THE EMPEROR OF CHINA AT LAST ABDICATES
HIS THRONE
—Coffman in New York Evening Journal

one in the name of the republic, the other in the name of the empire. These factions fall into just such interminable discussion of their respective powers as long went on in Peking itself.

How Famine Stalks
Through China.

OMPLICATING the revolution more and more in China is the spread of famine. It is already, reports the

Paris Matin, having a vital effect upon the progress of affairs throughout the provinces generally The Paris daily has long since called attention to the destitution. It begins to make itself felt at present with extreme severity. "It will not be forgotten that last August the Yangtse rose to an almost unprecedented height. Not only did death and destruction spread far and wide, but there was no reserve crop to meet the emergency." An estimate of a hundred thousand facing destitution and hunger in one province alone would not, the French paper says, be exaggerated. When the floods rose on the country between Nanking and Chin-Kiang, whose families were found encamped upon the railroad embankment, with nothing but the clothes they wore. sometimes mere rags, and a table under which



CHINESE FUTURE HAMILTONS AND MADISONS FACING THE FOE

Reared in the atmosphere of college as that term is understood not at Princeton, Cambridge or New Haven, but in Nanking and Shanghai, these lads, abandoning Plato and analytical chemistry for the musket, are rushing to the side of Yuan-Shi-Kai.

they took refuge from the drenching rain. By the burning of Hankow, moreover, the homes and property of seven hundred thousand persons were destroyed in a few days. Every province now reports pillage and destruction. In the towns they control, the revolutionaries keep order. In the country they can not.

Manchu Intrigue Against a Pacific Policy.

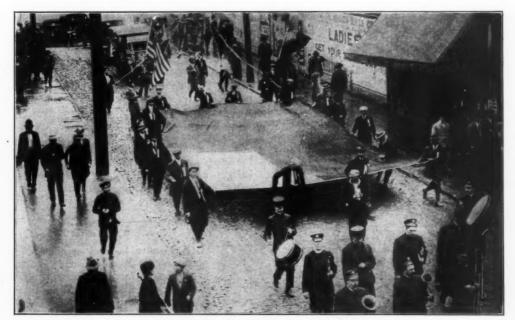
HE one gratifying feature in the Chinese situation to the London Times is that, so far, fighting upon a great scale has not been renewed

between the conflicting factions. There is still a prospect of a peaceful settlement, it says editorially, but it remains a vague and uncertain prospect and it varies from day to day. The Manchu intrigue against Yuan-Shi-Kai seems to our British contemporary to have failed as suddenly as it had arisen. "It looked as tho Tieh-Liang, his old rival and enemy, would drive him into resignation and himself become the undisputed Manchu Leader." Some of the consequences that must have followed the former Boxer's success are pointed out by the very well-informed Peking correspondent of the London daily. "The chances are that the four northern provinces would



THE EMPEROR (as he descends from the throne, to "Awakened China"): Oh, very well. Rule yourself, then!

have become independent and that the division between the Manchu troops and the Chinese troops would have become definite." The schemes of Tieh-Liang went suddenly awry, according to one set of despatches, altho an-



THE FLAG OF THE WORLD'S LATEST REPUBLIC.

In the native quarter of San Francisco enthusiasm asserted itself in the form of a street procession of which a notable feature was patriotically heraldic and almost Latin, altho the significance was Oriental.

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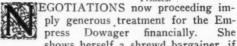
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other has him conferring with the Empress Dowager "for the good of China."

Manchus Afraid They Are To Be "Hurt." tling the destiny of China springs from the dread the Manchus have regarding their future. This item is

supplied by the competent correspondent of the London Times, who is always in touch with the forbidden city. "Obviously, under the government of Yuan-Shi-Kai, who has always loyally served the throne, the Manchus can feel more confidence than they can in other leaders who have displayed inveterate hostility to the dynasty." For this reason the Manchus must favor the continuance of Yuan-Shi-Kai in office, whether he be called Premier or President. Yuan on his side can show his continued loyalty to the Manchus by retaining office in order to guarantee their future. Yet another puzzle is that of the residence of the dethroned Emperor, the little Pu Yi, who, by the way, caught the measles. There is a consensus of opinion, we read, that he should withdraw to Jehol, where preparations have been made for him, rather than retire to the summer palace in the vicinity of Peking. Efforts to dispose of that problem summarily are met with assurances that he is just getting over the whooping cough or is threatened with sore throat.

Buying Off the Chinese Princes.



shows herself a shrewd bargainer, if the London Times be any authority. She is to receive a million in gold annually for herself, but whether that sum is to be paid in Haikwan taels or in American dollars or in British sovereigns remains a theme of much dispute. The Emperor gets another huge stipend, the precise sum being left blank for the present. The various princes, who number thirty-seven, will, through the allotment of pensions, be made fairly contented for the balance of their lives. The financial arrangement is to be embodied in the constitution which the republicans of Shanghai are revizing at this moment. The terms are to be formally notified to all the powers. Any dispute will be referred to The Hague. "Generous treatment will also be accorded all Manchu bannerman, whose pensions, it is proposed, will be continued in full during the lifetime of the present holders. The members of the imperial family will retain their private property and ancestral temples." Such is the nature of the negotiations which prolong the debate as to whether China is to be a republic or revert to the suzerainty of the Son of Heaven. In the end Sun Yat Sen made way as President for Yuan-Shi-Kai.

The Civil War in Mexico.



APATA, at the head of the insurgent troops which have been holding portions of northern Mexico, sustained a severe defeat near Cuernavaca just before the mobilization of United

States troops in Texas. Zapata had planned a descent upon Juarez, where his followers are most numerous. In anticipation of that maneuver, President Madero had asked leave to move a brigade across United States ter-Meanwhile, if despatches from the seat of war be reliable, the campaign is to be waged for the next few weeks in the vicinity of Chihuahua unless intervention from Washington be forced by a repetition of the slaughter brought on by clashes of irregular forces in the northwest. The Texas border seems at this writing fairly well patroled by American troops. Zapata claims an army of fully twenty thousand men scattered through

the score or more of northern towns adhering to him. Within the past few weeks our Department of State at Washington has been flooded with remonstrances from European chancelleries, so we read in the Paris Temps, against the incapacity or the bad faith of the Madero . administration. The destruction of factories, the tearing up of railroads and the burning of bridges, it is urged, are ruining the foreign investor and costing many European lives. American loss of life and property has been especially severe.



Why Madero Disappoints Radical Mexico. ADERO, once he had assumed the presidency of Mexico, found himself committed to more reforms than he could possibly undertake. That is the

source of his difficulties to-day, in the opinion of the careful correspondent in Mexico of the London Times. "Madero's unexpected policy of recognizing such merit as was to be found



THE INCARNATE REVOLUTION IN MEXICO

The central figure in the trio of men seated in wide sombreros is General Emiliano Zapata, most summary of all the reformers thrown up by the spirit of the age. He seizes the property of landlords and gives it on the spot to all the poor in sight. The others are his aides-de-camp and advizers.

among supporters of the old Diaz régimeof keeping in positions of trust, for instance, many high officers of the army-was the cause of mischief." The rank and file of the revolutionary movement that overthrew Diaz proved too thoroly imbued with the doctrines of "spoils" to endure the moderation of Madero. He failed also to satisfy the radical agrarian demands of the democratic element. grave abuses seem connected with the land system of the republic. One is the ownership of vast estates by a few families. The other is forced labor. The greatest estates, this observer adds, are found in Chihuahua, where for the past month revolution has been fiercest. There, too, the "first families" own estates that run into millions of acres. President Madero himself belongs to one such family.

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The Land Question in Mexico.

NCE he had seated himself in the presidential chair, Madero, if we may follow the story of events in the London Times, strove to reform the graver agrarian abuses. Many of the vast estates have been swollen by brutal methods of expropriation. All of them are managed with little regard to the welfare of the native

population, which, nevertheless, is imbued with an idea that American intervention would prove a great evil for themselves. Madero drew up a land scheme that would have freed the Mexican peasant from forced labor at least. The powerful territorial aristocracy convinced him that he was blundering. To begin with, it would have been impossible to dispossess the owners of the great estates except by legal proceedings. In the next place, the vast tracts of arid and half arid land inhabited by an ignorant population would, says the writer in the London Times, be valueless if cut up suddenly into small holdings. Madero, abandoning his more drastic ideas, strove to equalize the taxes, to provide facilities for irrigation, to encourage colonization, to correct the evils of judicial procedure and to extend to the very poorest due opportunities of buying land.

Mexican Peasants and



ADICAL elements in Mexico, which are very powerful in the northern towns, raised an instant clamor that Madero was betraying the revolution.

These indictments were met by "vindications" in such conservative papers as the *Diario* and

the Pais. The mechanics on the Vera Cruz railroad went on strike and were repressed with a severity that quite shocked some of Madero's sometime supporters. Two thousand miners went on strike in the "state" of Mexico. They attacked the stores and indulged in looting generally. Federal forces had to put them down. The task was achieved humanely, according to the Diario. The effect was, for all that, to bring upon the scene that "General" Emiliano Zapata, whose campaign gave him such conspicuity in the despatches of the past month. He is described by one critic as a bandit reared by Indian parents among the peasants of the state of Morelos. From one end of that disturbed commonwealth to the other he has of late been dividing the vast estates by an expropriation system of his own and handing the acres over to the peasants. They at once assumed ownership, driving the original proprietors into exile.

Madero Finds Himself

O CONSTRUCTIVE is the revolutionary genius of "General" Zapata that as long ago as last autumn he was at the head of fifteen thousand

was at the head of lifeer thousand men. He made his headquarters in the small state of Morelos. It is centrally situated, within easy striking distance of the capital itself. Madero strove at first to come to some terms with the agrarian leader. Zapata refused all compromize. The great haciendas must be divided, he said. The forced labor

must cease. To the latter demand Made readily agreed. Under the contract labor sy tem, observes the London Times, the gravest abuses have certainly existed in Mexico. Indians are collected from the capital and other centers of population and sent to the plantations under contract to work for six months at a miserable pittance. They are encouraged to get into debt at the plantation store. They are then held to work out the debt. If the plantation changes hands, their debts and hence their persons are taken over by the new owner. The abuse has been greatly remedied since Madero won power, but is still flagrant in some states. Zapata remedied it in Morelos by shooting the plantation owners.

> Mexico from the Revolutionary Standpoint.

NLY because he was first in the field with twenty thousand troops and was thus enabled to seize and hold strategic points, did Madero elect himself

to the Presidency. So much we learn from the insurgent elements which convey their beliefs through Regeneración, a refugee organ appearing in Los Angeles. Madero secured his election by force and by fraud, declares that paper. The masses were too "innocent of political tricks" to thwart him. On the other hand, they are immensely suspicious. They now suspect Madero of having betrayed them to the capitalists from abroad. The Mexican peasant is described by this authority as at heart what a scientific social student would de-



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THE LA FOLLETTE OF ZACATECAS

General Vasquez Gomez as at one time disposed to contemplate in Madero the hope of an enslaved and despoiled people, but at present he aspires to the Presidency himself upon the basis of an entirenchised constituency redeemed from the power of money.



THE LATEST VICTIM OF MEXICAN REVOLUTION

President Francisco I. Madero, Jr., turns out too moderate for the radical element in his capital. The revolutionaries say he must go because he is too kind to the landlords and too tolerant to the priests,

scribe as an anarchist-communist. Once the railroad lines are left behind, one strikes a region where an institution similar to the old Russian "Mir" is dominant. "When an Indian wants to build a house he calls on his neighbors for assistance, which is always given. A house-building bee is held. This is his life. These are his inherited instincts. He holds them with a grip incomparably more powerful than that of any book student." Above all, he must have land. Without it, his care-free existence is impossible.

Is Madero Mexicanized Enough?

ROM a native Mexican standpoint, the failure of Madero is due to his bookish theories. He aims at such a rise in the standard of Mexican

life that schools will replace cockpits. He would teach the peasant to read, to improve his time, to rise in the world. All this sort of thing, says a writer in the Paris Temps, is alien to the native spirit. It is a blunder, we read also, to regard the peasant and the peon as pious and Catholic. The people ac-

tually distrust Madero as a clerical. His relations with the Roman Catholic Church have been friendly rather than hostile. monks and nuns, driven from France and Portugal have, of late, found asylum in Mexico. "Despite the subjection in which it has been held for the past fifty years, the Church is still strong in Mexico. It is estimated that out of perhaps five million votes it can control one million." Whether this power is mainly in the country districts or otherwise, the growing friendliness of Madero to the Church seems to have excited apprehension among the radicals. The new President is affirmed to have promised favorable legislation with reference to monastery lands. These are now held by fictitious titles.

A Desperate Battle Coming in Mexico.



COUNCIL of war was held in the capital of Mexico the moment the latest uprising assumed the proportions of civil war. President Ma-

dero felt that he could put into the field, says the Paris Temps, an effective force of forty

thousand men. These figures include only tested and tried troops, adequately armed. Zapata has never possessed an artillery. His levies are all that would be called "raw." He can arm his soldiery after a fashion. He has managed to maintain a sort of discipline. But he is not the recognized leader of any definitely organized government as yet. One or two state governors in the interior give him aid. He seizes towns and manages to hold them until the federal forces appear on the horizon. Then he decamps, after a series of lootings and burnings, which invariably bring a fresh protest from a European source to Washington. It is understood in Europe that President Taft authorized a sharp reminder to Madero that he had pledged him-

self to the maintenance of an effective government of his republic. This pledge has not been made good. If the judgment of European dailies, like the Paris Temps and the Berlin Kreuz-Zeitung, be sound, Madero will never be able to make good his authority over northern Mexico. Neither can his government collect taxes enough to pay the indemnities already demanded. At last accounts Madero had asked for a little more time. His troops are seeking to force Zapata and his associates into a guerilla warfare remote from centers of population. The Indian "General," on his side, seeks to establish himself in a "capital" of his own. The situation may at any moment come to a head through a bloody battle on a large scale-for Mexico.

Persia as London Saw It Through Shuster's Eyes.

EW social lions have attained in London the success that W. Morgan Shuster, the American whom Europe drove out of Asia, attained in the British capital last month. The same

London Times that could not find terms of criticism adequate to his indiscretion while



THE HELPERS' LEAGUE

British Lion (to Russian Bear): "I join you, tho under protest. After all, we undertook to act together." Persian Cat (diminuendo). "If I may quote from the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907, this understanding 'can only serve to further and promote Persian interests, for henceforth Persia, aided and assisted by these two powerful neighboring states, can employ all her strength in internal reforms." [Prepares to expire.]

—London Punch

he was packing his trunk in Teheran, discovered the most admirable qualities in Mr. Shuster the moment he had made his speech on Persia in the Savoy Hotel. "He spoke with moderation and restraint," it says, "and with what was clearly a sincere desire to put his case fairly." Mr. Shuster is described by the London News as "an American of Americans." He is even younger in appearance, it adds, than his years, "powerfully built, pale and clean shaven, with a method of address at once eloquent and coldly restrained." Mr. Shuster, declared the chairman of the powerful Persia committee in England, Mr. H. F. B. Lynch, in propozing the health of the guest, "far from trying to upset the Anglo-Russian agreement, as Sir Edward Grey had suggested in Parliament, always aimed at consolidating that agreement." Mr. Shuster himself summed the Persian situation up in two sentences. The Russian and British governments, he said, "and particularly the former." must have intended to pursue a policy calculated to destroy all hope of Persia's regeneration and upbuilding through the efforts of the people themselves. If not, then those two governments must have been grossly and continuously misinformed as to what was happening on the spot.

How Officially Inspired Papers Judge Shuster.

R. SHUSTER formed his own views as to the condition of Persia and the remedies which it demanded, says the

London Times in reply. "He seems to have expected that Great Britain and Russia would assent to the application of these

emedies irrespective of their own interests." 'hat, the London organ adds, was an expecation which no trained statesman would have prmed. When "that rather elementary truth as borne in upon Mr. Shuster" he came to is own pessimistic conclusion and thus renlered himself impossible. He demanded from he Mejliss or parliament of Persia "arbitrary ad drastic control in fiscal matters." He got Mr. Shuster forgot that such control might prove inconvenient to powers with "special interests." It is absolutely necessary that a Treasurer-General of Persia should know how to act in harmony with the two powers with these "special interests" in the land. Mr. Shuster did not know how. Hence he blames Britain for not having quarreled with Russia in the interests of "constitutional" Persia. He also clings to the "fond delusion" that Persia can regenerate herself if let alone. The mere idea is to the London organ preposterous.

British Vindications of

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BETRAYAL as flagrant as any on record, with Persia as the victim and Great Britain as the villain, emerges to the perception of the London it studies Mr. Shuster's account of

News as it studies Mr. Shuster's account of himself. Persia, it assures its readers, had long "groaned under the heel of a corrupt and tyrannous despotism." At last, against overwhelming odds, the people threw off the yoke, drove out the oppressor and established a form of constitutional government. "It rested with the two neighboring great powers-Great Britain and Russia-to give the infant democracy a reasonable chance of weathering the storm." If they had simply stood aside and allowed Mr. Morgan Shuster to do his work, all must have ended well. "with a true instinct for the main danger to her designs," Russia concentrated her attack on Mr. Shuster. That American had, at the invitation of Persia, "been sent by President Taft to put the Persian finances on a sound footing." He was a man of tried capacity and disinterested enthusiasm. "He flung himself into the task with energy and instant success. That he was honest and successful was enough to bring down on him the wrath of Russia." She saw in Shuster "the main obstacle to the triumph of her designs." Reports of alleged defalcations in the accounts of the Americans in Persia are ridiculed as efforts to discredit men for no other reason than that they were too honest.



THE PERSIAN EDITOR WHOM THE RUSSIANS HANGED

Hadji Ali took the lead in expounding that ideal of Persian self-government which brought W. Morgan Shuster into the land. He was summarily executed as soon as Mr. Shuster had been sent off.

Mr. Shuster's Own View of Persia,

HE Persian people have been "cruelly stifled" in their legitimate ambition to create a strong liberal government after centuries of tyranny and mis-

rule. So declares Mr. Morgan Shuster in a public statement given out in London the other day. Five years ago, he says, the constitutional movement started and received general support from the people and from the Islamic clergy, who thereby gave striking evidence of their patriotism and sincerity.

"The latest answer to their plea for common justice is the hanging of one of their chief priests at Tabriz on their most solemn day of religious mourning, the reason alleged being that he was a constitutionalist. Well may Mohammedans ask what are the principles of Christian nations! By this action the moral prestige of



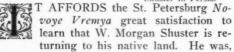
RESISTING THE COSSACKS IN PERSIA

The vicinity of Tabriz presented, during the crisis over Mr. Morgan Shuster, all the aspects of Waterloo in its first stages—the Waterloo being Shuster's.

Christianity has been dealt a foul blow from which it will not soon recover.

"The specious argument that Persia could not maintain order has been completely shattered. To do so during the natural transition period from despotism to constitutionalism required a strong central government and an awakening of the national spirit of the people. Slaves could not hope to rule themselves. Only by asserting their natural freedom could they hope to command the internal support and prestige necessary to maintain it. Yet when Persia sought to do this she was answered that it must not be done."

The Russian Idea of Shuster in Persia.



it avers, hopelessly out of his element in Persia. He had not the remotest conception, it fears, of the responsibility of a trustee. That is what he was—a trustee for creditors who had loaned large sums to Persia. Among those creditors was Russia, "the one real friend Persia has had in the world." He left hehind him a deluded people, for whose indiscretions he is in great measure responsible. Possibly he hoped to make himself lord of the land. He was disappointed. The lesson of the episode to the Russian organ is that Americans have no business in Persia. It rejoices to learn that the "swarm" of Americans who went in the wake of Mr. Shuster to Teheran are to be paid off and packed out of the country. That ought to mean peace. The future of Persia under Russian auspices is, we read finally, hopeful. The debts of the nation will be paid. Order will be restored. The moral of it all to this authority is that nations requiring regeneration are badly advized when they apply to Washington for the services of an American.

Parliament on the Eve of Home Rule.



ESPITE the mourning into which the court of George V. has been suddenly plunged by the death of the Duke of Fife, many circumstances of splendor and solemnity attended the

opening by his Majesty of the new session of

Parliament. All the world knew that the speech from the throne would contain a pledge for Home Rule for Ireland. That knowledge did not discount the sensation of the actual announcement, made in a few formal and noncommittal sentences. Prime Minister Asquith had learned some few days before from the lips of Winston Churchill that Ulster, to fol-

low the last if not the newest phraze in British politics, "would fight." Orangemen, says the London Telegraph, are drilling all over They will resist Home Rule as the secessionists resisted Lincoln. Everybody in Ireland, to follow our London contemporary's impressions, is convinced that whether the Home Rule bill passes the Commons this year or not, there will be stirring times in Ulster. "If the bill is rejected, the anger of the nationalists will be so great that they will not be able to restrain themselves from attacking loyalists. On the other hand, the loyalists may desire to quench the Home Rulers' bonfires of jubilation. Unionists are determined that their followers shall be in a better position to defend themselves than they have been in the past. To this end they are drilling." The two nations in Ireland, as the London Times calls them, confronted each other last month in very much the spirit animating Prime Minister Asquith himself when he confronted Mr. Bonar Law, leader of the opposition, in the Commons. Mr. Law had vowed that if Ulster fought he would fight with her.



THE PACIFIER OF ULSTER

The man in the elaborately collared overcoat with the dramatic cuffs is the easy-going Sir Edward Carson, one of England's great lawyers and a hero of the Orange demonstration against Home Rule. The man in the light overcoat is the gay Earl of Londonderry.

Winston Churchill Tells Ulster Her Doom.

UST a week prior to the opening of Parliament, Winston Churchill, one of the many human whirlwinds in

British politics, as the Figaro calls him, told an uproarious Belfast what Home Rule is to be like. There is to be a parliament sitting in Dublin, it seems, "supreme over Irish affairs." But what, exactly, are "Irish affairs"? Local taxation, mainly, and the management of the police. The garrisons will still be controlled from London for some years. Even the customs are to remain Brit-Instalments of additional Home Rule are to come in periods of from five to twelve years. At last-say in a generation-Ireland will manage through her own parliament her own army and her own tariffs. This broad outline of the scheme is tentative. Mr. John Redmond, speaking for a few minutes when Mr. Churchill sat down, accepted the plan as a first instalment. The revelations were meager, but they whetted the appetite of London. When the Commons assembled at Westminster, every daily newspaper in London was clamoring for the full text of the great bill. That will be placed before parliament before the end of this coming month unless plans undergo another change at the eleventh hour.

The Outbreak of Fury in Ulster.

NNOUNCEMENTS that Winston Churchill, a pillar of the Asquith ministry, was to be the principal speaker at a Home Rule meeting in

Ulster Hall, provoked the "Ulsteria" which set Ireland in a blaze some three weeks since. A standing committee of the Ulster Unionist Council took immediate steps to prevent the holding of the assemblage. As a matter of political ethics, admits that sympathetic interpreter of the Orangemen, the London Times, their action is hard to justify. "Even from the point of view of mere political tactics, its wisdom is open to question." Denial of freedom of speech can not be reconciled with Britain's political system "in its ordinary working." and the Englishman's prejudice in favor of freedom of speech was consequently exploited "by the enemies of the Union" for

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all or more than it is worth. "But tho the action of the council may come as an unpleasant surprize to Englishmen accustomed to government by free discussion, it may come to them also as an unpleasant but salutary reminder of certain facts in the situation which they are too much inclined to ignore." It is eloquent, "in a rude but most effective way," of the temper of Unionist Ulster.

Ulster Promised Support by the Tory Leader.

N THE eve of the appearance of Winston Churchill in Ulster the leader of the opposition, Andrew Bonar Law, interjected into the

crisis a thunderbolt of war. At a great Conservative demonstration in the Albert Hall at London he declared emphatically that the Unionist party in England means to support to the end the loyal Ulstermen:

"We hear a great deal about the intolerance of Ulster. It is easy to be tolerant for other people. We who represent the Unionist party in England and Scotland have supported, and we mean to support to the end, the loyal Ulstermen. We supported them not because we are intolerant, but because their claims are just. We have no ill-will for the Nationalists in Ireland. We, the Unionist Party, have done more to improve their condition than any other party-and we intend to continue that work. But we cannot forget that the two sections in Ireland are divided on account of their past history, on account, perhaps, of wrongs on both sides, by a gulf of which we here have no conception. In these circumstances surely common sense and common justice would say it is not right that the majority should dominate the minority, or the minority the majority, but that the British people should be arbiter between them, and that both should be under the protection of the British Parliament, in which both are represented."

Ulster Preparing for Civil War.



ROM the first, and especially since the revival of the Home Rule plan, the attitude of Ulster, as defined by the

London Times, is that the creation of a parliament for Ireland is not a question of the ordinary political type on which, after full discussion and a struggle of the oppozing forces on constitutional lines, one side prevails and the other accepts defeat. Ulstermen are resolved that come what may they will not surrender their present political status; and even if a display of overwhelming force should make other opposition impossible, they believe that by a system of passive resistance, carefully organized and obstinately pursued, they can make Home Rule unworkable." They are determined, at any rate, we read further, to try. "It is thoroly characteristic of the Ulster temperament in its directness and audacity; characteristic of it perhaps as well in a certain instinct for violence. The methods of sweet reasonableness and persuasion may be more attractive, but the line of tactics adopted is more in harmony with the Ulster genius." unionist organ hopes the warning will not be lost upon Prime Minister Asquith. The atmosphere of Belfast is, it adds, "dangerously explosive."

Home Rule and American Federalism.



IBERALS in England and in Scotland will be told, according to Bonar Law, that Home Rule is, after all, only a harmless experiment in feder-

alism. Federalism is the system commending itself to the active group in the Asquith ministry. "Mr. Winston Churchill has just been explaining that federalism is only a quite innocuous administrative device which has been tried with conspicuous success in other countries." What is good enough for the United States, for Germany, for Austria-Hungary, ought to be good enough for the British. "If these foreigners are so much wiser than we are in constitutional policy, may it not be that they also know something about economics?" Anyhow, asks Mr. Law, whoever heard of a united country breaking itself to pieces to reconstitute itself upon a federal basis? Federations, he says, have been formed to promote unity, not disruption. They are combinations of separate sovereign states which come together for certain common objects, as the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms did in Britain twelve hundred years ago, as England and Ireland did at the union. They are a necessarv makeshift and never entirely satisfactory. The United States of America and Germany are strong not because of federalism, affirms Bonar Law, but in spite of it.

Perils of Home Rule to England.



F Great Britain were at war, she would have under Home Rule, declares Bonar Law, an alien parliament at her doors, able to pass reso-

lutions of sympathy with the enemy-perhaps to offer something more than sympathy. Finally, asks Mr. Bonar Law, what good would Home Rule do to Ireland? "There is

no Irish grievance which the imperial parliament can not redress, no right which would be refused her." To grant Home Rule is to put a minority under a majority from which it is divided by the animosity of centuries, to give the signal for disorders and bloodshed which only the power of the crown could suppress. That brings the Britons back to the argument from Ulster, says the London Standard. The Unionist leader does well to insist upon that. "For if Home Rule were justifiable on other grounds-which it is not -Unionists would be bound to resist it to the last because it would be regarded as a curse and an unpardonable wrong by a quarter of the population of Ireland, whom we are bound by every obligation of honor and loyalty to protect." This view is shared, it must be conceded, by the entire Unionist press of England.

Home Rulers Reply to the Tory Leaders.

N THE Home Rule question Bonar Law is not at all illuminating to Liberal organs like the London Chronicle and the London News. "What

good would Home Rule do Ireland?" Thus Mr. Law. "The good that Home Rule would do to Ireland," replies the British organ first named, springs from the responsibility for Irish affairs which the measure fastens upon "We have tried the the Irish themselves. other methods for more than a century and with lamentable results to Ireland as well as to this country." Self-government, the radical paper quotes the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as saying, is better than good government. "That is a sound liberal doctrine. But it happens that in Ireland selfgovernment will mean also good government." It is as certain as that the sun will dawn to-morrow, this organ of radical thought concedes, that in an Irish parliament differences will arise among the Nationalists. "Mr. John Redmond is essentially a Conservative. Mr. Dillon is as essentially a Liberal. Mr. Devlin is a Lloyd George in miniature, who is the darling of the urban democracy." In an Irish parliament the cohesion will be on the side of the Ulster representatives. would probably be able to play, the London Chronicle thinks, in a Dublin parliament the part which the Irish Nationalists have played with such brilliant success at Westminster. "Of all Ulster's foolish notions, the silliest is that an Irish parliament would be inimical to property. Does not all experience show that



THE EMOTIONAL LEADER OF AN IRISH IRELAND Joseph Devlin, the most conspicuous of Home Rule campaign managers, had charge of the Belfast meeting held to defy the Orangemen "peacefully." The thing succeeded.

a peasant proprietary is the most conservative of all classes?" When that peasantry is Roman Catholic, concludes the radical daily, its Conservatism is "immovable and imperme-

"Ulsteria" and the People of Ireland.

LSTERIA, as the agitation which drew all eyes to Belfast last month has been styled by Lord Dunraven, will not, this famed Irishman thinks,

affect the destinies of the new Home Rule bill. His Lordship is vouched for by the London Chronicle as one who knows Ireland through and through. "He has been a prominent worker in the last nine years among that little group of enlightened Irish landlords which strove so patriotically to end the agrarian conflict and which, now that a peasant proprietary is gradually being established all over the country, is eager to assist in the establishment of a government in Ireland rooted in the affections of the people." Lord Dunraven does not "pooh-pooh the threats" of the Orangemen. It is a serious business, he confided to the London daily we follow,

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but it has a comical aspect. "The seriousness lies in the fact that we have to deal with utterly unreasonable men: the comedy in the loud professions of lovalty that are made by men who declare they will rebel against the crown if they can not have their way." Lord Dunrayen smiles at the fear that there may be religious persecution under a Home Rule government. "It is an accepted historical fact that the Roman Catholics of Ireland are free from the vice of intolerance." Under a microscopic examination, according to Lord Dunrayen. Irish history fails to show a trace of intolerance on the part of the Roman Catholic majority. A Protestant himself, he makes the admission that in Ireland the intolerance has proceeded from the Protestant minority. The Protestants of Ulster have nothing to fear from Home Rule on religious grounds.

Home Rule in Ireland and in Canada.

LL THE incidents of the month at Belfast are the outcome of the long ascendancy of a minority differing in religion and in race from the mass

of the Irish people, a minority which for gen-

erations monopolized all public offices and which was the pampered favorite of British governments. Thus is the matter put in one form or another by Liberal organs like the London News. Chronicle and Westminster Orangemen seem to the London Chronicle, in fact, incapable of entertaining the idea of equality. "They think that they are afraid of being forced under. What they really dread is being put on a level." The psychology of the Orangemen is to Lord Dunraven a strange thing. "It is not a new phenomenon. We have seen the same spirit at work in other parts of the British Empire where there has been an ascendancy of a caste or sect." Canada affords the British daily an instance in point. "There was an ascendancy class in Canada seventy years ago. In Canada the ascendant minority hated the idea of equality. It threatened to cut the painter and declare for annexation to the United States. Then as now the ascendant minority was supported in its threats by a section of British politicians." Yet Home Rule will do for Ireland what it did for the Dominion. It will replace an era of treason for an age of peace in Ireland and of political calm in Great Britain.

Socialists Boycott Emperor William in Berlin,



"opened" the Reichstag there. That rigid boycott of his Majesty, which August Bebel organized so long ago, did not rob the affair of the least ceremonial splendor. William II. donned the imperial regalia while conservative, clerical and liberal deputies awaited him in the throne room. His Majesty's advent with a most glittering suite inspired a patriotic demonstration. It was noted by those present, records the Paris Figaro, that the Emperor looked pale and worn. election returns, prosecuted assiduously, has not invigorated his Majesty." The German ruler, departing from past precedents, did not improvize his remarks at any stage of them. He read a statement so carefully worded and so little characteristic of what is called his grand manner that all the journalists complain of its tameness. One sensation there was. The Emperor announced an impending

increase in German Naval armaments. language of this passage was "colorless," as the French daily says, but decided. There is to be, it seems, a whole new squadron for the North Sea, that is, nine battleships in active service in European waters besides those authorized now by statute. Not that the Emperor said this in just those words. The Socialist organ in Berlin, the indiscreet Vorwärts, professes to have learned the secret. Its announcement precipitated a naval panic of the familiar type in London. That metropolis was already at fever heat over the imprisonment of a Briton in Germany as a "spy."

August Bebel Stirs the Reichstag.



UGUST BEBEL, "the grand old man of Socialism," missed election as president of the new Reichstag by some twenty votes. The office went

to that most renowned of German clericals. Doctor Peter Spahn, leader of the Roman Catholic Center, who refused it on the ground that he can not work with a Socialist in the vice-presidency. This result shows how solidly based is still the alliance of conservative and clerical-the blue-black block as the

Berlin Vorwärts first dubbed it. Four large groups emerge from the voting, we read in the Berlin Post-conservatives, liberals, centers-all with their allies-and Socialists. The blue-black block has lost its old-time majority. Liberals and Socialists do not together form a working majority. "There is too little cohesion, notably between National Liberals and Social Democrats, to realize the ideal of a radical block." That would stretch "from Bebel to Bassermann," as they put it in German dailies. Most clerical organs tend to anti-Semitism in their comments upon this possibility. Germany, according to such critics as Hilaire Belloc, runs risk of succumbing to that clique of international Jews which, if we may trust him, rules the French republic and is stretching out its hands to grasp Great Britain.

—"determined to oppoze even the slightest reform of the utterly reactionary and unjust franchise." This is to afford the big issue in the domestic politics of Germany, unless the new Reichstag be dissolved speedily.

"Holy Cologne" No Longer
"The German Rome."

OMEWHAT less important than has been inferred is the reduction of the voting strength of the Roman Catho-

lic center party in the new German Reichstag. From the proportion of Roman Catholics to the rest of the population—about four to seven—the center can never, by itself, obtain a majority of members. "Its danger to democracy," to quote Bernstein, "varies with the nature and the strength of its associates." Having been allied with the Conservatives, the center shares their defeat. It has had to pay

A Great German Socialist on the Late Elections.

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HAT clerico-conservative coalition which has for so long held Germany in its grip

"The bluestands defeated. blacks have lost command over a majority of the Reichstag." The predominant position of the brilliant leader of Prussian squiredom, Herr von Heydebrand, is a thing of yesterday. That is the interpretation made by one among the Socialist leaders, Edward Bernstein, who holds a seat in the Reichstag from Breslau and is possibly the finest tactician of the party in Europe. "The party of the Junkers," he writes in the Vorwärts (Berlin), "has suffered the greatest losses. A vanquished troop, it returns from the battlefield." Such is the established result of the Socialist sweep of Germany. It is not so portentous as it might have been, concedes Mr. Bernstein, if the fatherland had genuine parliamentary government. Yet it is an improvement of the situation from a progressive point of view. It may have some beneficent after-effect on the state of things in Prussia, where the Conservatives rule the Diet



"Away with this stick of which the colonial of-ficial-him only shalt thou worship."

BERLIN BUREAUCRACY IN THE CONGO

-Berlin Kladderadatsch

part of the expenses, and the loss of "holy Cologne"-the "German Rome"-hitherto its stronghold, is in no small degree due to this Notwithstanding its losses, conalliance. cedes Bernstein, however, the center party in Germany remains a power to be reckoned with. It is, after all, a party of compromize. It has shown its powerful political sense at these very elections where, in the second ballots, it manifested neither anger nor spite. It may at any moment be found acting with the National Liberals. A hint to this effect has lately been given in the clerical Berlin Germania. It fears that the Socialist triumph may menace German morals and force a union of all friends of religion.

The Biggest Battalion in the Reichstag.

HEN the Reichstag met the other day in Berlin, August Bebel, the aged leader of the Socialists, was master of the biggest battalion. In pointing

out that fact in the London Chronicle, Ramsay MacDonald, member of the Commons for a labor constituency, reminds us that "the biggest battalion has a backing in the country very much larger than the battalion itself is in relation to the total membership of the Reichstag." The question is, according to Mr.



OUT OF THE SHADOW

THE KAISER: "What business have you here?"
GEMMAN SOCIALIST PARTY: "I too want 'A Place in the Sun,"

-London Punch

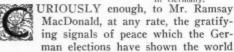
MacDonald, what is the meaning of these elections? Why have the Socialists been so successful? What events are foreshadowed? To begin with, the effect of the elections upon the internal affairs of Germany will not be so great as a similiar election in any really democratic country. The Reichstag is not a parliament. Germany is not ruled by a system of representative government. Parliamentary opinion is not in a constant state of flux and flow like that of Great Britain, which is responsive to every impulse of democratic opinion outside. Change will not come, therefore, in Germany until a pressure has accumulated sufficiently heavy to break down the barriers of "Junkerism." Meantime, there will be "blocks" in the Reichstag.

Difficult Position of the German Chancellor.

EBEL and the Socialist leaders about him do not discuss so much what they can now do as how long their

"final triumph" is to be postponed. That is the significant fact to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, whose terms of intimacy with Socialists in Germany entitle him to speak with authority. By "final triumph," he says, the Socialists mean the winning of another fifty or sixty seats in addition to the hundred and ten they now hold. "That feature of German politics must be kept in mind when considering the immediate effect of these elections. I am told that the Socialists will endeavor to procure the resignation of the Chancellor and of the foreign secretary, mainly on the ground that their diplomacy has not been conducive to international peace." ministers will probably have to go, or Mr. MacDonald is no prophet. The elections have discredited them. Even if the powers that rule Germany are not to be forced out of their privileges by these elections, they may, this observer thinks, be taught that yielding is the best policy. The vote is not a declaration in favor of Socialism, pure and simple. It is a vote in favor of democracy and of representative government.

Socialism and War in Germany.



are likely to be misread, "even by those who ought to welcome them." Five years ago, imperial politics diverted the attention of the

German people. The Socialists suffered at the polls or rather, to be accurate, in the Reichstag. The Socialist check of some years ago was due to the gerrymandering of constituencies and not to a drop in the party vote at all. "This year there was an effort to stir up international jealousy, so as to detach votes that would otherwise have been Socialist." The attempt has been a failure. If it hurt anyone, it was the "middle parties," which have been hit hardest. "How can it be argued that in order to allay this movement, international strife will be stirred up? If the vote were smaller, there might be some cause for this fear." With four and a half million votes behind the Socialists, the German authorities know perfectly well, we read further, that revolution is now as likely as a "patriotic" landslide to follow a provoked war. There will, indeed, be increased naval expenditure, but the Socialists will oppoze it in the Reichstag.

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English Socialists Go in for Jingoism.

HE furious official threats against Great Britain which echoed throughout Germany during the elections have

been accompanied and are being followed by a huge additional expenditure upon a fleet avowedly directed against the mistress of the seas. In this strong sentence, that renowned English Socialist, H. M. Hyndman, sums up the new situation in Berlin. "There is no longer any disguize now on the part of official Germany. England is the enemy. England must be crushed." Thus does Mr. Hyndman sum up in London Justice, echoing the words, practically, of that other brilliant British Socialist, Robert Blatchford, editor of The Clarion. Ridicule is thrown upon such utterances by the Kölnische Zeitung, which asserts that international Socialism has made it an article of its creed to cast discredit upon Germany as a nation. The universal spread of the belief that official Berlin is an enemy of the world's peace is a consistent part of the Socialist diplomacy. Thus the Cologne organ, well known to reflect the views of the Wilhelmstrasse.

> German Socialism and the Menace to Peace.

ARL KAUTSKY, most illustrious of living Socialist thinkers in Germany, seeks in the Neue Zeit to make plain certain neglected factors in his party's triumph. He places foremost the increase in

the cost of living. He holds the policy of pro-



NO TRESPASSING

Mars (to Angel of Peace): "Don't come to earth! You'll be shot!" -- Munich Jugend

tection responsible for this. In ten years prices and rents have risen immoderately. Wages remain at low-water level. The millions of Socialist votes are thus a demonstration against high tariffs. Herr Kautsky refers next to those new taxes through the instrumentality of which the Conservative-Clerical coalition "robbed the middle class and the wage earners when, in England, a Liberal government was passing a democratic budget." Last came the anger engendered by the diplomacy of Berlin and the extravagant expenditure upon armaments. Socialists resolved to keep the peace of the world. "For the first time in the history of German politics, a Jingo appeal completely failed. The raising of the specter of war has not been worth a vote." In this view, the Liberal London News coincides. "The disciplined educated democracy withstood the assault as perhaps no other democracy in the world could have withstood it." When Herr Liebknecht, the Socialist member for Potsdam, stated that "the peace of the world is assured," he seems to the British organ to be expressing the mind of the German people. "So far as the German people are concerned, they have given the best proofs they could of their love of peace."

## \* Persons in the Foreground

#### WATTERSON THE INFLAMMABLE



AVING been a college president, Woodrow Wilson can read. He should have known, therefore, that all over the Watterson package of humanity are written words of warning: "Inflam-

mable-Handle With Care-Use No Hooks." The words are written in that martial moustache of his, in the jaw below it, in the eyes above it. Two generations of newspaper readers have looked toward the South from time to time, seen a ruddy glow on the horizon, and known at once that another of Henry Watterson's rhetorical conflagrations was under way. If "heat is life," then Colonel Watterson ought to live to be two hundred. He radiates heat wherever he goes. Whenever he touches a subject it begins to glow. When he puts his finger into a controversy it begins to sizzle and seethe. His phrazes flash like carbuncles, his sentences gleam like the banners of an aurora borealis and his editorials erupt like Vesuvius. Woodrow Wilson should have known. Perhaps he did know.

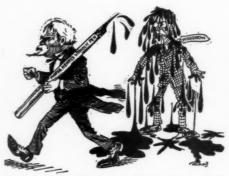
If we seem to be indulging in a little overstatement, a hyperbole or something, just cast your eyes over some of the phrazes Colonel Watterson has made current in some of the controversies enlivened by him in the past:

"the he-goats of high finance"; "the stareyed goddess of reform"; "the g r a y
wolves of the Senate";
"the lean wolves of
plutocracy"; "the hills
of Yubadam"; the nigger, the trigger, and
the Ku Klux Klan";
"the g i a s c u t is, the
whangdoodle and oofdegoof, the gin rickey
a n d the bedilda";
"things have come to
a hell of a pass when a
man can't wallop his

own jackass"; "eating huckleberries all day long and learning how to love." You may not know what some of his phrazes mean anymore than you know what some of Strauss' music means; but they produce their effect just the same. He not only creates iridescent phrazes himself, but he is the cause of their creation by others. These, for instance, by the Baltimore Sun when speaking of Watterson some time since: "Plain prose can never do justice to the Colonel's powerful pen. It is a thunderbolt, a 13-inch rifled cannon, a runaway locomotive, an earthquake, a cataclysm. When he dips it into the ink it throws off a ripple which invades the farthest limbo of lost worlds. When it scratches the paper the sound deafens the inhabitants of the far-away Malay Archipelago." Entire justice to Colonel Watterson could be done only by his own pen. The world will squeal with joy when he writes his autobiography.

Henry Watterson was born in Washington, "next door to a print-shop," seventy-two years ago. His father was a member of Congress from Tennessee at that time. Young Watterson was sadly handicapped. He was physically frail. His eyes were weak and the utmost care was necessary to enable him to escape blindness. One eye was entirely useless. He

could not go to college. He had private tutors and much of his studying had to be done by having others read aloud to him. He seems to have cultivated in this way a keen sense of the tonal value of words and phrazes, just as so many other blind or nearly blind men have done. Even to this day his right eye is useless, and when he writes he has to get his



WITH THESE FEW LINES I REMAIN, MARSE HENRY WATTERSON

-Morris in Spokane Spokesman-Review

Copyright by Paul Thompson

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"HE USES A LIBERAL SUPPLY OF RED PEPPER"

Colonel Henry Watterson, groomer of presidential candidates, is a fastidious epicure who goes to Paris at least once every year to get—so it is rumored—certain dishes of which he is very fond and which he can get nowhere else. His use of red pepper is not confined to his food. He sprinkles it with a lavish hand throughout his editorials and his letters.



"COME ONE! COME ALL!"

-Minor in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

left eye within an inch or so of the paper, and "his chirography is such as to make even Horace Greeley weep." When he was nineteen he began his journalistic career on the Washington States, and when he was barely twenty became editor of the Nashville Banner. He was regarded as a sort of boy-wonder even when he was sixteen. Journalism was in those days in the hands of Greeley and Dana and Bennett (the elder) and Raymond and Medill and Bowles and Prentice and Halstead. They threw ink-wells not at hazy abstractions but, so to speak, at one another's heads. Journalism was fervidly personal, in other words, and Watterson imbibed the style of those days and has never, thank the Lord, changed. He is the last of his line and the world is grateful for the enjoyment he has afforded. It has never learned to take him quite seriously, but it has always been glad to listen to him.

Colonel Watterson was a Union man, as his father was before him; but when war actually broke out, when he was barely of age, he rushed impulsively into the Confederate camp and soon began publishing a little paper called the *Rebel*. It was started in Chattanooga. It never dodged anything editorially

as long as it lasted, but physically it had to do a lot of dodging to escape the federal army. A covered wagon formed its entire office at one time, and when the blue-coats came too near the whole establishment was driven off at breakneck speed. It was a unique circulation scheme, and not always satisfactory. At one time the soldiers came so near that the wagon had to be rushed off leaving behind, in a locked form, a two-column editorial hurling defiance at the enemy. The enemy hurled the defiance back in a strictly literal way. They loaded the type into a cannon and fired it at the retreating wagon. That was the nearest Watterson ever came to swallowing his own words.

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When the war closed Young Watterson, then but twenty-five, had to hustle for a living. In a speech before the New York Press Club two years ago he remarked that not one of the reporters present had had to look for work more wistfully and despairingly than he. In two years' time, however, he became editor of the Louisville Journal, and one year later, 1868, the Journal and the Courier combined into the Courier-Journal and bought out the Democrat. Ever since, for 46 years, Watterson has been the editor. It is whispered around that he doesn't really know much about his own newspaper or its work on the practical side; that the real editorial management has always been in other hands and that Watterson himself is merely the leading editorial writer. That is probably true to-day. It could hardly be otherwise with the Colonel away most of his time on lecture trips or European tours. "Mr. Watterson," says Daniel E. O'Sullivan in Collier's, "is content to set mundane affairs right in a leader and let the newsworld wag as it will. I have known him to leave his paper for four months without writing a line for it." But it was not always so. The Fourth Estate says that "there is no man in the profession of journalism to-day who is more familiar with every branch and detail of his business than Colonel Watterson." Be that as it may, in the eyes of the country at large he is the Courier-Journal and has given it its national reputation.

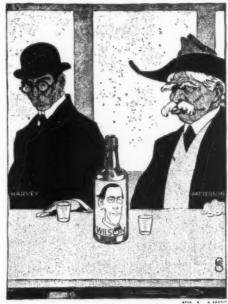
Mr. O'Sullivan describes some of Marse Henry's personal qualities as follows:

"There is nothing commonplace about him from the tips of his fingers to the tip of his tongue. He is out of the ordinary. His personality is unique enough to win him distinction were he denied the rare mental gifts that are his heritage. to do Let me present him to you in the flesh: Height, about five feet five inches, with every inch hidarmy. ing a cell surcharged with nervous energy. He always walks as if there was a goal ahead worth getting to in the shortest possible time. His head is finely poised on broad shoulders. There is no waste material about him. Nature made every line tell. The student of character would find Watterson's face a delight. His eyes are restless with alert perception. The nose is well modelled, the chin a challenge-a very sentinel guarding the sensual weakness of the mouth. Crown this shapely head with a plentitude of hair that touches his forehead with the caress of a single vagrant lock and you have a contour that sculptors like to model. own

"Mr. Watterson loves a good novel. He likes a good play. He is fond of stage people. He is devoted to music. Few professionals can coax such soul-entrancing melody from a piano. And, like a true Kentuckian, he has other tastes. He is a gourmet who can fashion the many rare dishes his palate craves. He can tell the age of a glass of Bourbon without looking at the revenue stamp. He can make a rack of chips at a roulette-table look as if the aurora borealis had been struck by lightning. At another more leisurely game, where courteous calls are made by one Kentucky gentleman on another Kentucky gentleman, and where the usual response is "That's good," he can make the other fellow look like thirty cents. These are only the pastimes of a busy man. He works like a drayman when he does work. And when he plays they take the bridle off and lock the front door."

Another writer has asserted (in Success) that Watterson is so fastidious an eater that he has been known to go without eating for two days, when traveling in out-of-the-way places, because he could not get just what he wanted. He uses a liberal supply of red pepper. That is symbolic. He uses it still more liberally in his editorials and his epistolary writings. Ask Governor Wilson.

In politics Watterson has always been active, cocksure, vivid and picturesque. It is the political combat that really draws him out and energizes him to the nth degree. He was a Union man, as we have said, and a hater of slavery up to the breaking out of the war. He was a redhot Confederate during the war. He was an unflinching assailant of the Ku Klux Klan in the troublous days of reconstruction. He was chairman of the national convention in St. Louis that nominated Tilden in 1876, and was one of Tilden's close counselors during the exciting campaign that followed and the still more exciting scenes that came after the election. All through this period Watter-



THAT'S ALL! -Cooper in Collier's

son was prominent enough to be the subject of cartoon after cartoon from the skilful pencil of Thomas Nast. He fought the Greenback doctrines in 1874 and free silver in Bryan's first campaign. "No compromize with dishonor" was his slogan then, and he was one of the organizers of the Gold Democracy. The phraze "tariff for revenue only" it is said was coined by him, acting as chairman of the committee of resolutions in a national Democratic convention. He was an ardent friend of Cleveland in his first term, but he revolted against Cleveland's dictatorial attitude in politics, and when the latter was being considered for nomination the third time, Watterson declared that to nominate him again would be for the Democratic party "to wade through the slaughter house to an open grave." Cleveland was nominated and triumphantly elected, and Watterson will never hear the last of that prediction. "Lost causes," we are told, "have no terrors for Watterson; he revels in revolt." "With engaging personal traits and a gift of piquant expression," says the New York Evening Post editorially, "Colonel Watterson has not built up for himself a reputation for either steadiness or political sagacity." He is, perhaps, too responsive to the spirit of the times, as a journalist and an orator is apt to be. To-day, in his attitude toward Wilson, he

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FIRE AND WATER MAKE VAPOR

One of the Nast cartoons in Harper's Weekly, in 1876, on the heated editorial controversy between Henry Watterson and Murat Halsted over the Tilden-Hayes

seems to look upon the money power as a very desirable factor for a politician to make friends

with. In 1888 he was lecturing on "Money and Morals," and none was more vehement than he in regard to the peril from that power. He said:

"This Money Devil is the lion right across the highway of our future, standing just at the fork of the roads, one of which leads up to the heights of national fame and glory, the other down into the depths of the plutocracy, which yawns before us, opening its ponderous jaws and licking its bloody lips to swallow all that is great and noble in our national life. . .

"If the roofs could be lifted off the palaces of the rich, what sights might not be seen; what skeletons in the closets, what rats behind the arras, what sorrows and what shams! In case you wish to read a sure-enough tragedy, pursue the personal history of Wall Street. There was a time it had a graveyard all its own, in which were chiefly laid its suicides. Oddly enough, that melancholy cul-de-sac starts out from a graveyard, to end in a deep and mighty stream, fit emblem of mystery and death."

After fifty years of turmoil and fighting, not unfamiliar with tragedy in his own domestic circle, Watterson enters upon his eighth decade, sunny, genial, optimistic, vigorous and versatile. "The frost has whitened his locks, care and disappointment have left furrows on his face, but his heart pulsates as warmly as in youth and every beat rings true to those fundamental considerations which embellish, ennoble and uplift mankind."

### THE CORE OF J. P. MORGAN'S CHARACTER



F YOU have nothing else to do to-day for an hour or two, just sit down and ruminate on this question, What would the world be like just now if J. Pierpont Morgan had remained at Göt-

tingen when he was a young man and become

the professor of mathematics?

Would there, for instance, be a steel trust for the attorney general to prosecute? Would there be a "money trust"—assuming that there is one-for the House of Representatives to investigate? When would the panic of 1907 have ended? Would there have been any panic? What would have been the financial condition of the railway systems—the B. & O., the Reading, the Northern Pacific and the rest? Would the trusts have developed to anything like the same extent?

Whatever may be the right answer to these questions, the mere fact that they can be asked plausibly about any one man shows that he is in the class of Titans.

He might have been a professor of mathe-He attended the unimatics at Göttingen. versity there and specialized in that fascinating science. And about ten years ago, when a number of New Yorkers who had attended that university held a dinner in honor of their old professor of mathematics, then visiting America, Morgan was one of those present. The old professor, in making his after-dinner talk, looked sadly upon I. P., and with gentle sincerity remarked that he was glad he had succeeded as a banker; "but," he went on, "I regret that you did not remain at the university. Had you stayed with me, you would have been my assistant as long as I lived and,

"Money rehement it power.

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This story is told by Carl Hovey in his new "Life-Story of J. Pierpont Morgan" (Sturgis & Walton Company), which, we are told with nice discrimination, is "authoritative" but not "authorized." This story may be taken to indicate the core of the great banker's char-He has never quit specializing in mathematics; but applied mathematics rather than "pure" mathematics has been his specialty since leaving Göttingen. The passion of his life has been a love for exactnessexact statements, exact knowledge, exact reasoning. A business project not founded on mathematics has, for Morgan, no foundation at all. And you might as well try to introduce sentiment into one of Euclid's demonstrations as try to introduce it into one of Morgan's big business projects. Not that he is without sentiment-no sentient being is or can be-but he rules it out of business. The first great commandment for Mr. Morgan is: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's"; that is to say, do business on business principles, and business principles, especially banking principles, must revolve around the multiplication table. There can be sentiment in regard to business. So can there be in regard to astronomy. But the man who undertakes to modify his calculations of an eclipse for sentimental reasons will find that he has chosen the wrong occupation, and business, in the long run, is as grimly undeviating in its obedience to law as Arcturus and the Pleiades are. Morgan knows that and every other big banker knows it, and many a time gets undeserved curses in consequence. "It is worth while," says Carl Hovey, reflecting upon Morgan's character along this same line, "to consider him in the light in which his old professor saw him-just long enough to associate with his personality some of those very definite traits for which mathematicians are renowned." Hovey continues:

"As every one knows, mathematicians are very 'set' in their ways, and go through life upon a secure basis of settled notions; their love of precise statement, their antagonism to the vague and indefinite, their somewhat unsocial reliance upon their specialty as comprehending all the wisdom of the world, are equally well-known. Mr. Morgan is at least half a mathematician. And so it comes about that the opposite and unmathematical side of his nature—his faith and



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"THE MOST BESPANGLED YANKEE ON EARTH"

J. Pierpont Morgan has been the recipient of the Grand Cross of the Red Eagle of Prussia, the Grand Cross of the Order of Saints Maurice and Lazarus of Italy, the Grand Cross of the Crown of Italy, the badge of the Legion of Honor of France, the badge of the Order of Osmanie of Turkey and Medals of the Queen Victoria Jubilee, the Coronation of King Edward VII. and the Coronation of King George V., beside various other decorations of minor importance.

his fire, his impenetrable resolution and strength in action—relates itself inevitably to matters which the hand can grasp and the eye can see; to a beautiful vase, a promising railroad, a business combination in which the gain is as sure as bookkeeping, a hospital in which actual ailing people will be cared for by actual proficient doctors; but not, it is fair to say, to some political or social enterprize of which the benefits are doubtful, and where the sincerity and wisdom of the chief movers remain to be demonstrated."

Now a man has to pay for whatever he gets in this world, sometime and somehow. Morgan is a man of facts, and his powers in dealing with facts are Olympian; but he is not a man of ideas apparently. The men (and women) of the world who really count may be divided into the two classes-masters of the idea and masters of the fact. We call them sometimes the dreamers and the doers; but the really supreme man is both a dreamer and a doer. Morgan is a master of facts; but if he is also a master of ideas, the world has yet to discover it. Ideas, as such, until they begin to embody themselves in tangible form and to demonstrate themselves in mathematical formulas, do not interest him. Even his appreciation of art seems confined to those works upon which the world has fixed a definite and permanent commercial value. takes few or no chances with the living artists who are just beginning to "make good." There are many art patrons in America who expend less than one tithe of what Mr. Morgan expends on Art, who exert ten times the power he exerts for the advance of living art and contemporary artists. The explanation is simple. The other patrons are responsive to ideas. He is not.

The story has been told before and is repeated by Mr. Hovey of the Kaiser's disappointment over his first meeting with Mr. Morgan. They were dining together and the Kaiser opened the subject of Socialism. He was "surprized to find that his guest was not in the least interested in a political movement of such consequence." The Kaiser afterward, in a letter to a friend, said: "Try as I could, his conversation failed to reveal to me that he had any clear comprehension of the vast harmonies and conflicts of the commercial universe. I was amazed to find him not well informed regarding the historical and philosophical development of nations. His political economy leaves him unconcerned regarding Socialism, which undoubtedly will soon constitute the most stupendous question everywhere." Mr. Morgan confessed that he had never been sufficiently interested to study into what Socialism means exactly. And the Kaiser is said to have remarked: "I cannot see where he has a single great idea."

Another story, that may or may not illustrate the same defect in his character, is told of Morgan's visit several years ago, as a trustee of the N. Y. Metropolitan Museum, to the Great Oasis of the Sahara. A young Englishman had been deputed to conduct the Morgan party across the desert from the Nile Valley. The young Englishman afterward related his experience as follows:

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"I had been directed to take charge of Mr. Morgan and his party in the special train he had ordered for the six-hour journey across the desert, and at the station he came up to me and in a jovial manner asked me how I did. This introductory 'How do you do?' were almost the only words he said to me. For the rest of the six hours he scarcely uttered a syllable, with the exception of two terse questions about the desert.

"Throughout the entire journey he appeared to be plunged in the deepest thought; he sat immersed in the profoundest contemplation, in the wicker-work armchair in the little saloon. This mood of silent thoughtfulness was the more surprising to me, because the journey is so full of interest that the ordinary traveler asks numberless questions along the route. leaving the Valley of the Nile the line enters a long and desolate ravine having immense clifflike walls of gray limestone, and finally climbs to the weird plateau of the Libyan Desert. Mr. Morgan was left entirely to himself during this journey; no one attempted to draw his attention to anything. Every now and then he would write out a cable message, which was sent off to the main line of telegraph from one of the little huts or stations on the line. An excellent luncheon was set before him, but all he took was an egg and a piece of bread, and as soon as the egg and bread were finished he plunged into thought again. His only distraction was smoking big cigars, and he must have got through a good number of them on this journey."

Standing by itself, the incident might mean simply that Mr. Morgan preferred to take in his impressions without chattering about them, or it might mean that he had something on his mind too great and urgent to be thrown off at the time. Taken with other similar anecdotes it seems to mean a nature singularly unresponsive to sentiment and unimpressed by a beauty that is entirely divorced from commercial values.

## COUNT VON AEHRENTHAL: THE GREAT MINISTER OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF HAPSBURG



VING in a splendid palace at Vienna lies the one great statesman whom the dual monarchy of Austria-Hungary has produced in our time—Count von Aehrenthal. It is no exagger-

ation to say that his sudden collapse upon a bed of sickness has proved a European sensation. He was stricken in the full tide of his tremendous success as an instrument of the policy of the House of Hapsburg in the world. Over the whole of the Balkans, in the expressive phraze of the Paris Action, the shadow of Baron von Aehrenthal has loomed like a death's head. To-day he is at death's door and the entire situation in what Europe calls "the near East" is revolutionized by his misfortune.

Theoretically the dying man, as the Manchester Guardian points out, serves but one sovereign-Francis Joseph. In fact he is much at the mercy of conflicting jurisdictions. Altho the empire of Austria and the kingdom of Hungary possess separate parliaments and even separate cabinets, there exist three servants of the crown who are responsible to Austria-Hungary as a whole. Annually these three must submit themselves to the criticism of delegates separately appointed by the houses of parliament in Vienna and in Budapest. The statesman whose death may be reported at any moment now is the greatest the peculiar system has evolved since its inception. Yet he remains a sinister figure, the object of all kinds of attack in the press of Vienna. He has stood for all the modern world contradicts-reaction and despotism, the stifling of public opinion and war on democracy.

Count Alois Lexa von Aehrenthal, whose official title is merely that of Austro-Hungarian Secretary for Foreign Affairs, yet who is solely responsible for "the new direction" in the diplomacy of the Dual Monarchy, looks neither the statesman nor the diplomatist. This impression is not alone that of the Paris Temps, in which we find it, but that of such careful students of the man as the experienced Vienna correspondent of the London His appearance, we read, suggests rather that he is a university professor, "more interested in theoretical and abstruse problems than in practical affairs of state." He has a worrying defect of the eyes which makes him squint terribly. The spectacles which he wears when at work in his private office at the Ballhausplatz in Vienna, added to his cautious, slow manner, his suave tone of voice and his self-effacing air, accentuate the professional appearance. His most striking features to this observer are a high, arched forehead and very mobile lips. He seems forever muttering to himself absent-mindedly.

Count von Aehrenthal, explains this student of his personality, is a descendant of an old German family which has been resident in Bohemia for some centuries. His father, in the seventies, took a leading part in Austrian politics and was for many years member of Parliament and a representative of the Bohemian territorial aristocracy. The Count von Aehrenthal with whom we are now concerned grew up in a highly aristocratic atmosphere of privilege. When he completed his studies at Prague and at Bonn it was inevitable that he should enter diplomacy. His first service was at the embassy in Paris, whence he drifted or was sent to St. Petersburg, spending the next ten years at one reactionary court after another. At no time does he seem ever to have felt the "time spirit." Always he championed the rights of the aristocracy to sway the destinies of the masses of mankind.

Diplomacy is conceded to be the grand aptitude of Count von Aehrenthal. He had not been in the service many years before his talents commended themselves to that framer of the world-politics of the House of Hapsburg, Count Kalnoky. Kalnoky was father of the idea that the Hapsburgs should extend their empire through the Balkans to Salonika. Count von Aehrenthal imbibed that enthusiasm. It was for this reason as well as on account of his strong reactionary tendenciestaking form in autocratic theories of government-that von Aehrenthal became the righthand man of Count Kalnoky. The Count not long before his death entrusted to the future guide of Hapsburg policy his vast accumulation of state documents and secret correspond-This literary and political legacy has never been published, we read, but it is known to include an exhaustive memorandum on Austria-Hungary's political destiny. Much is made of this document in the discussions of what is next to happen in Europe.

A pupil more apt than Count von Aehrenthal seems never to have become the instrument of dynastic policy. From the very first

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THE RESTORER OF AUSTRIA

Count Aloys von Achrenthal, the great Austrian statesman and minister of foreign affairs, is standing beside the lady he married in his forty-eighth year. It was the Count who achieved in some degree the ambition of the House of Hapsburg to extend its sway through the Balkans and even down to Salonika. The great Austrian was at last accounts reported dying in Vienna.

he won his way to the Emperor's heart, as later he was to achieve a similar conquest of the heir to the throne, the reactionary Archduke Franz Ferdinand. Count von Aehrenthal, remarks a writer in the Figaro, is successful in winning the love and esteem of royal and imperial personages. In St. Petersburg, for instance, he became almost a Russian. The Czar and the Czar's consort delighted in his society. It was due to him

alone that the very indifferent relations which had existed between the courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg became warm and friendly. Only because the lovable personality of von Aehrenthal reconciled all differences did the traditional rivalry between the two countries in regard to the Balkans give way to the famous understanding of Mürzsteg. The Count was all smiles while patching up this pact. He is said to have shed tears of joy when the arrangement had been concluded. So peculiar is his outlook upon life, however, that his was the very genius for diplomacy which nullified the understanding over the terms of which he cried with pleasure. The understanding had done its work. Russia was weakened through the war with Japan.

Inexpressible was the amazement of all Europe when Count von Aehrenthal succeded the late Count Goluchowski in the post he now fills. The explanation is found in the ascendancy the Count won over the mind of the heir to the throne of the Dual Monarchy. This pair are said in traditional language to tick like two clocks. Each is wedded to autocratic ideals. Both doubt the capacity of man for self-government. The Count and the Archduke accept the divine right of kings as a revelation from above. Neither would accept any form of government not based upon military power. Each regards the house of Hapsburg as commissioned from on high to sway the destinies

of the world from Vienna to the very citadel of Turkish power in Europe. Democracy, equality, liberty—these things are to the Count as they are to the Archduke, so many fetishes for the delusion of mankind with false hopes. These men possess, moreover, a like piety of mind, kindred tastes in art and literature and no ordinary learning. The intimacy between the oddly assorted pair has been one of the significant facts of world politics for some years.

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A born diplomatist. Count von Aehrenthal has not, we read further, the least appearance of one. Yet he has made everything in his life subservient to his latent but strong ambition. Even his marriage to Countess Szechenvi promoted the diplomatic dream of his existence. The Countess belongs to one of the historical Hungarian families. Through his union with her-contracted in his fortyeighth year-Count von Aehrenthal has been brought into intimate relations with Magyar families of renown, with Magyar thought and with Magyar aspirations. Hence his ability to carry with him the best in Hungary—a feat most difficult for the average Austrian statesman. Though a full-blooded Austrian he never fails, when in Budapest, to put in an appearance at the national Casino, which is a sort of Union Club at the Hungarian capital. Despite the peculiarities of his personal appearance, the Count makes himself so delightful in social intercourse as to be one of the most popular characters in Magyar so-

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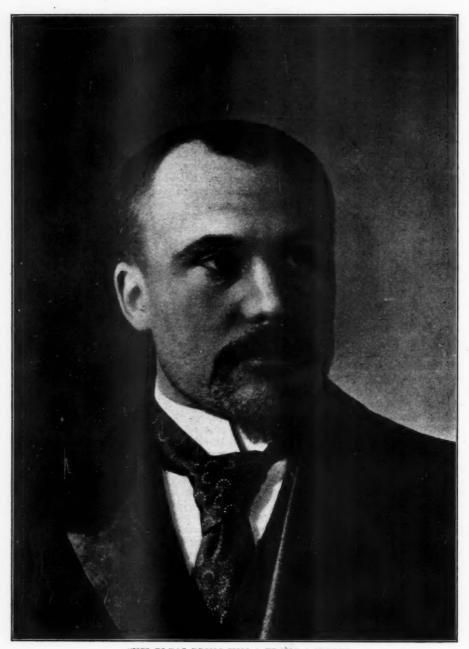
This capacity for personal friendship is, as noted already, one of Count von Aehrenthal's most precious possessions-perhaps, as some hint, his only real diplomatic asset. He owes much socially to the gifts and the magnetism of his wife, who exploits her tact as a hostess for the promotion of all her husband's ambitions. Never does the geniality of the Count take the form of the slightest indiscretion, however. He is renowned as the most secretive of living men. No mortal, however close to him, can read his thoughts, his schemes or his intentions. It is, for instance, an open secret that Count Mensdorff, Austrian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, was wholly ignorant of Vienna's purpose to annex Bosnia and Herzegovina until the blow had been struck. The circumstance reveals one peculiarity of the Count's methods. No despatch from the Ballhausplatz ever acquaints an Austrian ambassador abroad with the intentions of the home government. To a brilliant diplomatist who complained on this score the Count, as the story is told, retorted dryly: "You are sent abroad to ascertain secrets, not to tell them."

Nature has given Count von Aehrenthal, says a writer in the Manchester Guardian, a thoroly practical mind, a lively temperament masked by an unusually cool exterior and a subtlety of insight unequalled since Machiavelli. His public utterances are lucid when he aims at lucidity, but no man better knows

the uses or the art of uttering humane platitudes in the technical language of professional diplomacy. It must be recorded of him, none the less, that he does not scruple at times to obscure fact with sophistry when the exigencies of negotiation prompt him.

In mere learning, Count von Aehrenthal quite excels all other diplomatists of Europe. He speaks the leading languages of the old world with ease and idomatic subtlety. He delights in the classics. His favorite reading is Horace and his closest study is history. He has a memory which never ceases to inspire wonder. Thus he minutely recalled to an ambassador sent by one potentate to Vienna every circumstance of a meeting the newcomer had forgotten because it occurred fifteen years before. He seldom forgets a name and seemingly never fails to recall a voice. He quite delights the youthful attachés of the diplomatic corps by his affable interest in their careers. His appearance of simplicity is one of his powerful weapons. An unruffled temper is another. The explanation of these traits to the Paris Temps is found in the Baron's theory that diplomacy is personal. The great statesman never neglects the personal element. To all with whom he comes in contact he manifests sympathy. His aim is to mould men. For principles as such he apparently has a feeling of contempt. The world in his view is filled with human beings mainly. Everything else is secondary.

One would have to come into somewhat intimate contact with Count von Aehrenthal, avers the Paris Matin, before any true realization of his prodigious career could be possible. His quaint, not to say absurd exterior, his peculiarly deformed eyes, his awkward silences and his shuffling gait tell terribly against him. Once his reserve of manner has been broken through, the incredible persuasiveness and magnetism of his personality sweep all before him. The perfection of his courtesy and the unaffected deference he feels or at any rate manifests for the person he happens to be talking to explain his reputation as a man who can do anything with anybody. There is no recorded instance of a failure on his part to win the regard—one might say the affection-of a fellow creature he set out to charm. To make the mystery more profound, he lies upon a sick-bed after a career of triumph which has not in the least modified Europe's estimate of him as one of the most delightful and yet one of the most sinister of



"HIS PLEAS BRING HIM A FRANC A WORD"

Raymond Poincaré, who recently became Premier in Paris, is likened in political aptitudes to Gambetta, in learning to Gladstone, in scientific attainments to Berthelot and he has the fame at the bar of our own Root. He heads a stronger cabinet than France has previously organized since the establishment of the third republic.

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### RAYMOND POINCARÉ: THE MOST BRILLIANT STATESMAN IN FRANCE

N Raymond Poincaré, whose assumption of the post of Premier in Paris has made him for the moment the most widely discussed personality in Europe, are centred all that one under-

stands by French culture, French charm, French brilliance. The verdict to this effect in the foreign press is unanimous. There are reasons. Raymond Poincaré is the first lawver in Paris. His income from the practice of his profession for a year is expressible in six figures. He is the best public speaker in Europe-fluent without redundancy, imaginative without excess of emotion, convincing without dullness. Raymond Poincaré, again, is one of the great stylists of his country, author of many essays, writer of widely read books which won him a place in the French Academy beside his famed cousin, the mathematician Henri. Raymond Poincaré is also a scientist, profoundly versed in chemical lore, as well as a financier whose theories of taxation form the basis of more than one important statute. Time was when he lived solely by his pen, devoting himself to art criticism. Later he became an authority upon animal life, which he has studied profoundly. He is one of the most idolized patrons of the turf, and racing in France is under many obligations to him. Finally, unlike most political leaders under the third republic, Raymond Poincaré is an ornament of what is called abroad "high society." He entertains like a prince with the manners of a Chesterfield.

Seldom are talents so superior masked by an aspect more insignificant. Raymond Poincaré, if we may accept the impressions of the London Chronicle, is an undersized, plainfaced, even pallid person, with a somewhat straggly chin beard and expressionless eyes under straw brows. No one would waste a second look upon him in a crowd. Nature endowed him with every attribute of distinction except the appearance of it. The timid manner, some deprecatory gestures and a certain shyness of speech among strangers, together with ill-fitting clothes, suggest the provincial. First impressions of the man are unfavorable. He is not spectacular enough for a French genius. He is never positive and affirmative, even in debate. His modes of speech are mainly matter of fact-as the English say, "sound." The brilliance comes in what the French call

"bursts." He has been compared with a volcano that slumbers long until the time for a tremendous eruption proves what fires are asleep in its depths. To put the matter in the words of the Matin, Raymond Poincaré is a genius without a temperament. He is ashamed of the brilliance that has made him famous and

has an honest eagerness to hide it.

There are few names in modern France more distinguished than that of Poincaré, as the London Post reminds us. The father of this new Premier of the republic was an illustrious administrator and engineer. The brother of Raymond has had a brilliant career as an educator, his distinction in France being very like that of Hadley or Lowell among ourselves. Reference has already been made to the fact that the new Premier is first cousin to the illustrous mathematician, Henri Poincaré, likewise a member of the French Academy, who is said by our contemporary to have penetrated so far into the abstract realms of pure mathematics that his conversation on this subject is intelligible only to two or three savants in Europe. Another renowned kinsman of the Premier's is that Emile Boutroux whose philosophical speculations have been the sensation of the Institute. Raymond Poincaré began to practice in Paris as a lawyer when he was twenty-two. He was a deputy at twenty-seven. He entered a ministry at the early age of thirty-two. Seven years ago he became a Senator. In addition to activities of this sort he has been a very "live" journalist and a successful literary man.

Politically, Raymond Poincaré has figured as a leader of the republican democratic alliance. The group is not particularly strong in the chamber, but it has led the fight against socialistic ideas. Extremists like Jean Jaurès have no use for Raymond Poincaré. That is why the Humanité, organ of French Socialism, complains of the lack of passion in the new Premier's anti-clericalism. His grand defect, we read in that daily, is caution. He is afraid of new ideas. He is an artist rather than a man of action. From another standpoint, that of the Paris Figaro, this new Premier merits the highest praise for standing so bravely against syndicalism, riots, strikes and all disorder. This is a way of saying that with all his brilliance Raymond Poincaré is what would be called in this country safe and sane. His career explains itself in the circumstance that, among the French, journalism is closely allied to literature and to a highly personal theory of politics. Under the third republic the editor of the hour is the member of a ministry to-morrow. The country is ruled by its "intellectuals," not by its business men or its lawyers. Raymond Poincaré is first

among the intellectuals.

The social life of the new Premier reflects his genius and explains his career. Few first nights find his reserved seat at the theater vacant. Few meetings of the Academy are held without his attendance. He was among the first to hail "La Flambée" by Kistemaeckers, he congratulated De Porto-Riche upon his triumph of the "Vieil Homme." He did not join the politicians who frowned upon the "Favorites" by Alfred Capus, altho the work was an exposure of parliamentary abuses. The Premier is not devoted to the trivialities of comedy and farce. His recreation is the serious drama. His favorites include Paul Hervieu, perhaps the most tragic of French playwrights, Henri Lavedan, whose "Goût du Vice" received the tribute of his praise, and Brieux, whom so many critics deem the greatest of living writers for the stage. With all these men of genius as well as with Emile Fabre and Anatole France, Raymond Poincaré has long lived upon terms of delightful intimacy. His library is rich in presentation copies of works by the foremost poets of the age. No renowned writer visits Paris without calling upon Raymond Poincaré. He is lord of an aristocracy of genius.

No breath of scandal has ever touched the man who wields supreme power over the greatest ministry France has had since the establishment of the third republic. The unflinching honesty of Raymond Poincaré, asserts the Paris Temps, has held him aloof from that class of clients who are so ready to pay well for the privilege of evading the law. His appearances in the palace of justice which towers beside the Seine are never in the interest of the cliques of financiers whose operations have brought discredit upon parliamentary government. He did not champion the cause of any banker compromized by the Panama episode. He never accepted a retainer from the "High finance," which all Socialists in France condemn so fiercely. He had nothing to do with the scandal of the Humbert safe or with the litigation that drove the Carthusians from the country. It is related that when one millionaire sent him a fat fee for his opinion of a certain operation

on the Bourse, Raymond Poincaré returned the check at once. He had already given his opinion, he wrote, in the course of a speech to the Chamber a year before. The millionaire could have the opinion for nothing by looking up the official reports of the debate.

One of the splendid private residences near the Bois de Boulogne is pointed out by Parisians as the home of the most famous lawyer in France, Raymond Poincaré. He lives in unusual state for a French politician, his annual expenses being, according to gossip, fully seventy thousand dollars. This is rather exquisite for a statesman in Paris. M. Poincaré and M. Millerand earn the biggest incomes, the Aurore says, of any two members of the Paris bar. "They are always briefed on opposite sides in all important lawsuits. Each agreed recently not to take ministerial office without the other. This was intended to safeguard their respective professional interests. With one out of the way and safe in office, his legal practice would be certain to pass to his rival." At any rate, both these prodigies of the bar sit in the same ministry. Poincaré is believed to live quite up to his income. He spends lavishly upon works of art, upon motor cars and upon summer travel. "He is essentially a man of the world, who goes everywhere and sees everything."

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Cautious as he is by temperament and dearly as he loves moderation, Poincaré can rise to poetical heights in court or while making a speech on the platform. The evening papers love to quote his characteristic flights. "When," he once said, "Socialism shows us, in an internal mirage, the oasis wherein humanity will repose from its labors in perfect equality, we remain incredulous. We can await without too much impatience or anxiety the mysterious plan of the city of the future which the most experienced architects have so often promised us and which remains to torment their hours of sleepless toil." With this sort of thing Poincaré is forever infuriating Jean Jaurès. The oratorical manner of the new Premier is ironical, not passionate. He is prone to sarcasm, accompanied not by gestures but by shades of tone. He has one of the most flexible voices in all France, and he uses it in what the Humanité deems "a too histrionic manner." He can put tears into it for his clients, complains the Socialist daily, but it is never heard to thunder in defense of the poor. The explanation to the Figaro is that Raymond Poincaré is such a high-priced lawyer. "His pleas bring him a franc a word."

# · Finance and Industry

## MAKING WAR ON THE MIDDLEMAN AND THE HIGH COST OF LIVING



HE high cost of living has made itself felt in every American household. Germany and England are no less distressed than we are. The seriousness of the situation is emphasized by Pres-

ident Taft's action in suggesting, in his recent message to Congress, a world-wide inquiry into the economical problems involved. New York the District Attorney is investigating the Mercantile Exchange and some startling revelations are expected. In a few cases mayors of cities and clergymen have gone more or less spectacularly into the grocery business to fight the middleman and reduce prices of provisions. Consumers' Leagues and civic associations are grappling with the problem, and sensational writers are depicting the perils of the situation in glowing terms, in which the French Revolution is again made to do service. Thus Mr. Allan L. Benson, writing in Pearson's, tells us that "the earth is like a big bombshell. The high cost of living is the fuse. The fuse has burned nearly to the shell. Something is about to happen. Either the fire will be put out and all will be well, or the fire will not be put out and all will be hell. The French Revolution was caused by the high cost of living. And a woeful woman, walking the streets of Paris, beating a drum and crying 'bread,' was the spark that set off the shell. No one wants an explosion in this country. But I shall venture to say that we are making no great pains to prevent one."

The majority of writers on the subject are disposed to blame the middleman. Two great railroad presidents seem to endorse this opinion, namely President Yoakum, of the Frisco System, and President Brown, of the New York Central. In many parts of the country men and women have banded together to get the middleman's scalp. Des Moines and Indianapolis established public markets where the farmer may sell his products directly to

the public. For a long time, remarks Lewis Edwin Theiss, in the *Pictorial Review*, Des Moines was paying three dollars a bushel for new potatoes, when its neighbor, Dubuque, was paying only one dollar and a half. For cucumbers Dubuque paid twenty cents a dozen. At the same time Des Moines paid ten cents apiece. So it went through a long list. The price affected both producer and consumer.

"High prices in Des Moines, in fact, constituted a two-edged sword, which, when wielded by the middleman, cut both the producer and con-The middleman gave the farmer so little for his products that in some cases it did not pay him to harvest them. That helped to make prices higher for the consumer by lessening the supply. The man who planted the seed, who nurtured it, who toiled and sweat to bring it to fruition, got what proportion of the selling price? How much do you think? Secretary Wilson of the U. S. Agricultural Department has supplied the answer. His country-wide investigation shows that on the average the farmer in this country gets 'only one-third of the selling price! The other two-thirds go to the middleman.

"Dubuque, where prices were so cheap, had a direct market. Des Moines wanted such a market. For three years the middlemen had blocked the scheme. Then Des Moines got a Mayor-James R. Hannan-who thought that the business of a mayor was to help the people. He promised to secure a market. At first he had strong opposition, for the seven thousand middlemen in Des Moines clubbed together and But Mayor Hanna won the fought the plan. business men over by showing them that high prices meant that they must pay high wages; that high prices kept away prospective citizens and hindered the growth of the city, and that the best thing for all concerned was low prices, such as would be afforded by an open market. In the end the city council passed the long-desired ordinance providing for a municipal market. But there was no place to put it. That did not worry Mayor Hanna. Like Alexander, when he couldn't find a way to untie the knot, he cut it. Having no other place to put the market, the Mayor opened it in the City Hall park."

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CUTTING DOWN THE BUTCHER'S BILL IN INDIANAPOLIS

Mayor Shank of Indianapolis weighing a turkey in his picturesque campaign against middlemen and the high cost of living.

A few days before the new market in Des Moines was opened, cabbages that the farmer sold for forty cents a dozen cost the consumer ten cents a pound. Corn netted the farmer nine cents a dozen ears; the housewife paid twenty cents for it. The cost to the consumer exceeded the sum received by the producer anywhere from one hundred to four hundred per cent. When the new market was opened there was a different tale:

"New potatoes sold in the market for one dollar and a half a bushel. Storekeepers asked two dollars and a half for them. Cooking apples for which the stores asked one dollar a bushel sold in the market for forty to sixty cents. Eatingapples brought one dollar. The store price was two dollars and a half or more. The store price of tomatoes was cut in half. Cucumbers dropped to twenty-five cents a dozen. Eggs-the very best-sold for sixteen cents a dozen. The store price was twenty cents. The average drop in prices was forty to fifty per cent. Both the farmers and the housewives went home with money in their pockets. The housewives had gotten more for their money than ever before, and the farmers had gotten more for their product. Both had profited.

"To safeguard its market from the middleman, Des Moines put a clause in its market ordinance prohibiting purchase and resale by hucksters. That effectually bars out the middleman, for only producers are allowed to sell. Efforts were made to intimidate the farmers and so prevent them from bringing their products to the market. That failed, for the farmer saw the advantage of direct traffic with the consumer. So the Des Moines market has come to stay—a forerunner of a return to the old order."

Mayor Shank, of Indianapolis, furnished an object lesson even more striking. Investigation disclosed that the middlemen had that city so tight in their grip that producers were afraid to sell their products directly to the consumer in Indianapolis; that many fruits and vegetables raised within two miles of the city were shipped to St. Louis because the prices paid by Indianapolis commission merchants were so low; and that the prices to consumers on Commission Row were higher than in any other city to which homegrowers shipped their products. Once he had the facts, the Mayor acted quickly:

"He wanted to give the people of his city a lesson that they would never forget. Potatoes had been selling in some of the commission houses at \$1.20 a bushel. The retail price was \$1.60 a bushel. The Mayor sent an agent to Michigan and Minnesota to buy potatoes. The agent got all the potatoes he wanted for fifty cents a bushel. Freight charges made the price sixty-nine cents a bushel, delivered to Indianapo-

lis. The mayor bought a car-load and put them on sale at seventy-five cents a bushel. Needless to say, they sold like hot cakes. What was more to the point was that the commission men reduced their prices. From \$1.20 a bushel they made the wholesale price \$1.10, then 90 cents, and then, in an effort to put the Mayor out of business, they made savage cuts in prices. But the people had had their eyes opened and they bought the Mayor's potatoes. In no time his carload was sold and he had to order more.

"The potatoes, however, were only a foretaste of what was to come. Mayor Shank, like Mayor Hanna, had that curious idea that one of the best things a Mayor could do was to help the people. Having proved with potatoes what could be done, he next arranged to sell pears. The price for pears had been about 60 cents a bushel, and the bushel weighed whatever the grocer chose to have it weigh. Mayor Shank offered his pears at thirty to thirty-five cents a bushel, and the bushels weighed fifty pounds. Isidor Wulfson, Commissioner of Weights and Measures, saw to it that every bushel weighed the full fifty Of course there was a scramble for pounds. the pears.

"By this time the lesson was beginning to sink home. 'Why not enjoy such prices all the time?' the people were asking. Of course that was what Mayor Shank wanted them to ask. He was ready with the answer—and that was a free municipal market. The Mayor did not stop there. He went out among the farmers, or sent an agent to them, and the farmers agreed to sell fruits, vegetables and fresh meats in any quantities wanted."

In large cities, the writer in the *Pictorial Review* goes on to say, such markets are not, perhaps, practicable; but even there the profits of the middleman can be restricted. A campaign headed by Mrs. Julian Heath, in New York City, recently forced down the price of butter. "The butter boom," as Mrs. Heath explains in the course of an interview in the New York *Times*, cost New York six million dollars."

"'There never was a finer show of righteous power than that the women of the Housewives' League made when they forced the price of butter down. It only took a very incomplete boycott, participated in by women of a small section. But it has taught two lessons—one to the women of their own great strength; one to the dealers of their own great weakness.'

"'If butter prices could be forced down with such ease, why, then, is not the whole matter of food prices in the women's hands, to do with as they see fit?'

"It is. Some commodities, as, for example, meat, are controlled more easily by dealers, and the controlling forces are much better organ-

ized; but none has been nor ever will be so controlled that the women of the Nation, if they stand together, cannot regulate it down to reason. The women can do anything. I am not a suffragist, but I believe in the necessity for a great awakening of women to their opportunities and duties—to their rightful responsibilities in the conduct of affairs."

Still another plan to eliminate the middleman's profits is that originated by Mrs. Bleeker Bangs of Brooklyn, founder of a cooperative marketing club. Louis D. Brandeis organized an ambitious cooperative store for the benefit of the employees of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. A similar movement started by the East Side House Settlement in New York crystallized in the Cooperative House-Owning Association. Capital to buy a tenement house was raised by the sale of shares at ten dollars each. "Cooperation," remarks Mr. Oskison in Collier's Weekly, "is the best answer to the problem of mounting bills for living expenses, and it is workable. In some form it is available to everybody. What you must pay will be regulated by what you want to pay-provided you take thought of the problem."

Mr. Allan Benson, in *Pearson's Magazine*, takes the Socialists' view and pooh-poohs "the cooperative fallacy." It is good, he declares, only in the sense that it suggests the good; it minimizes a few profits, but it is a child's weapon.

"A profit system that has robbed a world for more than a century is not going to wilt simply because women choose to change the manner of their buying. That would be too easy. Dealers would simply change the manner of their selling and we should be where we started.

"Nor can the problem of the high cost of living be universally and permanently settled by municipal buying. A city, here and there, may be able to buy potatoes from the farmers and sell them at cost far below that of the retail merchant. What does it signify? Simply that the methods of exploitation would have to be changed a little if exploitation were to continue. But does anyone believe that the gentlemen who are interested in exploitation would fail to adjust their methods to new conditions if all cities should adopt the policy of buying for their inhabitants and selling at cost? If all cities bought potatoes, how long would it be until either the farmers organized and increased prices, or until some sharp Wall Street man organized the American Farm Products Company for the purpose of buying everything the farmer raises, hiking up the price and selling it to municipal govern-

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Mr. Benson's proposed remedies are those of Socialism. Every remedy so far proposed, he exclaims, proceeds upon the assumption that in settling this matter about the loaf of bread we should always let the other fellow hold the loaf. "We may impoze regulations upon him. We may prohibit him from striking below the belt, or wearing less than sixounce gloves. We may even decree that he shall not train nights to keep up his muscle. But that dear old loaf for which we are fighting, he must always hold."

"Would it change the nature of this struggle if we were to hold the loaf for a while? Instead of talking about collective buying through clubs, cities or even states, suppose we were to talk a little while about collective manufacturing? Suppose the government, for instance, instead of spending \$437,000,000 for the Panama Canal had spent this money for wheat lands and flour mills? Do you believe there would be ever again a question about the price of flour? . . . . If the government can build warships and the Panama Canal it could also, if we wanted it to, make shoes and weave cloth. It could also bake bread and run trains."

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#### ORGANIZED VICE AS A VESTED INTEREST



HE problem of prostitution is as old as civilization. No country in the world has been able to root out this evil. In the United States even its regulation in large cities meets with a resist-

ance inexplicable to the uninitiate. We may be able to grapple with the gravest of social questions more effectively if we realize that, in attacking prostitution, we are attacking a vested interest. The report of the Vice Commission of Chicago, a body appointed by the Mayor and the City Council, throws a glaring light on the financial aspect of prostitution. Conditions in Chicago, we gather from the report, are typical of the state of affairs in every important city. We are considerably startled to learn that the annual profits from prostitution (according to conservative estimates) in the city of Chicago alone amount to sixteen million dollars. Rentals of property and profits of keepers and inmates make up more than one-half of this total. The sale of liquor in disorderly saloons yields over four million dollars, while the sale of liquor in houses, flats, etc., and the commissions of inmates reach the impozing figure of nearly three million dollars. The men who attack the social evil must be prepared to fight a highly profitable business.

The Commission believes, after a most careful survey, that there are not far from five thousand persons in Chicago who devote their time exclusively to the business of organized vice. Clandestine prostitution is not represented in this estimate. The Commission makes an even more conservative estimate of

the number of men who demand service from the prostitute. Taking the number of women on the police lists alone, that is to say, women who live in recognized houses of prostitution, and multiplying their number (1,012) by the average number of services daily (fifteen), we have a grand total of 5,540,700 per annum. The population of Chicago (2,000,000) is compozed approximately of 400,000 families. Assuming that there are two males (one father and one son) in every family who may be considered as coming within the scope of this inquiry, and that three-fourths of these, because of age, state of health, religious influences and other causes are left out, there are 200,000 "eligible males" left, a number wholly inadequate to bear the stupendous burden of sixteen million dollars. To their number must be added, however, the influx of casual visitors who come "to see the town." The man who is moral (apparently) in St. Louis, Cleveland or New York, seems to "relax" in Chicago. There is a large number of Turkish Baths, Massage Parlors, etc., which are nothing but houses of prostitution of the most revolting type. Insidious methods, we are told, are on the increase in the higherpriced houses. The inmates who perform these services earn from two to three times as much as the so-called "regular" girls. Assignation houses are scattered all over the city; the charge for rooms varies from 25 cents to \$2.00. Physicians, merchants, real estate owners, as well as the guardians of the law share directly or indirectly in these infamous profits. Thus-to cite a typical instance—the inmate of one house paid fifteen dollars for a kimono worth three dollars. Of this amount the madame received nine dollars and the salesman six dollars. The profits from

<sup>\*</sup> The Social Evil in Chicago. A Study of Existing Conditions with Recommendations by the Vice Commission of Chicago.

the sales of beer and other liquors in these places is enormous. Four druggists make a specialty of selling cocaine and morphine to the inmates of disorderly houses.

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The sword of reform should threaten first of all the owner of real estate who rents his property for immoral purposes. A bill was recently submitted to the New York legislature which aimed to compel the publication of the names of the owners of property over the doors of their houses. Such property, it seems, yields exorbitant rates of interest. The main reason why it is so difficult to suppress prostitution in connection with saloons may be found in the enormous profits made from drinks in the rear rooms and from the rental of rooms over the saloon. The same argument applies to assignation hotels. A Chicago business man endeavored to buy a lot on which was erected a frame building which was being used as a house of ill fame. The owner was offered \$400 per front foot. He declined to sell, saying that he was securing an income of \$700 per front foot, and that he would not sell even for that amount. We quote from the report of the Commission:

"While these properties are increasing in value, without a cent of expense on the part of the owner in improvements, the property in the neighborhood is decreasing, or at a standstill.

"The Commission has secured a large list of owners of houses where prostitution is openly practiced. In some instances these owners are vile and abandoned men who make a business of exploiting these unfortunate women. And side by side with these men, ignorant and vile, stand so-called respectable citizens who are also sharing in the increased values from property used to extend the business of prostitution. Indeed evidence has been produced tending to show that a highly honored and respectable company, in whose hands respectable citizens entrust their money, has apparently assumed the trusteeship of four of the vilest houses of ill-fame in the 22d street restricted district.

"Another disgraceful fact is that some ostensibly respectable women are owners or have control of property where prostitution is practiced."

Of twenty-two real estate owners or agents visited in one district, fifteen were willing to lend flats and houses for immoral purposes at extortionate rentals. The profits of the owners of brothels are sufficiently large to permit such expenses. A keeper of a house of ill-fame admitted that he paid \$8,000 a year on a ten-year lease for his house. The universal practice seems to be that "the madame

takes half." Given the profit of the inmate, that of the keeper may be easily determined. One madame testified before the Commission that in a fifty-cent house on the West Side. she with one girl took in \$175 to \$200 a week. She also testified that she had entertained sixty men in one night at fifty cents each. This prosperous woman is supporting members of her family and has \$7,000 in the bank. Other testimony shows that the girls are not encouraged to stay in these cheap houses unless they turn in at least \$25 a week. Testimony from a keeper and inmates shows that her girls earn from \$100 to \$400 per week, and in one or two cases where the girl is especially attractive or "womanly" even \$500 a week. This keeper has 24 "boarders." In the printed abstract of a record filed in the Supreme Court in the case of a woman convicted on the charge of "allowing an unmarried female under eighteen years of age to live in a house of prostitution," certain pages are reproduced from a book kept by the madame of the house for five consecutive days, showing the number of men received by each inmate each day, and the amounts received. We quote verbatim from the report of the Commission:

"The price for 'service' in this house was fifty cents. It is shown that six regular inmates on four consecutive days received 394 men, an average of between sixty-five and sixty-six per day, or thirteen per day each, and were paid a total of \$98.50, or approximately \$4 per day each. This would show weekly earnings of \$28 each, and as the total amount of money received was divided equally between the inmates and the madame, the madame's earnings on this basis from these six inmates would be \$112 per week, or \$5,824 per year. . . .

"The total amount the six girls received for the five days was \$114 (altho four of them 'worked' only four days). The weekly profit of the madame, therefore, from these six inmates, taking this as the average, would be \$159.60, or \$8,299.20

"It should be remembered that this house was one of the lowest and cheapest sort, a fifty-cent house."

The following summary estimates the "rent of house and body" obtained in 119 houses on the restricted South Side District:

Average excess profit of \$1,000 per year to	
owner or lessor	\$119,000
686 inmates of houses (from police list).	
Weekly profit of \$50 each, aggregate per annum	1.783.600
Keeper's profit from 686 inmates	1,783,600
143 flats (from police list).	
Average excess profit of \$600 per year to owner	
or lessor	85,800
Weekly profit at \$50 each, aggregate per annum	
Keener's profit from 222 inmates	720,200

Total South Side......\$5,212,490

This list does not include the records of clandestine prostitution, extra "tips" paid to girls, etc. Omitting the factor of rental of property and the keeper's share, the per capita earning capacity of the average prostitute appears to be \$1,300 per annum. This, as the Commission points out, is five per cent. on \$26,000. The average wage paid in a department store is \$6.00 per week or \$300 per year. This is five per cent, on \$6,000. In other words, a girl represents as a professional prostitute a capitalized value four times greater than she would represent as a hard working industrial worker. These facts are so monstrous as to render comment superfluous. The keeper's share amounts to millions of dollars. "Why, then," the Commission asks, "wonder at the commercialization of prostitution or its permanence?"

"A madame with ten girls in a house has a sure revenue of \$250 per week, or \$13,000 per year. After paying her exorbitant rent of \$2,400 per annum, is there not enough left for 'protection' and graft of every conceivable descrip-

"The reasons for the statements of a keeper that she pays \$8,000 per year rent for a house that would ordinarily rent for less than \$2,500, and that her daily expense for twenty-four servants, breakage of furniture, glassware, etc., etc., is \$225, are easily accounted for, when compared with the accompanying statement that 'I have accommodations for twenty-four young ladies,' and the further statement both from her and the inmates that the 'earnings' are from \$100

to \$500 per week per inmate, and remembering that the 'madame gets half.'

"Assuming the lowest figure with twenty-four girls earning \$50 per week, the madame's share is \$62,400.

"If, however, the statement of daily expense amounting to \$225 is correct, this must be too low, as there would be a deficit.

"On the basis of \$100 per week for each inmate as the madame's share, there would be a profit of \$42.675 per year.

"These figures speak for themselves, and show in a startling manner why vice exists in Chicago, why it is allowed to exist, and why politics and graft are inseparable from it under existing conditions.

"The rich hoard thus offered explains the reason for the army of cadets and thieves, exploiters and scoundrels who live on the earnings of the bodies of the unfortunate women, who are led to believe the life is 'easy.' It also accounts for the commercial interests that support, bolster, and live upon it, the real estate owners, and agents, the liquor interests, costumers, furriers, jewelers, druggists, doctors and many others who live on or share in the earnings of the prostitute.

"The girl is peculiarly susceptible to all forms of graft, and is persistently grafted upon by all. Nobody respects, admires or loves her; no one

wants her but for one purpose.

"Confined as in a prison, her only resource is in 'blowing in her easy money' for what she can get to make the hours fly, and she is an easy victim to each and every grafter who gets the chance to prey upon her. It is the case of her exploitation that largely accounts for the so-called commercialization of prostitution and its perpetuation."

### "GOOD WILL," THE MYSTERY OF MODERN BUSINESS

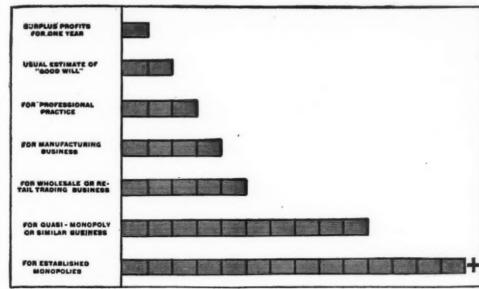


OOD will is the mystery of modern business. The law recognizes its tangible existence. Individual business men and corporations include it in their practical calculations, yet its

exact nature cannot be determined. Despite all sound reasoning of advertizing experts and accountants, despite all the beating of tomtoms by underwriters and passionate promoters, good will, remarks Rufus Gilmore in System, is still the fourth dimension of business. It is there, but the difficulty lies in making another see it where you see it and in making him see it as large as you see it. How many business men, he asks, have any good will that they can sell for cash in hand? Proportionately, he replies, very few. Every man is

positive he has some until he tries to exchange it for cash. Then the majority discover to their regret that they have much less than they dreamed or none that is salable.

"The foreigner who runs the cigar stand in your office building as well as the corner grocer both nourish this saving dream. Both believe they have some negotiable good will. They have—if someone would only come along who valued his time and services at less than they do theirs. But with every tick of the clock, some small retailer is selling his business at less than the cost of his stock and fixtures. Nor is it the small retailer alone who is thus rudely awakened from his dream. Lately, the proprietor of a big New York department store suffered the same shock. He had an excellent location, he had been a heavy advertizer, but he paid his bills in four or five months. Consequently he paid more for



Courtesy of System

HOW GOOD WILL IS ESTIMATED

Good will is frequently arrived at by multiplying the surplus profits of a given business by specific denominators.

standard stock than did his competitors; manufacturers and jobbers came to him with only riff-raff and odds and ends not to be placed elsewhere, and the public tired of his goods. In short, the good will bought and paid for in location and advertizing foundered and sank on a sea of ill-favored goods. He had to choose between selling out at the precise cost-value of his stock and bankruptcy. He sold.

"On the other hand, the good will of a bankrupt business is sometimes salable. The owner of a large retail store in St. Louis, tho insolvent and forced to sell out, sold his stock and fixtures for considerably more than one hundred cents on a dollar simply because a competitor wanted his location. So here—in direct contradiction to the previous instance—we have a case where advantage of location more than offset all other disadvantages."

The value of good will depends upon varying contingencies: upon the degree to which it can be transferred, upon the public favor of each individual business, upon numberless other factors whose vital value may change with the moon, such as trade-marks, trade names, advertizing, merit of goods, location, franchises, patents. The valuation of good will depends on the profits of any business. To determine its value in dollars and cents, we must first deduct the interest of the capital actually employed and a sum equivalent to the owner's services from the average of net earn-

ings. According to Dicksee, an English authority, the surplus profits thus obtained should be treated as follows: If a wholesale or retail trading business, multiply from one to five times; if a manufacturing company, multiply from one to four times; if a professional practice, multiply from one to three times; and if a newspaper or other quasimonopoly, multiply by some larger figure, frequently as high as ten.

Such is the theory. But what is the practice? The Cordage Trust multiplied its net surplus by five, the Rubber Trust by fourteen, and other recapitalized industries have used still larger figures. The favorite multiplier in use appears to be two. Most buyers of small stores are paying, through ignorance, an excessive price for this mystifying item. Negotiable will, the author insists, is the exception rather than the rule in business. It is a will-o'-the-wisp, a blue flower of commercial romance, difficult to win but more difficult to retain.

"The swift ebb and flow of the tide of modern business is perpetually changing its channels and altering the aspect of good will. Many a fine, conservative, renowned old house of the past finds itself left high and dry, its good will valueless. But what of those who set the pace? Is the highly valued good will of the trusts, the big advertizers, just a big noise? What of the two-

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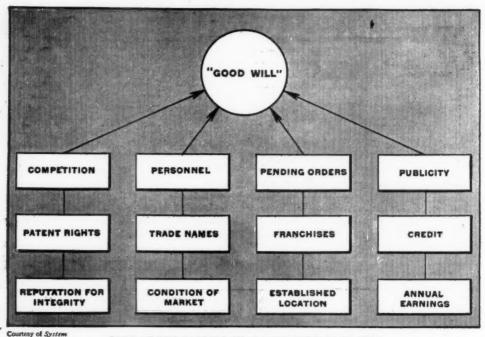
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SOME OF THE FACTORS THAT DETERMINE GOOD WILL

For obvious reasons these factors vary greatly in importance with each individual case.

million-dollar good will of the American Graphophone Company, the three-and-one-half-million-dollar good will of the American Piano Company, the eight-and-one-half-million-dollar good will of the Shredded Wheat Company, and the eighteen-million-dollar good will of the American Writing Paper Company? What of them? How did they manage to secure such tremendous values for their good will?

"Recently a lawyer was called upon by a truckman who had nearly a monopoly of the pianomoving business in an outlying district of an eastern city. He had but one competitor, with whom he now wished to combine, both to turn in all assets and form a new corporation. The lawyer looked over the figures, but hunted in vain for any on good will. He called attention to the oversight.

"'See here, we don't plan to pump any water into this.' The truckman grinned. 'This is just a friendly affair. Nix on the good will. Them's the figures we want you to go by.'"

"The lawyer looked over the figures again, hastily calculated the combined good will to be worth between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars. He protested.

"'Now, see here,' the truckman began to get angry, 'this here business is a good thing. We ain't going to let anyone else in on it. What's the use of our chewing the rag over good will? We'd only be selling it back to ourselves.'"

Selling it back to themselves-this, the writer assures us, is the secret of the startling figure for good will secured by the bigger indutries. "Good will," in the author's terse characterization, "is the premium you set upon your business when you don't care to sell." George G. Benjamin, a leading New York retail clothing merchant, refused to sell his good will for three hundred thousand dollars. The publishers of a certain dictionary value the word "Webster's" at one million dollars. The word "Naturals" applied to cigarets is valued by its owners at ten million dollars. The Tobacco Trust is said to have actually offered a few millions for that single word. When the Royal Baking Powder Company amalgamated with a number of its competitors, the word "Royal" was said to have been listed among its assets as worth twelve million dollars.

"The Royal Baking Powder Company pays twelve per cent. upon its common stock, so this Koh-i-noor of words has proved to be worth the high estimate set upon it. And yet there are corporations that go to the other extreme. Among its assets each year, the Victor Talking Machine Company presents its 'patents, territorial rights, good will, et cetera,' as valued at two dollars."

#### THAT ELUSIVE BOGEY-THE MONEY TRUST



ONGRESS seems determined to investigate the so-called Money Trust, that bogey of high finance, either now or soon after the presidential election. This will be no simple task,

even with the assistance of Samuel Untermyer, who, as Garett Garrett remarks in Collier's, certainly is the man "to identify the goods." The investigation of the Standard Oil and the Steel Trust will seem mere child's play as compared with the undertaking of laying bare to the public gaze the holy of holies of Mr. Morgan's office. One who should go to Wall Street to find out for himself what the money power was like, Mr. Garrett asserts, would come away with the feeling that tho he had not satisfied his curiosity, he had encountered in the modern world of finance Peer Gynt's Boyg—a vague, shapeless, intangible, inaccessible thing; slippery, big, cold and everywhere. "There is no getting through and no going around. It has neither voice nor heart; it is greedy and intelligent. It is hostile, unforgiving and remorseless."

"To one of the most efficient independent speculators in Wall Street I put the question: 'How does it affect you?'

"'It doesn't affect me at all,' he said. 'Do you know why?'

" 'Why?'

"'Well, in the first place, I never borrow any money from them, and, in the second place, I'm never as deeply committed in the stock market as they think I am. That is to say, I don't trade as heavily as they believe I do. They have tried many times to get me. They think they have me in a corner, and I'm not there. One of them once said to a friend who told me: 'Just when we think we've got him he's loose again.' The man who said that holds it against me that I upset him once in a stock market campaign. Then they have tried to get me in with them on various things, and to take up sides with them, but I'm too cagy for any of that. I like to sit up here on my own crag and fly down when I please.'

"Whom do you mean by they?"

"'Why, the men I thought you were talking about—the men who are thought to have a Money Trust down here. They haven't any such thing, but they have a tremendous lot of power. They control the principal sources of credit. That's how they so easily find out what other men are doing in the stock market. If you buy 10,000 or 20,000 shares of stock they can find out all about it if they want to know."

In the bull year 1909, Wall Street was compelled to take notice of F. S. Pearson and Percival Farquhar, who, having been very successful in South American speculations, conceived the stupendous idea of controlling a chain of American railroads from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and then connecting North America and South America by rail. The railroads that suited them best were the Lehigh Valley, the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific and the Rock Island. Consequently, encouraged by the financiers controlling those railroads, they began to buy the stocks in question heavily and at high prices. They borrowed at the banks to make the purchases, putting up, as is the custom, 20 or 30 per cent. of the amount from their own resources. What they did not know, Mr. Garrett avers, was that the gentlemen who were secretly selling them the stocks were also lending them the money.

"For instance, through brokers, the syndicate would buy Lehigh Valley; the brokers, to carry the stock, would borrow money on it, say, at the Bankers' Trust Company. Mr. Daniel G. Reid, who was selling the Lehigh Valley stock to the syndicate through the market up to 200, was a director of the Bankers' Trust Company. It may, indeed, have been his own money and not the institution's which the Bankers' Trust Company loaned to brokers who bought and carried Lehigh Valley for the Pearson-Farquhar Syndicate. And so it was with Rock Island and Wabash and Missouri Pacific, until the syndicate was loaded up and could buy no more.

"Then prices began to fall. The banks and the individuals who through the banks had been lending the money refused to renew the loans. Messrs. Pearson and Farquhar were to be stood upon their crowns and shaken out of everything they had bought. Lehigh Valley, which on their buying had advanced above 200, declined 100 points, and the other stocks proportionately. When at last they threw up their hands, a syndicate of bankers was formed to take the stocks

off their hands at deflated prices."

The functions of issue and distribution, complains a large independent bond dealer, have become monopolized. His description of a scene in J. Pierpont Morgan's office tallies with a similar account given by Mr. Morgan's recent biographer, Mr. Carl Hovey. Not long ago, so the bond dealer assured Mr. Garrett, he had some business over at Morgan's. While he waited for one of the partners to be at leisure, he overheard the placing of a large bond issue.

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"The man who did it called up in rotation several trust companies and other institutions under the domination of the Morgan crowd. To one he said: 'You have \$5,000,000 of such a bond issue at such a price.' To another he said: 'You have \$3,000,000,' and to another: 'You have \$2,000,000.' It wasn't optional. The bonds were simply allotted. I believe in one or two instances the institutions to which they were allotted had never heard of the bond issue until that instant. Do you see what it means to control a number of large banking institutions? I know of a national bank whose representatives go through the country selling bonds on the private inducement that 'When we know of anything good, as we often do, we'll let you in on it.' That's a speculative inducement. How can an old-fashioned bond distributor compete with that?"

To visualize the financial Boyg, Mr. Garrett goes on to say, the reader has only to imagine a meeting of the directors of Mr. Morgan's United States Steel Corporation at 71 Broadway. "At a full meeting of the board," Mr. Garrett assures us, "there are represented so many different things that there is no man in all the country, or woman, or child, who is not concerned in one or more."

"There are represented:

"I. Shareholders to the number of 150,000 in the great Steel Trust, which keeps \$75,000,000 cash on deposit in Wall Street, and is being sued by the Government.

"2. Thirty-five directorships in New York

banking institutions.

"3. Control more or less of loans in New York banks and trust companies aggregating \$1,000,000,000.

"4. The Equitable Life, which is a large holder and buyer of securities.

"5. The Mutual Life, ditto.

"6. The Westinghouse and General Electric Companies, which control the electrical apparatus business of the country.

"7. The cement industry.

"8. The American Can Company, in whose tins your preserved meats and fruits and your tobacco come. It buys tin plate from the United States Steel Corporation.

"9. The American Telephone & Telegraph

Company, which is the Bell trust.

"10. The International Harvester Company, which is the Implement Trust, now debating with the Government whether it shall voluntarily dissolve or be sued. It buys from the Steel Trust.

"II. Mr. Morgan's imaginatively capitalized International Mercantile Marine Company, which was intended to be a Shipping Trust, and is go-

ing to be investigated by Congress.

"12. Eighty thousand miles of railroad, east, south, northwest, and southwest, supplied with rails, etc., by the Steel Trust. You have here a

clue to the mystery of the price of steel rails. The every other steel product is at the lowest price in ten years, the price of rails remains untouched at \$28 per ton.

"Members of the Steel Trust Board, sitting as such, resolve that \$28 a ton is a fair price for steel rails, and that everybody shall continue to say that, until the attacks of politicians upon corporations cease, there will be no money to lend to the railroads.

"Then they sit as directors of the railroads and debate whether to issue bonds or short-term notes with which to raise the money to buy, among other necessaries, rails at \$28 per ton.

"Then as bankers they may pretend to consider whether as railroad directors they offered themselves a fair bargain in new securities—that

is, a fair margin of profit.

"Then as directors of financial institutions they vote to buy or to lend money on the bonds or short-term notes which as railroad directors they voted to issue, and which as bankers they voted to underwrite, the capital to be used to buy rails for which as directors of the Steel Trust they have thought \$28 a ton a fair price."

In the majority of cases the men who control the banks, the industrial trusts and the railroads do not own them. The directors of the Steel Trust, for instance, are not its owners. The property is owned by 150,000 stockholders. The directors who control it are elected by proxies. Mr. Morgan's control of the sources of vast credit does not arise from actual ownership. "The credit of one institution, is used to buy control of another institution, the credit of that one to buy control of another one, and so on in an endless chain."

"The lending power of the institutions, control of which is thus obtained, is employed to gain influence over or control of other properties. The great Money Power deals in margins like the individual speculator, only in a much more scientific manner. Seeing how the control of credit leads to the control of everything else, and how the control of one bank's credit is used to gain control of another bank and its credit, like building a pyramid upside down, it is a temptation to suggest that it be made unlawful for one bank to lend money on another bank's shares. There is already a movement to check national banks in the dangerous practice of buying and holding shares in other banks. That does not touch the right of an individual to invest, say, 20 per cent. of his own capital in the shares of a bank and borrow on them the other 80 per cent. from a bank which he already controls. Then he controls two. He may have been a director of the first bank with which he hypothecated the shares of the acquired bank, and he may do it over and over, adding each time another bank to its control."

# Science and Discovery

## THE QUEST OF PHYSICS FOR A DEMON OF THE UNIVERSE



ORE amazing than any other development of the physical sciences in our time, according to the renowned French physicist and mathematician, Henri Poincaré, is the emergence of a

Some, indeed, would follow Herbert Spencer and speak of an ultimate reality endowed with personality. At any rate, whatever one may call the highly intelligent and emancipated being implicit in the theories of creation spun out of the advance of modern physics, it seems impossible now to think in terms of physics along any scientific line without encountering the demon. Now it is the intelligent demon postulated by Maxwell. Again we are faced with the demon of the great Swedish scientist Arrhenius. Arrhenius, observes M. Poincaré, thinks he has discovered the real demon at last, altho the Frenchman has his doubts.\* The subject must be elucidated in the light of what modern physics can tell of the formation of the universe in the very beginning.

To Arrhenius, we are reminded by M. Poincaré, the stars are not-as is popularly supposed-mere individuals, more or less complete strangers to one another. They do not dwell in cold aloofness, separated by immense intervals in space, exchanging only their gravitational attractions and their beams. They exchange many other things in a species of interplanetary commerce-electricity, for example, and matter and even living germs. The pressure of radiation comprizes a force which emanates from luminous bodies and which repels light bodies. It is this radioactive pressure of radiation which forms the tails of comets—the substance of which, being very attenuated, is repelled by solar rays. It is radiation again, if we may credit Arrhenius, which expels minute particles from the sun as far as the planets and even as far as the distant

\* Leçons sur les hypothèses cosmogoniques. Par II. Poincaré. Paris, Herman et fils.

These minute particles ultimately collect together into meteorites. These meteorites, penetrating into the nebulae, would seem to become centers of condensation around which matter in the true sense collects. Thus we have the whole history of the stars-their obscure birth, their rise to splendor and their decadence into cold chaos. This decadence is not necessarily final death. Rather is it the beginning of a long period of latent life, silent and obscure, until the day when some shock suddenly frees all this slumbering energy. The ensuing explosion would appear to give birth to a nebula which, in its turn, begins the cycle anew. This latent life is seemingly far longer than what we may call the brilliant life. Hence it follows that there must be far more dark stars than shining ones, contrary to the view of Lord Kelvin.

The greatest living physicists, among them Frederick Soddy, infer that the universe is infinite in extent, that the stars are distributed throughout it with relative uniformity. If our telescopes seem to assign limits to the universe, the explanation of the contradiction is simply that the lenses are too weak. The light that streams to us from the farthest suns is absorbed on the way.

The universe conceived by Arrhenius and those in agreement with him is not only infinite in space, but eternal in duration. Here the views of the illustrious Swede are pronounced "genial" by the no less illustrious Frenchman. "They are certainly suggestive," he adds, "notwithstanding the objections that can be urged." The universe may, concedes M. Poincaré, be nothing more than a vast heating apparatus, operating through the medium of a source of cold and a source of heat, a hot stream and a cold stream, a supply of hot air and a supply of cold air. The stream of heat is represented by the stars. The stream of cold is represented by the nebulae. But the heating apparatus would soon cease to operate if it were not supplied with material to burn. Abandoned to themselves, the two streams would in the .

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A RADIOACTIVE CHAMPION OF BIBLICAL LORE

Frederick Soddy, in the course of his interpretation of radium, has sketched the outlines of a cosmogony which might agree with the account of Adam and Eve in a fashion more startling than skeptics would imagine possible.

end exhaust themselves. Their temperatures would equalize, in the end establish an equilibrium between themselves. That follows from the principle of thermal dynamics first enunciated by the French physicist Carnot. This principle itself is a consequence of the laws of mechanics. The molecules being very numerous, they tend to mix and to obey no law but that of chance.

In order to extricate physical science from this blind alley it must be assumed that the molecules, having become mixed, were rearranged. Now this is a sheer impossibility. To get over the bog to which physics is brought by its own laws, the demon to which reference has been made was first invented by Maxwell. This demon of Maxwell's, observes M. Poincaré, had to be a being of infinite power as well as of infinite wisdom. He was that, in fact, for he could deal with things as minute as the molecules.

Arrhenius has told us how the universe begins over and over; but, in order to do that, adds M. Poincaré, the indispensable demon would have to be automatic. The demon has been devized by Arrhenius. At least, observes M. Poincaré, Arrhenius has no doubt of the capacity of his own demon. That is because the nebulae are very cold, of very slight density, therefore scarcely capable of retaining through their own gravitational attraction the moving bodies tending to get away from them.

The gaseous molecules are animated by various rates of speed. The greater the rates of speed, the hotter the gas. The part played by the demon of Maxwell, if he were bent upon cooling an inner mass, would be to agitate the hot molecules and to expel them as a result. Only cold molecules would remain.

The molecules which have the greater chance of escaping from the nebula without being hindered through the force of gravity are those which are endowed with the high rates of speed-the hot ones. The others being left alone, the nebula could remain cold even if it received some heat. One can, to be sure, look at the subject from other points of view entirely, affirming, for example, that the real cold source in the case is space itself, with its temperature of absolute zero. Many another doubt suggests itself likewise, at least to M. Poincaré. Would not space itself be overwhelmed or wholly filled up even if the universe be infinite? If matter escapes in all directions throughout the universe, will it not ultimately dissipate itself into nothingness, or vapor? In any event, one must, it seems, give up the idea of a perpetual renewal of the universe or of planets or of stars. The trouble with the theory of Arrhenius, according to Poincaré, is its inadequacy. M. Arrhenius has not given us enough demons with his system of physics. There must be a demon not only for the source of cold, but for the source of heat.

## A VINDICATION OF THE BURGLAR FROM THE STANDPOINT OF EUGENICS



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EW misconceptions are more general, according to the famed English student of eugenics, Sir James Barr, than the notion that criminals should, just because they are criminals, be

prevented from becoming parents. Nevertheless, legislation has in certain parts of the world done the human race the injury of sterilizing all habitual criminals. This is to overlook the fact that there are certain criminals, such as the burglar, who are very clever—gifted with personal qualities of a high order. If we are to breed men and women for intelligence it would be a bad thing to exclude the burglar from parenthood. The same may be said for other classes of criminals—highwaymen, for instance, and forgers. Many burglars are misdirected geniuses. They are fre-

quently more honest than financiers, especially financiers connected with the promotion of companies. It would be better from the standpoint of eugenics to sterilize the financiers than to sterilize the burglars, some of whom would make magnificent administrators.\*

The fallacy underlying the notion that habitual criminals, just because they are habitual criminals, should be debarred from parenthood, rests upon an incapacity to distinguish between qualities of advantage to the individual and qualities of advantage to the race. Many burglars have qualities of immense advantage to the human race—qualities that should not be lost, altho they should, of course, be better directed. The point seems

<sup>\*</sup> THE AIM AND SCOPE OF EUGENICS. By Sir James Barr. London.

well taken by one careful student of eugenics, Dr. G. A. Gibson, of the Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh, who says in a lecture reported by *The British Medical Journal* that, while we know how much may be made of Mendelism in breeding certain physical characteristics, we know nothing of what will lead to the production of higher types. Neither can we experiment very elaborately, because in this century it is inconceivable that any nation can ever attain to such a scheme of marriage as is outlined in Plato's "Republic." There can not, as the London *Lancet* puts it, be any forced mating of men and women. In fact, the extremists in the eugenics field are some-

what censured by the organ of the British medical profession.

In the light of what Sir James Barr says, it appears possible to vindicate the popular taste and the popular morality in regard to "Raffles." The instinct of the masses, always more truly scientific than the merely educated insight of the upper classes, beholds in the romantic burglar the possessor of qualities in themselves admirable, altho deplorably misapplied. It is eminently undesirable that the boldness and originality, the force and initiative displayed by "Raffles" should not be handed on to posterity. Many respectable traits would do posterity no good.

#### A NEW PROCESS OF COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY ON PAPER



OLOR photography on glass and paper, by means of the so-called three-color process, has now been practiced for many years, says a writer in the London Times, and good results have

been obtained. But the task of taking three negatives and printing three positives and of accurately adjusting them in superposition so as to obtain correct tints involves many failures. These failures dishearten even those who have the time and patience to overcome the difficulties inherent in the acquisition

of the technique of the process.

The first successful method of producing color photographs from a single plate, we read in the columns of our contemporary, was due to the distinguished Professor J. Joly, of Trinity College, Dublin. He employed a color screen ruled in the three primary colors. The negatives obtained through this screen were seen colored in their natural tints when viewed through a corresponding ruled color screen. A few years later the French photographers, Messrs, Lumière, brought out an advance on his method in their autochrome process, in which colored starch grains replaced his ruled screen. Other improvements have since been made. Competitive firms have introduced similar products. Such plates are now employed to a considerable extent for special purposes; but the great majority of amateur photographers have held aloof from this process, the reason being not so much the increased cost of the plates in comparison with ordinary ones, or any great difficulties in manipulation, as the fact of the results being obtainable only on glass or films. For window decorations or lantern slides the value of these plates is well known; but prints on paper have not been obtainable in this way. This, after all, must be the ultimate goal, our contemporary says, of all processes of color photography intended for practical general use among the large masses of amateur photographers. The writer in the London Times continues:

"Many workers have occupied themselves with the attempt to print from autochrome and similar color plates upon paper in the original colors of the plates, but until lately no process was available holding out any considerable prospects of success. A former student of the Royal College of Science, Dublin, Dr. J. H. Smith, who had been working upon this problem for some years before the advent of the autochrome plates, and who since that time has been continuously engaged in the adaptation of what is called the 'bleach out' process to the printing of those plates, has now succeeded in his endeavors. In his process a new paper called 'Utocolor' is placed upon the autochrome or similar color plate in the printing frame, and printed in the sun for about two hours, or longer in the shade, just as any ordinary printing-out paper is employed. The paper acquires the colors of the plate, and it is interesting to watch the evolution of the colors from the black surface of the paper direct in the printing frame without the application of any solutions or developing agents. When the print corresponds with the original it is taken out of the frame and fixed to render the dyes employed more permanent, then finished and mounted as an ordinary photograph. The resulting print corresponds very closely with that of the original autochrome, all the fine detail of light and shadow being reproduced, in addition to a color rendering true to nature."

## TRANSLATION OF ONE PERSPECTIVE INTO ANOTHER BY A FISH



T HAS long been known, if we may credit scientists, that many varieties of fish change their hue according to the color of the background against which they happen to be lying. At first it

was supposed that the adaptation was brought about by the action of light on the skin. Later it was ascertained that in the case of blinded fish the color adaptation did not take place. Ultimately an investigation of the wonderful manner in which the flatfish adapts its own geometrical skin patterns in imitation of the geometrical pattern of the sea bottom was undertaken by Francis B. Sumner of the United States Fisheries Laboratory at Woods Hole, Mass. He has been struck with the detailed resemblance obtaining between the markings of a turbot's skin and those of the gravel on which it lay. "Was this a mere coincidence?" asks The Westminster Gazette. "Or does the fish have the power of controlling the color pattern as well as the color tone of the body?"

Mr. Sumner prepared a number of backgrounds of natural sea bottom, sands and gravels of varying coarseness and in pattern both natural and unnatural. In every case the fish copied on its back the pattern on which it lay, tho not with equal success in every instance. The time required ranged from a few seconds to several days. Practice reduced the necessary time. "Certain specimens, after several changes of background, were found to adapt themselves, in almost full measure, to one of these within a fraction of a minute."

The experiments clearly showed how untenable was the notion that the fish is limited to a few stereotyped responses representing the most familiar types of habitat. The imitative reaction was just as certain and as rapid when the fish were placed in vessels with glass bottoms on which the patterns were painted. The creature need not see the imitative reaction. It can adapt itself while its whole body, save the eyes, is buried completely in the sand. The eyes are close to the sea bottom, and the shape, size, color and arrangement of sand and pebbles are cast upon the retina in oblique perspective.

Oddly enough, adds a writer in London Knowledge, the flatfish does not depict this view of things upon its skin. It depicts the sea bottom as it would appear to a human ob-

server looking down on it from a distance of some six inches or more. The mechanism of the process by which this is accomplished is not clear. But it is particularly interesting as the translation of one perspective into another As is suggested by Professor Walker B. Pitkin, in The Journal of Philosophy. Psychology and Scientific Methods, the perspective relations are so thoroly "in" the space which the fish sees around it that they can cause other perspective relations as truly as one chemical reaction causes another. Professor Pitkin considers carefully the bearings of the chief facts of Sumner's experiments upon the problem of space perception. The fact that the flatfish does not see its own imitative reaction to the pattern of the background he declares significant. "In other words, consciousness, in whatever sense the term be used, is not an instrument in making one space pattern match another. If it is not, how can anyone continue to hold the old psychological doctrine that the arrangement of space elements (or non-spatial elements) into forms, patterns or perspective orders, is brought about by the cognitive process or by the 'association of ideas'?" It is like a case of imitation among men. The process is set up by a physical stimulus. Its result can not or need not be perceived by the organism. The correspondence is not between the thing the flatfish sees and the thing the flatfish makes to look like it, or rather between the flatfish's percept A and the same flatfish's percept B. It is between a stimulus (which may or may not be perceived for aught we know) and a chemical pattern which is the cause of a perception to an external observer. The flatfish is not imitating its own percept A, but is doing so in such a manner that some other creature will perceive the flatfish's skin as having not merely the characteristics of the fish's percept A, but as having the characteristics of the external cause of perceiving A.

There is the further point that the flatfish adapts its skin pattern only to the sea bottom, in normal life. The very same pattern which, when it is underneath the fish, sets up the pigment reactions, has absolutely no effect when above it. The psychological conclusion is that the primary function of the "psychic" is to select, reject and direct certain environmental characters with reference to other functions—nutrition, for instance.

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### A VINDICATION OF BENZOATE OF SODA FROM THE ATTACKS OF DR. WILEY



HE public has been so thoroly "hoodwinked" regarding the scientific work of Doctor Harvey W. Wiley, writes Professor Graham Lusk, of the department of physiology at

Cornell, in The Medical Record (New York), that the truth regarding his campaign against benzoate of soda should be spoken. The well known attitude of Dr. Wiley to the chemical in question grew out of his organization some years ago of what Professor Lusk calls "a poison squad." A number of young men were given benzoate of soda with their food. They became ill. The greatest amount received by any individual in the course of these experiments was about an ounce and a half. It was distributed in small doses through a period of twenty days. As a result of these experiments Doctor Wiley insists, according to Doctor Lusk, that benzoate of soda is a poison. Reiteration of this statement has made many believe that the statement itself is true.



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THE DISCOVERER OF SACCHARIN

President Ira Remsen, of Johns Hopkins University, is Chairman of the Remsen Board. Remsen is famous in Germany owing to his writings on organic chemistry.

"The work of the scientist is usually accomplished in the quiet of his laboratory without flourish of trumpets, without newspaper notoriety. An earnest endeavor to separate scientific truth from the influence of psychic turmoil must be the aim of the scientific man. Dr. Wiley's experiments on the contrary were trumpeted abroad. The young men who were the victims must have been more than human not to have been influenced mentally by this course of their chief. They had a fever, many of them, and Dr. Wiley was so alarmed that he discontinued the experiments. Authorities have, however, suggested that the febrile symptoms noticed in this group of men were in reality those of an epidemic of the grippe. It appeared to many that the experiments were not entirely satisfactory, especially after it was learned through an investigation held in Washington that the majority of the individuals employed in the experiment had been used as subjects in previous experiments in which they had been made ill as a result of their ingestion of various deleterious substances. Some of them testified that they fully expected to be made ill by benzoate of soda. Furthermore, the benzoate was administered in capsules and not in diffuzed state, as it would have been had it been taken in preserved food."

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It did not seem right, proceeds professor Lusk, that the judgment of one man should be accepted as final scientific truth, especially when the course of experimental procedure employed by that individual was open to criticism. In recognition of this fact, the so-called Remsen board was appointed by the United States Government. It has been stated many times that it would be very much cheaper for the government to abolish the Remsen board and to place the judgment with regard to matters within its scope into the hands of Doctor Wiley solely. Doctor Wiley and many newspapers unite in proclaiming that the work of Wiley is hampered by the Remsen board. Who are these men accused of hampering Doctor Wiley? Professor Lusk answers in these terms:

"President Remsen, of the Johns Hopkins University, is the chairman of the Remsen board. Remsen received his education in Germany. It was he who discovered saccharin, which was placed upon the market by a German firm, it having been patented without his permission, the profits going to the German patentee. In my student days in Germany a translation of Remsen's book on organic chemistry was largely sold

to German students. He is a man of undoubted integrity and high culture.

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"Professor Chittenden, Dean of the Sheffield Scientific School, is one of the few Americans who have developed a school of trained pupils. One speaks of the school of Liebig, meaning the men whom Liebig trained. One speaks of the men of the Chittenden School, meaning the physiological chemists who, throughout the country, hold important chairs of physiological chemistry and of physiology.

"The late Dr. Christian A. Herter was a man of high ideals, a man who endowed lectureships at the Johns Hopkins and at the University of Bellevue Hospital Medical School, a man who was acquainted with the great scientists of the world.

"Professor Long is a man of experience and long service, who has done much work for the United States government in the examination of food and drugs for the Indian Service. Associated with him in the work of the Remsen board was Dr. Stanley R. Benedict, one of my colleagues at Cornell.

"One of my own assistants, Dr. A. I. Ringer, was in the laboratory of Dr. Herter, and for his careful accuracy I can vouch."

It was thought best that all the experiments by the Remsen board should be as independent as possible, so that the truth should be arrived at without bias. On account of Doctor Wiley's belief that benzoate of soda is a poison, it was given at first in small doses. Doctor Herter, however, learned that Lewinsky, a pupil in the clinic of the great Minkowski, had given nearly two ounces of benzoate of soda to a man in one dose without injuring him. Doctor Herter increased the dose which he gave. Doctor Ringer, for example, took a fifth of an ounce of benzoate of soda without the slightest change in his condition which could be interpreted as detrimental. He, with the other men employed, took, through a period of three or four months, dietaries containing from about a third of a gram to six grams of benzoate of soda daily. Six grams of benzoate of soda would be a fifth of an ounce.

Here, then, observes Professor Lusk, were three individual laboratories working under the care of great and experienced men, all arriving at the same result and all of them deciding that Doctor Wiley's experiments were wrong.

"The quantity of benzoate of soda which the law permitted to be used as a preservative in three-quarters of a pound of beef was 0.3 of a gram. The subjects experimented on by the Remsen board received twenty times this quantity or one-fifth of an ounce without affecting



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A RENOWNED PHYSIOLOGICAL CHEMIST

Professor Russell H. Chittenden, Dean of the Sheffield Scientific School, is one of the few Americans who have developed a "school" in the German sense. The Chitenden "school" comprises the brilliant physiological chemists who were trained by him.

their health. As above stated, nearly two ounces have been given to a man without injuring him. However, there must be a limit to the dose which can be given. In the laboratory of the writer Dr. Ringer has found that more than an ounce of benzoate of soda may be given to a goat weighing eighty pounds without any disturbing symptoms other than a loss of appetite. Two ounces given in one dose to this same goat killed the animal. This, however, does not conflict with the statement that in small doses benzoate of soda is absolutely innocuous.

"As regards the normal action of benzoate of soda, the following facts may be of interest. In the bodies of all animals there is a constant production of substance called glycocoll. This substance is not a poison, but a normal product of the living tissues. When natural foods containing substances which are convertible into benzoic acid are taken by an animal the benzoic acid unites with glycocoll to form hippuric acid. Hippuric acid is not a poisonous substance. It is eliminated by the kidneys and is found in the urine. Grass and hay contain substances which form benzoic acid in large quantities, and so there is a large formation of hippuric acid in horses, cattle, goats, rabbits and all herbivorous animals. The same process takes place in man."

### A NEWLY SUSPECTED RELATION OF THE SUN TO THE PROBLEM OF HUMAN FLIGHT



HE well known phenomenon of soaring flight, usually explained by the theory of upward or circular or pulsating currents, or at any rate by some movement of air in mass, is in reality due

to a form of energy drawn directly from the sun and not to any movement of mass at all. Such is the theory advanced in London Flight, organ of the Royal Aero Club, by Dr. E. H. Hankin, a close and highly trained observer of the subject. He has collected and presented a large body of evidence to prove that what he calls "soarability" is directly associated with the action of the sun's rays. To the form of solar energy which Doctor Hankin believes he has discovered he gives the name of "ergaer." He defines it as a state of the atmosphere in which energy from the sun's rays becomes locked up in the molecular structure of the air, to be released by the passage of the bird's wing. "Ergaer" makes itself felt somewhat in the nature of chemical disintegration resulting in a continuous series of minute explosions.

There emerges from the discussion of this theory the fact that soaring flights have been observed when there was no perceptible air current and when the sun was shining. Soaring flight has been observed when there were upward currents and eddies with the sun shining. On the other hand there is observed an absence of soaring flight when the eddies were present but no sun. Do these facts in themselves justify the assumption of "ergaer"? Some physicists think not. They detect a fallacy in Doctor Hankin's word "soarability." Nevertheless the technical editor of Flight gives his support to Doctor Hankin's theory.

The expansive energy of the compressed air which exists all around the earth is the fundamental source of energy of which the bird is able to take advantage, according to another careful student of the mystery of bird flight, Mr. George L. O. Davidson, who writes in *The Nineteenth Century*. "You can have



UNFOLDING THE WINGS

This picture of the osprey was taken by the American ornithologist Clinton G. Abbott, to illustrate the mechanism and technic of flight by birds.



THE LEAP INTO THE AIR

Here we have one of Clinton G. Abbott's pictures of the osprey just after it has left the limb of the tree and gained the impetus of flight by a spring. THE

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A FLYING MACHINE IN MOTION

This picture of an osprey taken directly from the rear, is copyrighted by H. H. Cleaves, and was caught by a piece of rare luck at the exact moment necessary to reveal the technic of mechanical flight.

a drop of water or other liquid, but you can not have a drop of air. Every particle of water tends to cling to every other particle, whereas, every particle of air tends to get as far away from every other particle as the surrounding particles will permit." Every particle of air has weight, he adds, and is itself attracted towards the earth by gravity. Owing to the weight of the air above, the lower air becomes proportionately compressed. At sea level it is calculated to have a pressure of fifteen pounds to the square inch under normal conditions. If mathematicians and scientists would study the air on the basis of its expanding energy, instead of treating the air as water, the mystery of flight would, this authority thinks, be in a fair way to solution. The active energy that is in the air, whether attributable to the sun or not, is capable of exerting a great force when properly dealt with. The theory of the expansive energy of compressed air all around the earth accounts, Mr. Davidson thinks, for every description of soaring by birds of every variety.

"Those who have observed soaring birds will admit that no bird soars straight from the ground. It must first obtain a certain initial air speed. Given, however, this air speed, which is maintained by keeping the upward thrust in advance of the vertical, it acquires this upward thrust owing to the difference of pressure on the concave under-surface of the wings as against



PUTTING ON BRAKES

Another of the copyright pictures by H. H. Cleaves shows the osprey beating the air with its broad wings in order to stop its flight in the air.

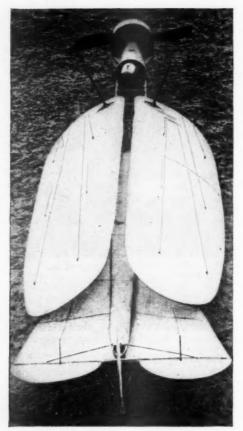
the pressure on the convex upper-surface, caused by the projection of these curved wings through the air.

"The soaring bird, by this difference of pressure, extracts from the existing expansive forces of the air sufficient energy to give an upward thrust so far in excess of the downward vertical pull of gravity that the resultant force necessary to maintain the initial air speed is in a direction above the horizontal, and this resultant force carries the bird forward and upwards.

"This to many may sound like perpetual motion. It is, however, nothing of the sort. The great existing expansive power of the air is the source of the energy employed, and the birds are so formed as to be able to utilize that energy and know instinctively how to do it. Man may also by means of machinery take advantage of, and utilize, this great force which the air is capable of exerting. It has already been done by the aeroplane, but apparently without any definite knowledge of the principle.

"What is known generally is that an aerocurve projected through the air supports a weight. Apparently the impression is that in order to rise, the aeroplane must be inclined upwards in the direction of motion, and that the curve must be continually pushing the air down at a certain velocity.

"This is undoubtedly the case with the greater number of the present-day aeroplanes, but there are some so formed that they will rise at a greater angle than the angle of projection. In fact, some aeroplanes do a considerable amount of soaring when they attain air speed propor-



AN ADVANCE IN THE MONOPLANE'S CONSTRUCTION

The newest types of monoplane are becoming what the scientist terms articulated; that is, their limbs are becoming jointed and movable. The new monoplane, "Marcey," for instance, can fold its wings when at rest just as if it were a huge flying beetle and not a man-made thing of canvas and hickory with petrol in its veins instead of pulsating blood. This view, taken for the London Sphere, showing the monoplane with its wings shut, was taken a few weeks ago at Issy-les-Moulineaux.

tionate to their weight and curve. Were an aeroplane to be built with the proper curve, and with the resistance of the wire stays, landing chassis, etc., as far as possible eliminated, as also the drag of the propeller, and could it thus be projected into the air at its correct air speed, it should be able (if properly balanced) to keep the angle of upward thrust so far in advance of the vertical as to maintain its air speed and yet rise in the air."

The general, but erroneous, impression seems to be that by some marvelous flex of the wing the bird is propelled in the direction of motion. This impression disappears, according to Mr. Davidson, in the case of soar-

ing birds progressing without apparent motion of the wings. The statement is to some extent borne out by the observations of the well-known student of bird life, Mr. Clinton G. Abbott. In his work on the home life of the osprey or fishhawk, he observes that to the casual observer the birds seem to hurl themselves into flight in a variety of attitudes. Mr. Abbott's cinematograph films reveal that the wings are extended upward to their fullest limit, ready for an instant down stroke, before the bird's feet have left the perch.\*

"In returning to her nest the Osprey will, if there is any air stirring, always fly up the wind. In case, by reason of the presence of the camera or otherwise, she decides not to alight, she flies straight on, then turns so as to make a broad oval detour, and again comes up-wind. The invariability of this rule is of great assistance to the photographer, and he can obtain broadside, head-on, or rear views of the bird, merely by placing his camera according to the direction of the wind. Mr. Cleave's remarkable picture of an Osprey in flight as seen directly from behind was no haphazard piece of luck. The camera was carefully pointed in the face of the wind and focused on a handkerchief placed on an upright stick beyond the nest. The stick was then removed, and later, as the bird was springing from her nest, the expozure was made.

"A suspicious Osprey will often repeat dozens of times the operation of approaching her nest, as if about to alight, hesitating in the air, and then passing on. Each time she swings about, describing the same detour with the utmost regularity. The tantalization of the photographer, who is eagerly awaiting in his blind the moment when the bird will settle, can readily be imagined! After some experience, it is often possible to determine from the position of the bird's body and its legs, some distance before it reaches its nest, whether or not it is going to alight on that particular occasion. The same fact can even be conjectured from photographs."

Now how does the bird fly? It will be generally admitted, answers Mr. Davidson, that a bird does not propel itself through the air with its tail as a fish does in the water. The principle of progression by air is simple: it is the same as that of natural progression on land. The force giving the forward motion is the resultant of two forces: one being the constant and absolutely vertical pull of gravity due to the weight of the animal, bird or machine, the other being the upward thrust in advance of the vertical to obtain forward motion and in

<sup>\*</sup>THE HOME LIFE OF THE OSPREY. By Clinton G. Abbott. London. Witherby and Company.

rear of the vertical when it is desired to retard that forward motion:

"This upward thrust is exerted by the animal with its legs, by the birds with their wings, and by machinery with rotary wings, aided, in the case of the flying machine, by the stationary or fixed wings corresponding to the bird's outspread wings in soaring flight. It is really an imitation of these fixed or outspread wings, propelled through the air upon the principle of propulsion in water, which constitutes the aeroplane or motorplane of to-day.

"The real flying-machine, altho it must necessarily for safety have these fixed or soaring wings, should progress in the air on the principles of bird flight, its rotary wings doing the same work as the flapping wings of the bird: it should not use a rotary propeller to do the same work as the tail of a fish in the water. What, then, is the work done by the flapping wings of the bird? Simply to exert an upward thrust in opposition to the downward vertical pull of

gravity at an angle in advance of the vertical to produce forward motion, and in rear of the vertical if it is desired to retard that forward motion."

In the light of these facts some students of the problem of flight detect a fallacy in Doctor Hankin's alleged discovery of "ergaer." That is, the phenomenon of soaring flight is not due to energy drawn directly from the sun. The bird, the Manchester Guardian says, soars in eddies bathed in sunlight. It does not soar when the same eddies whirl under clouded skies. Therefore the sun causes the soarability of the air. It does not take a logician, our British contemporary says, to detect the fallacy here. Dr. Hankin walks in the garden when it is dry. He does not walk when it is wet. Therefore dryness determines the "walkability" of the garden. May it not be that the bird soars in sunlight and not in shade simply because it likes the sun?

## PROFESSOR BASTIAN'S CLAIM TO HAVE ORIGINATED LIFE FROM DEAD MATTER



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HAT living organisms can be obtained "almost at will" from solutions which have been heated in hermetically sealed vessels to temperatures very much higher than that which is

known to be their death point is now asserted by that famous authority on the nervous system, Dr. Henry Charlton Bastian, emeritus professor at University College, London. He insists that there is no further doubt regarding the contested point whether or not living matter is capable of coming into existence. The process, which he calls "archebiosis," is perhaps constantly taking place in suitable situations over the whole surface of the earth.

A saline solution of distilled water and a tube afford the basis of the experiment. Inorganic substances freed absolutely from organic matter are introduced into the saline solution of distilled water. The solution is then put into the tube. The latter, having been sealed, is laid aside for a period of weeks. When the tube is opened, evidences of organic life are obtainable. This presupposes that the experiment has been made under the conditions prescribed by Doctor Bastian himself. Otherwise the effort will be unsuccessful.

Experiments to which Doctor Bastian re-

fers, among others,\* were made with two simple saline solutions. One of them was mostly of a yellow color and contained to each ounce of distilled water only a few drops of a dilute solution of sodium silicate, together with about three times as many drops of liquor ferri pernitratis. The other saline solution was colorless and contained in each ounce of distilled water a few drops each of a dilute solution of sodium silicate and dilute phosphoric acid, together with a few grains of ammonic phosphate.

Portions of these solutions were introduced into sterilized tubes of soft glass about one inch in diameter and three inches long, but drawn out beyond to a tapering extremity. When about half filled with one or other of the experimental solutions, the necks of the tubes were carefully sealed with the aid of a Bunsen's burner. The tubes were subsequently immersed in a calcium chloride bath, which was raised to temperatures ranging from a hundred and fifteen degrees Centigrade to a hundred and thirty degrees Centigrade for from ten to twenty minutes.

These sealed and heated tubes were then expozed to diffuse daylight, or else were placed in an incubator maintained at a temperature

<sup>\*</sup> THE ORIGIN OF LIFE. By Charlton Bastian. New York. Putnam.

of from thirty degrees Centigrade to thirtythree degrees Centigrade. In the former case they were kept on a tray just inside a window facing the East, which remained open day and night, because Doctor Bastian had previously found that growth and multiplication of bacteria and so-called torulae occurred in these saline solutions under the influence of diffuse daylight more readily.

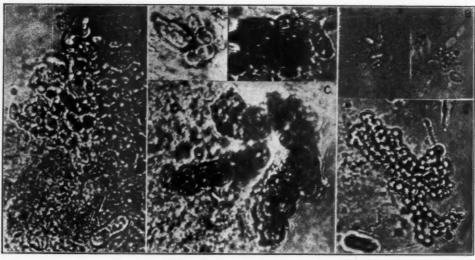
In each of the solutions a considerable amount of deposit was produced by the heat. When, as "controls," some of these tubes were opened within a day or two after the heating, and portions of this deposit were examined with the microscope, no organisms of any kind could be found in it. After the tubes had been expozed for some weeks or months to the influence of diffuse daylight or to heat in the incubator, organisms of different kinds were then very often to be found in abundance on the deposited silica or ferric silicate and there only. They were never found in the fluid floating on top of the mixture proper, which invariably remained clear. The organisms were always motionless. "If organisms are not there at first, after the process of heating, and if, after an interval, they are there in abundance and are invariably stationary, clearly they must have developed in the sites where they are found."

"What, then, is to be said if, dealing with solu-

tions containing only inorganic materials, contained in hermetically sealed vessels, and expozing them to degrees of heat that have been shown to be fatal to every known living thing, simple organisms, nevertheless, appear again?

'The mode of experimentation can not now be repudiated or deemed inadequate. It is the same as that formerly employed, and from whose negative results the belief has been widely spread through the scientific world that spontaneous generation is a myth. If, then, in other experiments of a similar kind, except that inorganic materials have been employed and that the initial destructive temperature has been much higher and such as all positive knowledge entitles us to believe, would make the experimental vessels as void of living things as was the earth when its surface first began to cool below the boilingpoint of water-if, I say, in such cases simple organisms can be shown to appear almost at will in the experimental vessels, we should obtain the best possible warrant for the conclusion that 'spontaneous generation' is no myth, and that simple living units of well-known kinds can now be evolved, even within experimental vessels, as other living things must originally have been evolved on the cooling surface of the earth.

"If a genesis of living matter occurred in some one place in far-remote ages, and if such a process can be shown still to occur, it would be only natural to conclude that the same chemico-physical processes have, in all probability, been operative in innumerable regions over the surface of the earth, not only in primeval, but in all succeeding ages up to the present day."



Fungus germs that multiplied under glass.

Four large pale fungus germs are marked A. In B we have six brown fungus germs and in C a larger mass.

Torulae and cocci from one of the tubes are at A. At B is another group from the same. Tube C is a mass of torulae.

# Religion and Ethics

#### A MOVEMENT TO REVOLUTIONIZE EDUCATION



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HE insurgent spirit which at the present time is changing the aspect of our political life is beginning to appear in education. On every side unrest is felt and expressed. Among the educa-

tional insurgents of the hour must be included G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University; Ella Flagg Young, Superintendent of the Public Schools in Chicago; and Jane Addams, of Hull House. The Superintendents of Schools in several American cities have lately written strong protests against educational methods now in vogue. Mc-Clure's Magazine has published a series of articles on the revolutionary educational work of Maria Montessori, an Italian physician and teacher. Bruce Calvert, an American disciple of the martyred Spanish teacher, Francisco Ferrer, is the author of a little book\* in which he expounds the gospel of "libertarian" education. Mrs. Mariette Johnson is working out a system of "organic" education at Fairhope, Alabama, and at Arden, Delaware. Experimental schools based on the plans both of Maria Montessori and of Francisco Ferrer are now in working operation in America.

The main charge leveled against our present educational system is that it is too cutand-dried, too authoritarian. "Democratic education," remarks S. L. Heeter, Superintendent of Schools in Saint Paul, Minnesota, in the Educational Review, "is a new thing in the world, and its objects are not yet fully perceived." He continues:

"If the American schools of the past have developed on the democratic theory that all children are equal, they will develop in the future in the knowledge of the fact that all children are different. If the schools in the past made a desperate effort to make all children alike they will make as great an effort in the future to make all children different. That's democracy in education-a final realization of a democratic

struction, and readjustment of our present system. I do not hesitate to declare that a rational system of education for America is yet to be worked out and established. Public education can not much longer be inclosed by a triangular fence-reading, writing and arithmetic. common schools of the past engaged in giving an elementary training three or four months a year in the rudiments of knowledge will occupy about as much room in the coming system of education as a wheelbarrow would in a cathedral."

"It calls for a certain reorganization, recon-

Andrew Lester, Superintendent of Schools in Beaver Falls, Pa., complains, in The Open Road (Griffith, Indiana), that our schools are too rigidly and mechanically graded, and that we emphasize the cramming of "facts" into the pupil's mind at the expense of mental vitality. "We need some facts," Mr. Lester concedes; "schools without some facts carefully learned would lack an important feature. I should say that probably one-third of the facts now being taught should be required and rigidly required. My objection is not so much to facts as to the number of facts; not so much to system as to rigidity of system."

"We are giving the facts in exactly the way that Gradgrind gave them and the children are getting them in the same poor way that Tom Gradgrind, Jr., got them. And through the whole school year we talk in grade meetings about spontaneity, individual initiative, thinking power, interest on the part of the pupil and what not that sounds good, but at the close of the

term, ask for facts.

"What is the result of this Janus kind of system? I know what the result is in Beaver Falls. In our school the enrollment below the high school in daily attendance has for the last six years been 1,400 pupils. I recently examined the records of the pupils covering six years' time and found that there were 260 pupils who failed once, 208 who failed twice, 126 three times, 122 four times, 67 five times, 26 six times, and 7 seven times. This means also that in six years 817 different pupils failed. It means further that the ratio of those failing to those passing was I to 3."

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<sup>\*</sup> RATIONAL EDUCATION. By Bruce Calvert. Griffith, Indiana.

Perhaps relief may come through the Montessori or Ferrer plans. The Montessori method, Josephine Tozier tells us in Mc-Clure's Magazine, has already proved its efficiency. It is transforming the schools of Italy and is making rapid progress in other countries. In June, 1911, Switzerland passed a law establishing the Montessori system in all its public schools. Two model schools were opened in Paris last September, one of them under the direction of the daughter of the French Minister to Italy, who has studied with Montessori in Rome.

The basic concept of the Montessori system is the liberation of the personality of the child. Protect the individuality! Discipline through liberty! These are the Montessori slogans. "The conception of freedom which must inspire pedagogy," she says, "is that which the biological sciences of the nineteenth century have shown us in their methods of studying life. The old-time pedagogy was incompetent and vague because it did not understand the principles of studying the pupil before educating him, and of leaving him free for spontaneous manifestations."

In a Montessori school there are no benches or desks, but, instead, little armchairs which the children may drag about wherever they wish. The teachers do not object even if the children sit or lie on the floor. No coercion is used. No task is imposed. Not even regular hours are insisted upon; but it is the teacher's business to make the classes so interesting that every child will want to come

and will want to stay.
The "lessons" are

The "lessons" are conducted with special apparatus invented by Madame Montessori. There are pieces of cardboard, satin and sandpaper through which the sense of touch is trained. There are color games to play with, and little puzzles in the tying of knots and bows. For the older children there are geometric designs and sand-paper letters pasted on blocks. Two aims are constantly kept in view—the development of the senses and the strengthening of initiative.

The child in the Montessori schoolroom is encouraged to be as active as it wishes. "The first idea that the child must acquire, in order to be actively disciplined," says Madame Montessori, "is that of the difference between good and evil; and the task of the educator lies in seeing that the child does not confound good with immobility, and evil with activity, as often happens in the case of the old-time discipline. And all this because our aim is

to discipline for activity, for work, for good; not for immobility, not for passivity, not for obedience." Madame Montessori goes on to explain the principles underlying her attitude:

"The training of teachers not prepared for scientific observation, or perhaps trained in the old imperialistic methods of the public schools, has convinced me of the great distance between those methods and this. Even an intelligent teacher who understands the principle finds much difficulty in putting it into practice. She can not understand that her task is apparently passive, like that of the astronomer who sits immovable before the telescope while the worlds whirl through space. This idea that life acts of itself. and that to study it, to divine its secrets, or to direct its activity, it is necessary to observe it, and to come to know it without intervening, is very difficult to grasp. The teacher has too thoroly learned to be the one free activity of the school, for too long it has been virtually her duty to suffocate the activity of the pupils. If, in her first days in a Casa dei Bambini (House of Childhood) she does not obtain order and silence, she looks about abashed, as if calling the bystanders to witness her innocence; in vain we repeat to her that the disorder of the first moment is necessary. When she is obliged to do nothing but watch, she asks if she had not better resign, since she is no longer a teacher. But when she begins to find it her duty to discern which acts of the child she ought to hinder and which she ought to observe, then the teacher of the old school feels a great lack in herself, and begins to ask if she will not be quite inadequate to her task. In fact, she who is unprepared finds herself for a long time abashed or impotent, while the broader the scientific culture and the practice in experimentation of a teacher, the sooner will come for her the marvel of unfolding life and her interest in it."

Madame Montessori goes on to give definite examples of the application of her principle. At one of her classes, she tells us, there was a little girl who gathered her companions about her, and then, in the midst of them, began to talk and gesticulate. The teacher at once ran to her, took hold of her arms, and told her to be still; but Montessori, observing the child, saw that she was playing at being teacher or mother to the others, and was teaching them the morning prayer, the invocation to the saints, and the sign of the cross; she already showed herself as a director. Another child, who continually made disorganized and misdirected movements, and who was considered abnormal, one day, with an expression of intense attention, set about r attifor scithe old ols, has between elligent s much can not passive, novable whirl f itself. , or to erve it, ning, is ias too vity of ally her If, in ouse of silence, the byain we rst moto do t better r. But discern

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Courtesy of Frederick A. Stokes Company

MONTESSORI AND ONE OF HER PUPILS

In this picture the famous Italian teacher is shown explaining one of the "geometrical insets" she has invented. Introduced into this country.

moving the tables. Instantly they were upon him to make him stand still because he made too much noise. Yet "this," Montessori argues, "was one of the first manifestations, in this child, of movements that were coordinated and directed toward a useful end, and it was therefore an action that should have been respected." In fact, after this the child began to be quiet and happy like the others whenever he had any small objects to move about and to arrange upon his desk.

It often happened, Montessori noticed, that, while the directress replaced in the boxes various materials that had been used, a child would draw near, picking up the objects, with the evident desire of imitating the teacher. The first impulse was to send the child back to her place, with the remark: "Let it alone; go to your seat." Yet "the child expressed by this act," says Montessori, "a desire to be useful."

Madame Montessori gives an illustration of a little girl of two and a half who, finding that she could not see either under the legs

or over the heads of the other children, who were crowded about a basin of floating toys, stood for a moment in deep thought; then, with her face alight with interest, ran toward a little chair, with the evident intention of placing it so that she might see over the heads of her friends. Just at this moment she was spied by a young teacher, who, before Montessori could prevent, seized the baby, and, lifting her up so that she could see above the heads of the others, cried: "Come, dear, come, poor little one, you shall see, too." Montessori says:

"Certainly the child, seeing the toys, experienced no such joy as that she felt in overcoming the obstacle with her own powers. The teacher prevented the child from educating itself without bringing to it any compensating good. She had been about to feel herself a victor, and instead she found herself held fast in two imprisoning arms, an impotent."

One of the most convincing signs of the value and importance of the Montessori

method may be found in the universality of its appeal. Montessori schools have been successfully carried on in Roman Catholic convents, in the slums of great cities and in wealthy homes. Distinctively radical aspects of the libertarian principle, in forms that are vital but that doubtless Madame Montessori herself would in part repudiate, have found expression in the "Bee Hive" school of Sebastian Faure, near Paris, and in the "modern schools" of the ill-fated Francisco Ferrer. William Archer's new biography of Ferrer (Moffat, Yard & Company) yields the following neat definition of libertarian education, quoted from one of the Spanish schoolmaster's essays:

"All the value of education rests in respect for the physical, intellectual and moral will of a child. Just as in science no demonstration is possible save by facts, just so there is no real education save that which is exempt from all dogmatism, which leaves to the child itself the direction of its effort, and confines itself to the seconding of that effort. Now there is nothing easier than to alter this purpose, and nothing harder than to respect it. Education is always impozing, violating, constraining; the real educator is he who can best protect the child against his (the teacher's) own ideas, his peculiar whims; who can best appeal to the child's own energies."

Bayard Boyesen, head of the Modern School established in New York in memory of Ferrer, reinforces this definition in a statement published in *The Free Comrade* (Westfield, New Jersey):

"All rational teaching must be based upon the

idea inherent in the derivative meaning of the word 'education.' To lead out from, not to press into; not to impress your ideas upon your pupils but to draw out their ideas; not to impoze your character upon those of your pupils but to develop their characters—these conceptions, I take it, constitute what the word education denotes and connotes; and these conceptions, I know, must underlie all endeavors to achieve a radical reform of those arbitrary systems which are to-day dignified by the term education.

"The teacher who presumes to determine what shall and what shall not be developed in any child given into his care is thereby presuming that he has the right to play God to children. The teacher who tries to draw forth prematurely a trait of character which the child has not already manifested is guilty of spiritual abortion. The teacher who dares to suppress a trait of character which the child is instinctively seeking to develop is guilty of spiritual murder.

"The good teacher is simply a sensitive instrument which responds to the needs of the child at the time when those needs become apparent. He may justly arouse by his own enthusiasm and nobility of character the latent enthusiasm and nobility of his pupils, but he will depart from the just limits of his functions if he attempts to fasten that enthusiasm or that nobility into a particular segment of life."

Ferrer imbibed some of his educational enthusiasm from Tolstoy, the Russian. Sebastian Faure's French school has already been mentioned in this article. Montessori has left her impress on Italy and Switzerland. Five national currents may thus be said to have converged in the experimental schools started here. Libertarian education is an idea that will have to be reckoned with.

### MRS. STETSON'S CALL TO MARTYRDOM



HE forces of organized Christian Science, represented on one side by the board of directors of the Mother Church in Boston and, on the other, by the insurgent leader, Mrs. Augusta Stet-

son, continue to collide. The board has issued a letter commending the National League for Medical Freedom, an organization which claims 200,000 members and a circulation of 100,000 for its organ, Medical Freedom. Not only is the League commended but recommended to Christian Scientists throughout the country for countenance and support. For this Mrs. Stetson assails the board as faithless to its trust.

The National League for Medical Freedom defines itself as organized to maintain the "rights of the American people against unnecessary, unjust, oppressive, paternal and un-American laws, ostensibly related to the subjects of health." Its President is B. O. Flower, formerly editor of the Arena, and it has on its advisory board osteopaths, antivaccinationists, anti-vivisectionists, retail druggists, eclectics, authors, some officers of large corporations, an ex-governor or two, an exsenator or two, and many others whose names are presented "as evidence of the character and high standing of the people who are conducting this movement." Their "Declaration of Principles," adopted November 21, 1911,

at their Chicago conference contains the following eight paragraphs:

"I. We oppose the granting of a monopoly of healing practice to any system or systems of healing.

"2. We oppose any attempt to take from us our inalienable right to employ in the hour of illness the practitioner or systems of our choice.

"3. We oppose the establishment of state medicine as we would oppose the establishment of state religion.

"4. While in favor of sanitation and cleanliness in the highest degree, we oppose the attempted use of these general principles as a cloak for compulsory medical treatment.

"5. We oppose the infringement, by threatened extension of federal bureaucratic power, of the right of a state to regulate and control its own health affairs.

"6. We oppose discrimination in favor of any school of healing in the selection of federal, state or municipal officers charged with the administration of sanitary quarantine or other health regulations.

"7. We oppose the use of public funds, public schools, or other public institutions for the dissemination of literature, the advertizing of the theories, or the furtherance of the propaganda of any particular system of healing.

"8. We propose to prosecute a campaign of education and publicity not only to arrest any further encroachment upon our right to select the practitioner or system of our choice in the hour of illness, but also to regain the rights that have been taken from us and to establish forever the principle of medical freedom."

The immediate point of the League's attack is the proposed establishment of a Federal Health Bureau; but it does not confine its activities to that one point. It opposes, in its literature, vaccination, which it describes as the putting of "diseased pus into healthy veins"; it opposes the crusade against tuberculosis, denouncing it as the work of "tuberculosis paranoiacs going about among the people in the guize of an educational crusade, preaching disease from the house-tops, teaching it to the children, inculcating in their minds a fear and dread of disease which amounts to disease insanity"; it assails the methods of the medical inspectors of schools, by which, it asserts, "young girls are stripped and unfledged, libidinous internes are set to work to make the examinations"; and the laws requiring any citizen to report all cases of infectious disease coming to his knowledge it regards as compelling one "to snitch on a neighbor." To its general campaign on these and other lines is generally attributed the fact that President Taft issued recently an amendment to his general executive order relative to Panama, by virtue of which amendment Christian Scientists may continue their practice as "healers" in the Canal zone. It is this League which the Christian Science board of directors in Boston commends to the good favor of its adherents and with which it acts in cooperation.

Mrs. Stetson objects. She takes issue with the board not on the ground that the League is a hindrance to the progress of medical science, but on the ground that it is an organization hostile to the tenets of Christian Science and directly opposed to the teachings of Mrs. Eddy. She assumes a strategic position which causes that unremitting foe of Christian Scientists of all shades, the New York Times, to chuckle audibly, remarking that this attack on the directors of the Mother Church is one which "it will take all their ingenuity, and then some, to repulse."

Mrs. Stetson prints in her pamphlet an extract from Mrs. Eddy's "Miscellaneous Writings"-one which the Times thinks the directors must have either never read or quite forgotten. "Beware of joining any league," says Mrs. Eddy, "which in any way obligates you to assist-because they chance to be under arrest-vendors of patent pills, mesmerists, occultists, sellers of impure literature, and authors of spurious works on mental healings. By rendering error such a service, you lose much more than can be gained by mere unity on the single issue of opposition to unjust medical laws." That the word "spurious" is to be interpreted in its strictest Christian Science sense, Mrs. Stetson makes clear, taking the high ground that spiritual and material methods of healing the sick are diametrically opposed and cannot be associated, and that the Christian Scientist who leaves this vantage ground of spiritual therapeutics to unite with any material practitioner, regular or irregular, has allied himself to materialism and is no longer working according to the principle and rule of his faith. All the "irregular" practitioners who unite in this organization, we are assured, believe in matter as possessing life, truth, intelligence and substance. "Anybody and everybody," she says, "who will fight the medical faculty, can join the league. It is better to be friendly with cultured and conscientious medical men who leave Christian Science to rise or fall on its own merit or demerit than to affiliate with a wrong class of people." Mrs. Stetson declares the battle in which the Med-

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ical League is concerned to be one between two systems founded each upon materiality, and says that, while this is a league for medical freedom, the unique concern of the Christian

Scientists is for spiritual freedom.

Neither does Mrs. Stetson fear a so-called material court, and she calls upon Christian Scientists generally to brave martyrdom, if necessary, in behalf of their cause. She refers at length to the experiences of Peter, Paul, Daniel and the three Hebrew children, to show the protecting power of a spiritual conviction, saying that Christian Scientists must not shrink from these tests of their faith, obedience and understanding. She continues:

"There are many to-day who are trying to

climb up some other way. They are vainly attempting to serve two masters-matter and Mind, spirituality and materiality, and these should be known as mental healers on a material basis, under the protection of medical law. Christian Scientists must come out from the belief of life in matter. Then they will have faith in the Principle of being, and will not fear arrest or loss of practice. They will heal the sick, and if (through not having attained sufficient spiritual power to annul the claim of disease in all cases which come under their care), they fail to make a demonstration, they will still trust God to deliver them, or in His own way and time give them strength to go through the exalting experience, and wait until the words of our Leader are verified, 'Divine Love always has met and always will meet every human need.' (S. & H., p. 494.)"

#### THE NEW DOCTRINE OF MYSTICAL IMPERIALISM



HE word "imperialism" has hitherto been used almost exclusively in connection with the expansion of national boundaries. In a new "Introduction to the Philosophy of Imperial-

ism,"\* written by a brilliant Frenchman, Ernest Seillière, it takes on quite a different meaning. M. Seillière, whose book should be read in connection with Gobineau's worldfamous "Essay on the Inequality of Human Races" and with Houston Stewart Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," treats of imperialism as a mystical force. He started his inquiry in Aryanism and Pan-Germanism: he has ended it in romanticism. Imperialism, he says, can not be limited to race or to politics; it is esthetic, social and passional. It embraces mysticism, for the imperialist affirms the alliance of Divinity with his ideal. This ideal may lie in Race (as with Gobineau); or in Mankind (as with Rousseau); or in Duty (as with Kant); or in Genius (as with Nietzsche); or in Sex (as with Weininger); or in Art (as with the Esthetes). M. Seillière declares:

"The principal source of human actions resides in a fundamental tendency of man towards external expansion. This tendency has been named by Christian theology the spirit of principality, Hobbes has called it the desire of dominion, Nietzsche the will to power. I propose to designate it by the word Imperialism, a substantive sufficiently defined by the course of present

M. Seillière passes on to a consideration of the "renown of the Count de Gobineau," and the "mystical patriotism of England." Gobineau's work, he says, was "dominated by the mysticism of race," which gives him, so far as France is concerned, an extremely original physiognomy. M. Seillière gives an amusing and instructive account of the fate of the "Essay on Human Inequality" in the United States on the morrow of its publication. A young Swiss, named Hotz, of Alabama, hastened to prepare for his fellow citizens a translation, or rather a summary, of the book, and explained his purpose to the author as follows: "Slavery is a vital question for our country, and your work seems admirably directed towards the propagation of this truth, the essential and ineffaceable difference between races. . . . As for your central idea of a future degeneration of the human race in

events. . . . Mysticism, a still obscure phenomenon, frequently produces in the mind of man the impression of an alliance with Divinity; and the conviction of this alliance draws the mystic (unless he be restrained by a prudent exterior discipline) into flights of irrational imperialism, the practical consequences of which on the history of the world have been limitless. . . . The modern form of mysticism emancipated from ecclesiastical discipline is moral romanticism, which has been for a century the real religion of a great part of Europe.... For us Frenchmen, it is esthetic mysticism or the religion of beauty which the word romanticism particularly evokes . . . it affirms that the man of genius, the artist or poet capable of creating the beautiful, is, by right of birth, the ally of God, the prophet."

<sup>\*</sup> Paris: Felix Alcan.

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its entirety, it would have lost the book all its chances of success among us. I have tried the experiment of developing its thesis before a circle of cultivated and intimate friends, and was horrified by the result. Consequently I have effaced all trace of the idea from my English version." Thus in the interpretation of Gobineau's argument the United States, remarks M. Seillière, did precisely what Germany was to do forty years later-that is, accepted the superiority and privileges of the Aryan race in the past, but claimed without reservation the same position for it in the "The Anti-Abolitionists," wrote Gobineau, "think that I am encouraging them to bludgeon their negroes. So be it! But I fear that I shall soon be in trouble with Brother Jonathan. The Americans praise my book whilst refusing to translate that part of it which concerns them!"

Cecil Rhodes illustrates M. Seillière's study of "mystical imperialism" in England. Rhodes, like Gobineau, was a believer in race, and preached of the responsibility of the white man, his "burden," and so forth; but he did not share the French writer's pessimism. Gobineau had said that the white man must ultimately be degraded in the endeavor to lift the black man and the yellow to his own level; whereas Rhodes foresaw the ultimate success of the "Holy Alliance between God and the Aryans." In making his choice among the various sections of God's representatives upon earth," Rhodes decided on the Anglo-Saxons, as indeed Gobineau had also done; but in Rhodes' view the true Anglo-Saxon, the "energetic aristocracy of the world," were to be found in America, whereas Gobineau had held that the United States were corrupt in blood almost from birth, and that the inhabitants of Great Britain were the "sole Aryans of our time." "Rhodes," says M. Seillière, "was in fact of the stock of the Morgans and the Roosevelts, rather than of the Cobdens and the Peels. The logic of his plan led him to reserve the execution of it to the States, Great Britain being but the historical nucleus, the conservatory of the tradition of the race."

M. Seillière is himself inclined to look to America for sources of power that may re-He thanks ex-President deem the world. Roosevelt for emphasizing, in his "slightly naïve" sermons, the lessons of experience, for humanity, he says, is always brought back to this in its efforts towards progress; experience must "correct the excessive mysticisms of the uncultured man." The enthusiast who thinks himself the ally, the mouthpiece, of a Divine Being will find that his "will to power" (imperialism) is usefully exalted if a consciousness of experience intervenes at the propitious moment and saves him from colliding with invincible fact. After all, asks M. Seillière, in concluding, are not the disciples of national progress the mystics of reason? "To their eyes the divine principle reveals its alliance with humanity through that material and moral progress which slowly leads us, despite errors and temporary setbacks, towards illustrious destinies."

#### ELLEN KEY'S REPLY TO HER CRITICS



N HER latest work, "Love and Ethics,"\* translated by Thomas Seltzer, Ellen Key answers the fierce criticism aroused by her evolutionary and extremely individualistic philosophy, as pre-

sented in the famous book, "Love and Mar-riage." She rebukes the "false accusation" that she wants to rob society of all forms; an accusation, she adds, which is "always made against those who demand new forms." The creation of new marriage relations in accordance with a more highly developed erotic ethical consciousness is not, she reasserts, a destruction of the social institution of marriage. "One may doubt," she admits, "the psychological import or the legal soundness of the new forms which I proposed; but no one can truthfully maintain that I demanded freedom alone without any bonds whatsoever. But," she concludes in a tone of gentle satire, "my bonds are like the hempen cords that tie up a young tree, not like the iron hoops fastened round an old tree to keep it from falling apart."

A leading protagonist in Europe of that particular Christian ascetic conception of life which Ellen Key opposes is Dr. Friedrich Wilhelm Foerster, of the University of Zurich, a brilliant German conservative, who sees in her gospel of personal happiness the utmost danger to society. According to his conception, Ellen Key writes, "obedience to the laws of bourgeois society and religious authority is the

B. W. Huebsch.

only road to a higher evolution; self-discipline and self-renunciation are the best conditions of growth. Every word spoken in behalf of the sanctity and the right of love is in this view 'worship of nature.' Suffering, not passion, should be the road to that higher culture which is to be attained through selfconquest. The best love is fidelity and patience; these alone release the profoundest spiritual forces and join man to the divine. Fidelity in marriage frees man from his sensual instincts and passions and affords him the possibility of personal development in the higher sense." This conception, she maintains, is merely a restatement of the old morality, which denies divinity in the body, its instincts and impulses, and which still claims the right to be considered the only morality. It is against nature, she declares, and therefore dare not rely upon its own inner laws. It must have the support of outside authority.

The new morality, on the contrary, based on the evolutionary philosophy of existence which sees in the sensual and the spiritual the two forms of the divine ("creative evolution," in Bergson's pregnant phraze), Ellen Key now boldly applies to the marriage relation, as to the very center of conscious life; "for is it not," she asks, "the problem not only of the individual's but of society's happiness, in comparison with which all other problems sink into insignificance?" She explains further:

"The new morality holds that the divine reveals itself the more clearly the more the bodily and the spiritual pervade each other. The animal man feels no contradiction between the senses and the spirit. The 'spiritual' man seeks to rid himself of the dualism he feels by suppressing the sensual. The new morality aims to remove the contradiction. In love this can be done only by means of true love. Through the lack or the possession of this sense of unity each one is able to see for himself the value and justification of his love."

The old morality asserts that motherhood out of legal wedlock is immoral, and detrimental to the child; claiming that "since the child has sprung from passion alone the mother's love fades away in the face of responsibility." The new morality disputes this assertion. It claims that "when two unmarried persons give life to a child nature often rewards 'passion' by endowing the child with splendid equipment. Nature seems to pursue a mysterious purpose with this quality of 'passion' which the sense of responsibility cannot achieve." Moreover, the feeling of parental

responsibility proves to be not so much dependent upon legality as upon the character of the mother and father. The conclusion to be drawn then, according to Ellen Key, is not the abolition of marriage (as many of her critics would have us believe) but the harmonization of "our concepts of right with nature after we have learned to know nature by thoro investigation. It is not important to suppress nature unconditionally in favor of moral concepts distinctly opposed to nature. A higher culture in love can be attained only by correlating self-control with love and parental responsibility, a correlation that will follow as a consequence when love and parental responsibility are made the sole conditions of sex relations."

"Irresponsible motherhood," Ellen Key reaffirms, "is always sin with or without marriage, responsible motherhood is always sacred with or without marriage." The young generation, she goes on to say, must be educated "to ever greater demands in love; to an ever higher conception of their right to parenthood." Self-control must be taught; but not self-renunciation "when complete happiness in love will contribute to the growth of the individual soul and humanity at large." It is precisely at this point that Ellen Key's robust individualism seems to be in most direct opposition to Dr. Foerster and to all her orthodox critics. She considers that doctrine irrational which maintains that it is always the death of the soul to sacrifice others, and the life of the soul to sacrifice oneself for others. In the majority of unhappy marriages, one of the parties, in seeking a divorce, must sacrifice the other. He who goes sacrifices the one who would hold him back. But this is inevitable and should be accepted, like death, with the same dignity and resignation. "Sometimes," Ellen Key continues, "it is a greater sin to allow oneself to be sacrificed than to sacrifice others, at other times the reverse is true. And if we ask who is to decide which is the lesser sin, the answer is: the individual's conscience, which has to decide other equally difficult conflicts in duty." For, in her opinion, there is but one alternative, either the Catholic marriage, which Dr. Foerster and his followers so ably support, or freedom on one's own responsibility. She writes:

"Either we believe that man must bend his reason, his will and his conscience to the decrees of authority, or we believe that man may find his own way through repeated experience and many and various trials of power. Either we believe

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that obedience is the sole road to a higher culture or we believe that rebellion may be just as essential as obedience. Either we believe that the sensual instincts are pitfalls and obstacles, or we regard them as guides in the upward movement of life on a par with reason and conscience. If we hold the latter opinion then . . . the one necessary thing is to make ever greater demands upon the men and women who take to themselves the right to give humanity new beings."

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any ieve Ellen Key proceeds to reaffirm that in order to make room for these new demands "the ethical conception which makes the right of parenthood dependent upon the present fixed forms of marriage must fall. Then, and then only, will the entire moral emphasis be laid upon the physical and psychical character of men, and parents will become the most important factor for the children and the traits they inherit. Not until the character of the child becomes the determining element in society's moral conceptions will natural morality replace the morality opposed to nature."

The basic idea of "Love and Marriage," in Ellen Key's own interpretation, is not that "the individual must obtain the highest measure of happiness in the love relation" (a hedonistic misinterpretation made by its startled critics), but that "society must be so adjusted as to make the happiness of the individual subserve the betterment of the species." Thinking people cry out against her that she wastes too many words on love, attaching undue importance to the sex relation. "No one," she replies, "who has gone through the poor quarter of a large city can have the hardihood to say that we talk too much nowadays about the social question. But the sex relation is to-day the poor quarter of all social classes." The terrible ravages caused by the sins and diseases of sexual life have their deepest root, she maintains, not in "original sin" but "in the denial or the ignoring of the value of love to life." Moreover, she continues:

"Who stops to think of all the energy lost to every nation because the majority must still dissipate their energies day in and day out, in dull resignation to all the obstacles in the way of love, or in a secret struggle against love? Who counts all the half-completed works, all the energies weakened from the very start, hindered in their development or prematurely exhausted, which, when revived, never blossom fully and fail to achieve their aim, or strive for lower aims? All this through unhappy family life. Who stops to think that a large part of this social waste of energy could have been avoided had men and women not been taught to take every-

thing else more seriously than the sex life; had men and women not been educated for everything else but marriage; had men and women not obtained from society more right for every other great life demand than for their love? . . .

"When we have got to the point at which love is regarded with religious reverence as the necessary basis of the 'sacredness of the generation,' a large part of the present social rescue work will be rendered superfluous. The number of degenerates and erring will diminish in proportion as love becomes one of the means of man's bliss, not the sin that causes his fall. When once the mighty powers now confined in the prison of low passions, of unnecessary suffering through sex life, shall have been liberated, then not only the forces at present wasted will serve to benefit all the rest of life, but also all the new forces that love will awaken or intensify.

"In 'Love and Marriage' the conviction that the sex relation must be invested with an all-pervasive, all-decisive significance and sanctity was thus expressed: love must again become—tho on a loftier level—that which it once was when the nations looked upon life with reverence: Religion."

According to Dr. Foerster, this religion of love, inspired, in his opinion, by a thoroly decadent individualism, can be counteracted only by dogmatic orthodoxy. He argues for a universalism that shall save society. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, our American feminist philosopher, altho regarding "Love and Marriage" from an entirely different point of view, yet agrees with Dr. Foerster in criticizing its lack of universality. She comments (in *The Forerunner*):

"The great limitation of the book, its constant and pervasive error, lies in its exaltation of the individual at the expense of society. Ellen Key admits a duty to society through what she terms 'erotoplastics'—not mere eugenics, but a subtler and more gradual art; but she ignores, and not only ignores but denies what is really the strongest human feeling. She says clearly 'But there is no such thing as universal love, or love of humanity; there cannot be such a thing; it would be as much a contradiction in terms as a quadrilateral triangle.'

"This involves either a difference in conception of the word 'love,' or of the word 'humanity'; and as no fair debate is possible without agreement in terms, we must leave it there.

"But to any of that growing throng of socially conscious souls who do love Humanity more than they could possibly love any individual fraction of it, whose lives are gladly spent in its service and advancement, this sentence drops like a dead wall before the beauty, truths and hope, the tender sympathy and deep insight, so earnestly expressed in this great book."

#### A DEFENSE OF FRENCH IMMORALISM



T THE present time literary and artistic France seems to be in the throes of a furious moral crisis. The senator Béranger, who has been called the national "inquisitor," is carrying on a

vigorous campaign against obscene pictures and improper books; and we learn that a more edifying and moralizing tone is creeping into the works of novelists, playwrights and journalists. Perhaps for the first time in the history of French literature, Virtue is being properly rewarded. Shopkeepers, theatrical managers and publishers are hastening to her assistance, according to a recent essayist, who adds that publishers and managers are quite as willing to get rich favoring virtue as exploiting vice. Many of the younger writers are strong in their applause of the "renaissance" of French morality and are actively engaged in an endeavor to patch up the national reputation in the eyes of foreigners.

This tardy remorse grows out of a false shame, cries René Lauret in one of the last numbers of the Mercure de France, and is unworthy of the spirit of the French race. M. Lauret agrees with the American and English critics of French literature who declare it to be "immoral," but prefers to call the temperamental spirit of the French immoralistic rather than immoral. In his brilliant and ingenious essay on "France Immoralist," he makes no attempt to patch up the national reputation, but ridicules those other peoples-including the Anglo-Saxon races-who attempt to enforce a rigorous morality among artists and writers. Immoralism, he points out, is the characteristic quality of the free spirit, and accompanies none but the highest intellectual attainments. The free spirit he defines as that which drags into court and cross-examines all ideas, all sentiments, all habits of thought, and is bound by none. Such, we are told, is the spirit of the true Frenchman.

"We are immoralists because we are curious and sincere. Other races are not because they refuse to apply their intelligence to certain realms. The realm of morals, for instance, is 'tabooed' for them. It is made up of institutions, public opinions, and customs that one must respect at any price. Long experience has formed them, and certainly they are respectable, if we are to understand by this that they have proved their value, and have favored, or at least maintained, the life of the collectivity for centuries. But for the free spirit nothing is sacred; it

attempts to comprehend morals, and, in explaining them, it often discredits them. At the very least, its strips them of their illusions. From the point of view of the analyst and the historian, they are all drawn up on the same plan; and to him they become objects of comparison, of indifferent and ironical contemplation. The study of morals leads to the negation of morality. Moralists-not the philosophers who search the abstract for a basis of morality, but the true students of morality, Montaigne or La Rochefoucauld, Chamfort or Nietzsche—are all immoralists. Those who believe that immoralism is dangerous, under the pretext that morals are necessary, forget that immoralism is the privilege of rare spirits. When it is spread, it is in a diluted form just strong enough to make morality less rigorous and life itself freer and more

Both morality and immoralism are necessary things, he continues, among a spiritual and free people: morality for the purpose of maintaining a certain order, and immoralism for the purpose of tempering their inept rigor.

"Religion, law, public opinion, habit, natural feelings, at times a bit of stupidity, all assure sufficient power to morality. But in order not to crush and level the individual, in order that his instinctive powers may be exercised to a certain extent, the free spirit should determine its boundaries. Many actions called moral or immoral do not fall under the arm of the law, but simply arouse public opinion, which spreads mistrust or praise regarding them. Among 'moralizing' peoples, they are judged according to an inflexible rule; they are condemned or approved. brutally. In France, however, La Rouchefoucauld has always had disciples; and more than one who has never read him judge according to his spirit-by trying to understand. Because we do understand better than they do elsewhere, here in France we are not so hard and narrow. Weakness is recognized as weakness and tolerated as such, even when other races brand it with cruel names, and, unable to evade it, try to hide it. Over certain nations there hangs a heavy atmosphere of hypocrisy, and life among them is not only shameful but tiresome.

"The immoralists, or in other words the people of spirit, render us an enormous service. While in other countries the intellectual élite have been with their own authority blindly supporting customs and even insisting upon the public censorship, the intellectual leaders of France have always contradicted its decrees. They judge in a larger and more humane manner, not with the exclusive desire to save society, but always attempt, by an effort of the intelligence, to understand life and to rectify the scale of ethical values. The practice of unraveling character, in order to weigh

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abso and have The Lau virtu dian it and to determine its value, is with us a pleasure, a mental habit. In place of the necessarily crude rating of actions in themselves, we substitute that of persons. This requires more penetration and delicacy, but it is more precise and true, because all values are taken into account, as well as qualities of spirit and motives, instead of judging actions by themselves solely in reference to their social utility."

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Strength, temperament and beauty find an instinctive appreciation among the French, the writer goes on to assert. So strong is this appreciation that it is never sacrificed merely for the sake of morals, even when the latter oppose it. Morality is often reconciled with this appreciation of beauty only by the withdrawal of its own pretensions. France is no less artistic than spiritual, and many Frenchmen are "immoral" solely through their love of art. They are immoralists without thinking about it, merely because their artistic tastes outweigh moral considerations. ciety watches over morals in order to conserve itself, but M. Lauret declares that the Frenchman tends to look at life and even to live as an artist.

"The releasing of passion, force, even brutality, cruelty or vice, is the object of agreeable sensations; even a tempest or an incendiarism However virtuous a man may seem beautiful. may be, he can not help getting a certain pleasure in watching even a mean and despicable character who has been depicted in artistic fashion. And if this character happens to have some strange oddness in his weakness, not only are the form and style of the artist admired, but a secret sympathy will steal over to the hero who has been painted in such fascinating colors. He is more loved than if he were stocked with all the cardinal virtues. But is it different in life itself? Does merit ever decide love, friendship, or affection? As a matter of fact the reasons for all feelings, attractions, and repulsions lie outside the realm of morality. Morality is never mistress of the emotions. It is simply one way of affecting them, and not even the strongest way. And all the other ways that are in use in life, art too must employ. factitious method of arousing the emotions, and it demands all the stimulants that life has at hand."

French artists have always recognized the absolute distinction between the realms of life and art, and their efforts to charm and divert have never been mixed with efforts to preach. The master minds of the race, declares M. Lauret, have never taken the trouble to make virtue triumphant. As straightlaced guardians of morality, he believes that the Japa-

nese are perfectly right in proscribing Molière, who often heaped ridicule upon things worthy of respect, and can not be defended from the "moral" point of view. With the possible exception of Pascal, Bossuet, Sévigné, all of the great French writers have divorced art and morals. A strict censor, he is inclined to believe, would ban nearly everything worthy of the name of literature in the Middle Ages, as well as in the sixteenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The women are as bad as the men, if not worse. Mademoiselle Lespinasse is a madwoman; Madame de Staël a rebel. Even pretended disciples of duty, such as Corneille, really excite individual passions. Across the ages there blows a strong wind of liberty and free think-

In art, says this apologist of immoralism, the Frenchman looks for an expansion of his ego-for an imaginary life more intense than his real one. Our real desires are bound by laws and obligations, and not seldom by our own mediocrity. We want to sport with a life "That is why the more immoral art is, the more beautiful, the richer and the more stimulating it is. We may conclude that the immoralism of art determines its innocence.' The influence of the real artist is exercized on language and opinion more than upon direct conduct and action. The licentiousness of the French is thus manifested especially in "The immoralistic atmosphere puts into our conversation a liberty which is entirely our own, and into our opinions a kindness and an ironical goodnature that the Puritans call weakness. As a matter of fact it is the sincerity of open minds and of hearts which do not suppress their real feelings."

As long as we laugh at love, we are its master; when we begin to take it seriously, we are beginning to become its slave, M. Lauret declares, in answering the objections of the Anglo-Saxon to the Gallic frankness in sexual matters.

"The Frenchman owes his reputation as an immoralist to the tone with which he speaks of love. The reputation is based upon a simple confusion. What belongs only to our language is attributed to our conduct as well. Immoralism is essentially a mental attitude. It is manifested in thought and in opinion. If its audacity could arouse any danger, it would be easily averted by tendencies and deep-seated instincts of the French temperament. The strongest support of morals is not the external constraint exercised by laws and tyrannical public opinion. It is steadfast bonds and the outbursts of healthy

emotion which make harmony in human relations a certainty; family affection, good will towards strangers, moderation in desires, and love for work will prevent disorder. Our spontaneous, impulsive, moral attitude depends upon the heart more than upon reflected intentions. That is why, in spite of our immoralism, it is after all

the most satisfactory one.

"It is not possible to adore the beauty of bodies, of feelings, of desires, of actions, of anything, without freeing oneself from the utilitarian rules that are called 'morals.' We may allow them, to a great extent, to govern our conduct, but on condition that we may reserve our thoughts, our judgments, our dreams, our very words. Why should the very words we speak, why should the images we cherish, conform to what we are bound to do? The field of reality is narrow,

the field of speech and of the spiritual is broad. To reduce this to the narrow limits of reality is to belittle our spirit.

"Our ancestors were alert to relish the spectacle of life, to puncture pretensions with laughter, to laugh at love, and to make fun even of the things they respected. Are we to renounce the character of our race because of a puerile fear of foreign critics, or to give in to a few

pedants, old and young?

"When our language, our manners and our books in France take on the tone of sad England and virtuous America, then it will be that we are commencing to degenerate. Our immoralism is bound up with our art, our wit, our intelligence. It is not a thing to blush over, for it is a sign of our temperament and one of the titles of our glory."

## IS MAETERLINCK "ENORMOUSLY OVERRATED" AS A THINKER?



HE name of Maeterlinck is undoubtedly a great one, but his reputation is "enormously overrated,"—so the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, one of a group of brilliant contributors to the London

Saturday Review, proclaims. M. Dimnet is at a loss to understand why Maeterlinck is ranked so high in intellectual circles to-day. He regards him as a man of second-rate, not first-rate, talents, and he thinks that the present vogue of Materlinck in many countries only goes to show how easily readers and playgoers are fooled.

We must never forget, says M. Dimnet, that Maeterlinck began his career as a literary man, rather than as a philosopher. He sought his way, somewhat restlessly, in fiction, in light comedy, and in decadent verse. M. Dimnet finds it to-day "perfectly impossible" to wade through the first volume Maeterlinck ever got printed, "Serres Chaudes." If Octave Mirbeau had not awakened the world to the merits of "La Princesse Maleine" by proclaiming it "a drama comparable and even superior to the best things of Shakespeare," it is probable, M. Dimnet ventures, that "Le Trésor des Humbles," unhelped by the plays, would have remained among the mass of unread philosophy. "M. Maeterlinck was thirtyfour when that first attempt at moralizing appeared. It is exactly the time in the lives of literary men when notoriety-more capricious than fame-hesitates whether it will lift them up to the highest rank or settle them forever in the second."

The mere comparison of Maeterlinck with the very greatest sages appears to the Abbé Dimnet ridiculous. "How many degrees," he exclaims, "could we not count between him and a Confucius?" There is something in Maeterlinck that makes us "feel at once confusedly but forcibly that he is not one of those men whose presence is the salt of the earth." Beside Socrates, or Plato, or Plotinus, beside even Coleridge or Diderot, he "shrinks terribly." The argument proceeds (in The Nineteenth Century):

"All these seers could appropriate the simple confession of Mme. Guyon to Fénelon: 'I could write for ever if my hand did not ache'; or that of Lamartine, to a friend: 'I never have to think;

my thoughts think themselves.'

"It is not so with M. Maeterlinck. If he had been possessed of this consuming but never consumed light, the few hundred pages he has devoted to the conduct of life would not have satisfied-that is to say, exhausted-his longing to make men better. Real sages do not wait till they are twenty-eight to exchange trifling for wisdom, and do not desert wisdom long before they are forty to revert to pretty writing. Seek one in the history of nations who left a mark on the souls of men after acting so amateurishly, you will not find him. You will not find one either, no matter how inexperienced in the art of writing, no matter how abstruse, no matter even how remote from us by atmosphere and language, who can be taxed with vagueness. Their passionate desire to influence their neighbor for good inevitably results in clarity, were it the clarity of parables. Now, read all the critics favorable to M. Maeterlinck, they will uniformly tell you that his doctrine is difficult

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Yes can, to sum up or even to reduce to principles; they will say that the only way of feeling its charm—charm is the phrase they always use, not virtue—is to read the books in their entirety without trying to condense their meaning. A terrible verdict lies under those formulas."

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The Abbé Dimnet goes on to subject "Le Trésor des Humbles," which he calls the most successful of M. Maeterlinck's philosophical works, to careful analysis. He pronounces it "distinctly unphilosophical," and discovers in it "undue attention to effect and predominance of manner over matter." Of the essay on Ruysbroeck, he says: "It is a perfect nightmare, the second part being absolutely irreconcilable with the first, and hundreds of incoherent metaphors making it the more evident that the author did not know his own meaning." The most famous chapter in the book, on "La Vie Profonde," is pretentious, but, in the Abbé Dimnet's eyes, quite unsatisfactory. The subject of the chapter is stated clearly. It is the possibility for even the humblest of men to make their life high and beautiful—a commonplace in all the spiritual books and the A B C of Christian life. How are we to realize this possibility? Maeterlinck replies in effect that we realize it by finding a superior life in the humble and every-day reality, by becoming conscious of our relations with the infinite. But how, asks M. Dimnet, are we to become thus conscious? He goes on to try and answer this question out of Maeterlinck's own essay:

"The wise man watches a tear, the gesture of a virgin, a drop of water in its fall; he listens to a wafted thought, shakes the hand of a brother, draws near a lip with open eyes and with his soul open, too. On it he can see uninterruptedly that which you have only caught a glimpse of, and a smile will teach him easily what a tempest or the very hand of death had to reveal to you."

This is what the wise man does. He sees the truth in a smile and on a lip, in a wafted thought, in a gesture, in a drop of water, above all in a tear—oh, in a tear, one of those tears, those idle tears, with which almost every page of M. Maeter-linck is bedewed—but he is a very wise man, no doubt; and we foolish creatures who are, after all, as honestly as himself in quest of wisdom, how are we to get at it? Here, perhaps, comes the answer:

"'It you have loved deeply, you have had need of no one to point out to you that your soul was as wide a thing as the world; that the stars, the flowers, the waves of the night and those of the sea are not solitary; that nothing ends and everything begins on the threshold of appearances; that the very lips you have kissed belonged to a being much higher, more beautiful and pure than the woman you clasped in your arms.'

Yes, yes, no doubt; but suppose one is not in love:

"'If you do not love, or if you are not loved, but can, however, see with a certain force that millions of



AN IDOL SHATTERED?

Maurice Maeterlinck is characterized by the Abbé Ernest Dimnet as a second-rate, not a first-rate, talent.

things are beautiful and the soul is great and life earnest almost (?) unspeakably, is it not as beautiful as if you loved or were loved? And if the sky itself is hidden from you, does not the wide starry sky spread all the same over your soul in the shape of death? All that happens to us is divinely great. But we ought to accustom ourselves to live as an angel just born, or a woman in love, or a man at the point of death.'

That is the answer. It takes a certain force, as M. Maeterlinck says, to resist a great temptation to show up its ridiculous side and pass on. But we had better try to the end to elucidate rather than mock. This farrago means that the true way of raising our life above its poor level is to open our eyes with the freshness of 'an angel just born' to the beauty of the world. Humble man, it says, if thou desirest to rise above thy petty self, the method is easy; thou hast only to be a genius.

"Is this the advice of a moralist, or the fun of the Eastern sophist? Neither. It is nothing more than the rhetoric of an ill-advised youth playing at writing philosophy. Read the rest of the essay: you will find that the second part contradicts the first with great serenity, and can be summed up in one comforting but somewhat unexpected sentence: "Those who think of nothing possess the same truth as those who think of God.' Words, words, words."

The pages of Maeterlinck, M. Dimnet intimates, are at times so difficult as to be almost meaningless. Even the subtlest minds

have recoiled from attempts to state in plain language the thoughts he is trying to convey. There are three main doctrines, however, that the patient student may succeed in wresting from these esoteric writings.

"There is, first of all, what some call the philosophy of the soul, the not very healthy spiritualism diffused through several chapters of 'Le Trésor des Humbles,' especially those entitled 'Le Réveil de l'Ame,' 'Silence,' and 'Le Tragique Quotidien,' and embodied in most of the writer's plays. Altho M. Maeterlinck's philosophy-I mean M. Maeterlinck's philosophical reading-is chiefly Monistic and of poor quality, it coexists in his mind with the highest notion of the influence of the soul. It would be useless to try and imagine any metaphysics based upon the idea. M. Maeterlinck is nothing more than a spiritualist in the ordinary sense of the word-a man who believes in soul communication apart from the language. In 'Le Trésor des Humbles' he prophesied the almost immediate liberation of the soul from the trammels of language, and the beginning of her reign through the establishment of silence. Mutual comprehension and mutual love in the whole universe were to follow. Needless to say that this prophecy was a very young man's dream and probably talk. The realm of the soul, to-day as then, remains confined to the dark rooms in which spirits play in curtains or at best bring you roses."

Then, continues M. Dimnet, there is the doctrine of accepted humility, which appears everywhere in "Le Trésor des Humbles," and quite frequently in "La Sagesse et la Destinée" as well. "Everybody can be great and good—in fact, is great and good. We are told not to despise ourselves even if we are conscious of grief at our neighbor's happiness, and encouraged to think, conversely, that the sister of charity who catches typhus at a bedside may have a shabby, vindictive sou!."

Finally, clad in thousands of metaphors through "La Sagesse et la Destinée" comes the Ibsenian teaching of self-realization. "Self-denial is an absurdity, happiness is a duty." M. Dimnet comments further:

"These are the Maeterlinckian doctrines, or at any rate, the tentatively expressed Maeterlinckian tendencies; nothing very novel, to be sure. Now, I do not think that if all this were clearly instead of vaguely put it would be agreeable to three in ten of M. Maeterlinck's devoted readers. A moral philosophy in which God is only a name, from which the notion of immortality and that of self-sacrifice are absent, and through which the anarchism inherent in the search for happiness at all costs is on the contrary omnipresent,

only appeals to the unhappy few. And those few will not tarry long in the Maeterlinckian groves where every rivulet is swollen with tears: they will laugh at all this namby-pambiness and go straight to Nietzsche."

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The Abbé passes on to score the "markedly sensuous streak" in Maeterlinck's composition and writings: "He makes constant references to love, and sometimes it would seem to be the purest and most ethereal kind of love; but in the books as in the play we see Monna Vanna too plainly beneath her cloak. There are too many women in M. Maeterlinck's philosophies-too much flitting from one to the other; too many amorous meetings in his azure blue amidst the shower of 'stars too remote.' Free love, no matter how sidereally hinted at, will be terrestrial; its introduction in spiritual books shows the progress we have made since a soldierly uncle of Madame de Sévigné's defined good books as those which teach us to live purely and die bravely." The Abbé concludes his argument as follows:

"M. Maeterlinck is neither by his method of writing, nor by his ideas, nor by the effects of these ideas, anything like an apostle or a sage. He is most distinctly a literary man, and, as the reader must have seen for himself, a literary man of no superior degree. There never is literary excellence where there is not moral or intellectual superiority to begin with. As long as we try to conceive M. Maeterlinck as the philosopher many believe him to be, we are landed upon insuperable difficulties. The moment, on the contrary, we begin to view him as a modern literary man with the literary fault of preferring manner to matter, appearances to realty, everything becomes clear, consistent, and I had almost said right. His easy comfortable life in the three homes he possesses in Paris, Nice, and Normandy, which is not reconcilable with our present prejudices about the true preacher's background; the taste for theatricals which he seems to have in common with his wife: his indifference, or at least his apparent indifference, to the burning questions of the day; his partiality for studious leisure, are all characteristic of the literary temperament, and all healthy and right in a literary man who has attained to fame and competence.

"This view once admitted, Maurice Maeterlinck's philosophical books immediately appear in their proper perspective, as a not very considerable part of his works to which he devoted some of his 'prentice years, and from which he turned long before forty. The crudities of all sorts with which those books abound cease to irritate, and appear only natural in such tenta-

tive work."

# Music and Drama

# THE MORAL CONUNDRUM IN CHARLES KENYON'S PLAY "KINDLING"



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BET the Lord made the rules of nature long before he made the Ten Commandments," declares Bates, the old washerwoman in Charles Kenyon's much-discussed play, "Kindling."

And Margaret Illington, the star, as Maggie Schultz, heroine of the play, asserts in a passionate speech: "Bein' right is greater than bein' good-and it's different. It's easy enough bein' good, because everybody agrees about it, but in doin' right there's nothing to back you up but your own sense." As moral philosophy Maggie's doctrine may be a trifle cloudy; but the hearts of the audience are with her when she steals for her unborn child. In "The Thief" Miss Illington portraved a weak selfish woman, stealing for her own gratification; as Maggie Schultz she is a thief with an ethical motive. The play is far superior to "Salvation Nell" as a work of art and a picture of life in the tenements; nevertheless it was not a success from the box-office point of view in New York. Its failure to enlist sufficient popular support induced a number of well-known magazine writers and playwrights to take the unusual step of issuing a direct appeal to the public in which they indorse the play. "We, the undersigned," they declare in a remarkable document, "wish to call the attention of our craft and of all others interested in a sound drama, to 'Kindling,' the new play of Charles Kenyon, in which Miss Margaret Illington is appearing. We have severally seen the performance and it is our general opinion that it is one of the greatest American plays in years. Beyond the literary and dramatic quality of the piece, beyond the fine acting of Miss Illington, it has the merit of treating adequately a great and vital social theme."

The pronunciamento bears the signatures of Gelett Burgess, Walter Pritchard Eaton, C. Rann Kennedy, Lincoln Steffens, Rupert Hughes, Channing Pollock, Paul Armstrong,

Clayton Hamilton, Rachel Crothers, Norman Hapgood, Will Irwin, George Middleton, Wallace Irwin, and others. Rennold Wolf doubts "Many good plays, the success of this step. and some great plays," he declares in the Morning Telegraph, "fail simply because the public is not interested in their stories. Or, to quote Bernard Shaw, 'the public fails.'" We are convinced that our readers will not fail to appreciate the artistic merits of Mr. Kenyon's play, whatever may be their answer to the question: "Was Maggie Schultz justified in violating the eighth commandment in order to obey the most sacred law of woman's being?"

The action of the play takes place in one of New York's "rotting tenements." We are introduced to the home of Heinrich Schultz, a stevedore, and of Maggie, his wife. Mrs. Bates is at the wash-tub, scrubbing and rinsing clothes in a pail. She is obliged to depend on the kindness of Schultz for her water supply, because there is no running water in her own flat. Dr. Taylor, a young interne from a public hospital, flits across the scene. Much is said of dying babies and unsanitary conditions. We hear also of Alice, niece of Mrs. Burke-Smith, a wealthy society woman. Alice is interested in settlement work, and altho both she and Dr. Taylor are children of an entirely different social environment, they discovered their affection for each other while at work in the slums. In the same atmosphere, battening upon young women, we meet Steve Bates, the washer-woman's son. It speaks volumes for the author's catholicity that he delineates even the pimp sympathetically.

Schultz, or "Heinie" as he is called, returns unexpectedly to his home because a strike of the stevedores has abruptly terminated his day's work. When he discovers Steve talking to Maggie he upbraids him in terms more pointed than polite. Steve plays with a poker as with a weapon.

HEINIE. Put it down!

Steve. (Dropping it and speaking with meaning.) All right! I don't need it.

BATES. Boys, boys! (She picks up poker and

places it by stove.)

STEVE. (Angrily.) You shut Heinie.) Now what ye got to say?

HEINIE. Just this: if you know what's good for ye, don't ye ever show yer mug in this place again, and if you ever try your con talk on Maggie, like yer passed her awhile ago-

STEVE. Well?

HEINIE. (In a cold, steely voice.) You're a pretty handsome feller, and I guess ye need your looks in yer business, don't ye?

STEVE. It's me stock and trade. HEINIE. Well, if I ever see ye in here again, or in speaking-distance of Maggie, I won't stop to ask ye what ye're talkin' about-

STEVE. What'll you do?

HEINIE. I'll spoil yer stock and trade! Ye got

that? Now, get out!

Steve. As this is your shanty, ye got a perfect right to order me out. (Sneeringly, as he moves towards the door.) Ye show yer good sense to let it go at that.

HEINIE. And don't ye ever come back!

STEVE. (At door.) We'll see about that when the time comes. (He goes out.)

BATES. Steve won't come in again, I'll see to that!

HEINIE. Do it! Ye're a good friend of our'n, Bates. Don't let him come in and spoil it! Any dog what's in the business he is-

BATES. Wait, Heinie. He's my boy.

HEINIE. All right, we'll drop it!
BATES. What ye comin' home at this time for? HEINIE. The Walkin' Delegate's jawin' with the Boss.

BATES. The stevedores goin' to be called out?

Heinie. Looks that way. BATES. Aw what a shame!

HEINIE. Rotten news for Maggie.

BATES. (Glancing apprehensively towards the other room.) Mmm. Yes. Say, Heinie. I hear McKenzie wants a man to tend his stable. It'll come in handy if ye're laid off. I told Steve about it, but he wouldn't go. Why don't ye chase down before anyone else does?

Heinie. I will! Thanks for the tip! Bates. That's all right. Hope ye get it. Ye'd

better hurry.

HEINIE. No use tellin' Maggie I'm out of work till I know for sure. (He goes out and i run stairs. Bates moves up to the table where a cradle is concealed, looks thoughtfully at baby cap in it which she picks out. Maggie enters.)

BATES. (Goes to her, tenderly.) Maggie darling, is it true? Aw, Maggie, Maggie. An' to think what I was sayin' to yez a while ago. What does Heinie say?

MAGGIE. He don't know. BATES. It's time ye told him.

MAGGIE. I don't dare. Heinie thinks like you do. A kid ain't got a chance down here. Up till a while ago he used to feel like I did.

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BATES. He'd have welcomed it, eh?

MAGGIE. We used to talk about it nights. How happy our home ud be with kids, somethin' to hold him an' me together forever, somethin' to work for. It ud be a real home then, no matter where it was or how poor it was. Then one day the health officer said somethin' an' that started him thinkin'. Then he started readin' things up to find out for himself. An' now he's fierce against it. He says bringin' kids into the world in places like this is worse than murder. Think of it, Bates-worse than murder!

BATES. (Impatiently.) Aah!

MAGGIE. I fought against believin' it. But now you say it's so. The Doc says it's so, an' I can see it in the sick kid downstairs. (Breaking down.) Oh, it's awful!

BATES. Sure, it's a foine state of moind ye're

gettin' in.

MAGGIE. Heinie'll be wild at me.

MAGGIE. Shure, he'll be kissin' ye till ye're smiling and tickled to death. Tell him right out. If he's got any objections, he can be takin' ye away, he can.

MAGGIE. (Surprised.) Take me away?

BATES. Do ye think this is the only place of residence in the world?

MAGGIE. What ye mean?

What's the matter with Wyoming? Shure's, it's the paradise o' babies. Look at Steve. When Steve was a baby he used to sleep in the sage brush like a regular little Moses.

Maggie. (Vaguely.) Wyoming—it's a terri-

ble long ways off, ain't it? Say, I bet it's a

beautiful place.

BATES. It ain't keepin' tourists away from the Garden of Eden, but to my mind it's got it on this place.

MAGGIE. (Rapturously.) It's all covered over with grass out there, ain't it? An' there's trees an' brooks an' lakes. An' ye can jes take ye lunch an' go off on a picnic whenever ye wants, and lay aroun' an' pick roses.

BATES. All the pickin' ye'll do at picnics 'll be the shells off'n hard-boiled eggs. There ain't

no roses in Wyoming.

MAGGIE. (With a shade of disappointment.)

BATES. No dearie, it's a hard, rugged country, an' ye got to scrap for a livin' jes like ye do here; but ye got the color in yer cheek and the sparkle in yer eye to scrap with. An' that's where me boy Steve was born.

MAGGIE. (Breathlessly.) And he grew strong

and husky-

BATES. And the night he come into the world the thunder was crashin' among the peaks and the wind was shriekin', and rippin' board after board off the house, and the cattle outside was a bellowin'; but above it all, loud and strong, came

the howl o' me baby, and I thanked the good Lord fer it. Fer I knew he'd come into the world to last-

MAGGIE. Yes! Yes!

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BATES. -like the rocks and the prairies and the mountains-

(Passionately.) Come into the MAGGIE. world to last-that's what I want! Oh, God, that's what I want.

BATES. And it's what's expected of ye. If ye bring a life into the world, ye got to start it right. It's yer everlastin' duty.

MAGGIE. My everlastin' duty. (Eagerly turn-

ing.) Say, d'ye think Heinie'd quit his job an'

BATES. I can put yez next to a scheme to land yez both in Wyomin' and set ye up for a hundred dollars at the most.

MAGGIE. Ye can?

BATES. Ever hear tell o' homesteadin'? Well, there's certain land the Government ain't got no use for, so it gives little pieces to the poor people, and tells them to go and live happy every afther.

MAGGIE. They give it to ye, to own?

BATES. Wait till ye see the land.

MAGGIE. Then if we get a hundred, we can set up in Wyomin'?

That's the game.

MAGGIE. Heinie's got to do it. I'll help him -I'll work too. Gee, think of it-livin' out there in the sunshine an' flowers! Any way it is away from here. Heinie's got to do it. Tell him about it when he comes home to-night, will ye?

BATES. An' you'll be tellin' him about the

other?

MAGGIE. Yes-Yes-I'll tell him to-night.

The confidences between the two women are interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Burke-Smith and her legal representative, Mr. Howland, followed by Alice and Dr. Taylor, in order to inspect "the morgue," as Steve picturesquely calls the house. Alice's attempts to rouse her aunt's social conscience prove not very effectual. Mrs. Burke-Smith interrogates the tenement-dwellers critically and She pronounces Maggie to be quite right when the latter tells her that she has no children. "Having children in your sphere," she sagely comments, "is an economic error." She winds up by offering Alice work as a seamstress at five dollars a week. When they are gone, Bates urges her to accept the offer. She insinuates the possibilities of appropriating what she may need from the wealthy household. "It's the way of beasts, what's always good parents-if you need anything for your young, take it." "Why, I'd think about it till I died," the young woman replies. "I wouldn't dare to look Heinie in

the face." A sudden thought agitates her. "The Bible says, the sins of the fathers is visited on the children, an' if I'm a thief-" "Maybe you can beat the thieving instincts out of the young one," the philosophic washerwoman rejoins, "but you can't beat health into him if he grows up around here." Steve, unknown to his mother, is even more insistent. He asks Maggie to cooperate with him in robbing the Burke-Smith mansion. indignantly rejects the suggestion. When Heinie returns he accidentally discovers that Mrs. Burke-Smith is the actual owner of the tenement house. When he tells Maggie, her face hardens.

MAGGIE. Say, that's on the level? That woman owns this house?

HEINIE. The whole block pays her blood money so she can come down here in her glad rags and diamonds an' chuck it at us in charity.

MAGGIE. (Half to herself, lost in thought.)

HEINIE. Now are you wise to the deal you're (After watching her curiously for a gettin'? moment.) Come on, let's fergit it and go to the factory. (He opens the door and stands Ain't ye comin'? Git ye things. waiting.) (Maggie, absorbed in her own thoughts, makes no move. Howland calls from downstairs.)

MAGGIE. Gimme that card. (She takes card from him.)

Heinie. (To Maggie.) What's got into ye? MAGGIE. (A stubborn expression on her face.) Goin' to take the job, that's all.

HEINIE. After all I jest told yer?

MAGGIE. Yep.

Heinie. Don't you believe me?

MAGGIE. Yep.
HEINIE. Then what's eatin' ye? MAGGIE. Jest goin', that's all. Can if I want, can't I?

Heinie, (Losing his temper completely.) Sure, ye can.

MAGGIE. All right.

The shadow of Rafferty, a plain-clothes detective, hovers over the second act. Even in the shadow, however, love nestles. Taylor and Alice confess their love to each other. Incidentally, they make a compact to protect Maggie, who is under suspicion in connection with a burglary at the fashionable home of the tenement owner. Maggie foolishly quit her job as seamstress simultaneously with the event in question. "Whatever the real facts are," Alice asserts, "at heart Maggie is good. She may have had some battle to fight, some problem to face that was too big for her, but she's done her level best to be right." The interview between the lov-

ers is followed by one more sinister in character, between Maggie and Steve. Before Maggie appears on the scene, Steve, probably to avert suspicion from himself, hides a cloth bag of silver, which he takes out of a satchel in the adjoining room. When Maggie enters he is at first disconcerted, but quickly regains his composure.

STEVE. Jest come upstairs?

MAGGIE. Yes. (Puts package of liver on table.)

STEVE. See a tall guy in a blue suit and a red

moustache waitin' around anywheres?

MAGGIE. (Disinterestedly.) I don't know-(Then, as if half remembering.) Yes, I guess so. If Heinie catches ye in here, ye know what'll happen to ye. What ye doin' aroun' here, anyhow?

STEVE. Sort o' wonderin' how ye panned out. Lichtenstein give ye what I said he oughta on the brooch?

MAGGIE. He gimme a hundred and thirteen

STEVE. An' you shoutin' ye head off coz I made ye take it fer ye share. Ye see? I knew what it was worth.

MAGGIE. I wasn't kickin' about that.

STEVE. Nobody ever trusts me.

MAGGIE. I told ye Miss Alice was the one friend I got in the world. I didn't want nothin' stole she had.

STEVE. (Sarcastically.) Nothin' to it at all. I can break into a house, an' rob it in six minutes, an' play favorites while I'm doin' it! Gee, youse women are a scream.

MAGGIE. Anyhow, ye might a gimme somethin' that wasn't hers fer my share. (Takes off hat and coat and hangs them on hooks. Puts on apron.)

STEVE. Ye couldn't a soaked nothin' else an' got away with it, ye little idiot. But I notice when it comes down to brass tacks, yer after the money all right.

MAGGIE. I hadda—I hadda. There wasn't nothin' else for it. It meant everything in the

world to me. I hadda-that's all.

STEVE. Awh, quit yer snivelin'. Take it from me, if ye want to keep out of jail ye want to sack that long face of yours. People is gettin' to think things around here.

MAGGIE. Steve!

STEVE. Soft pedal! You're all right. I told ye I was takin' all the risk, didn't I?

Maggie. Yes. Steve. Well, I am. So I'm blowin' out o' town. Nobody'll notice you if ye keep your head

MAGGIE. Oh, Steve, if they git you-

They'd git you, too. STEVE. (Sneeringly.) That's why ye're scared fer me, was it? Well, don't ye fret. But if they git anythin' out

of ye, if ye squeal, I'll fix ye good and plenty. Don't ferget, I got a little note ye left under me pillow. (Takes it from his pocket.) If I goes up the river, ye goes too-see? (Bates enters from downstairs.)

BATES. (Putting down her bundle basket and gasping for breath.) Thank the Lord that errand's done. Every toime I come by I see ye.

Steve. Me and Maggie was jest gassin' friendly. Wasn't we, Maggie?

BATES. (Seeing the satchel on the table.) What's me bag doin' here?

STEVE. Ye know, Mud, I was all fixed to go t' Europe, but there ain't a bunk left on the Lusitania, so take the bag away.

BATES. (Looking in the bag.) There's nothin' in it. What devilment are ye up to, anyhow?

STEVE. Ye bin sayin' fer so long that me next suit of pajamas would be furnished by the State, I didn't see no use in takin' any.

BATES. Steve, talk serious. Ar ye goin' away? (Maggie at stove, preparing to fry liver.)

STEVE. Now this is dead on the level. No joshin', I am goin' to Newport and rent meself out as a little brother of the rich.

BATES. (Anxiously.) Steve, if ye's in some kind of trouble and have to git out, won't ye tell me about it? Don't keep me worryin', tell me where ye're goin'.

STEVE. I don't know where I'm going. But don't worry. If a telegram comes collect, don't accept it; it's just a signal I'm in good lealth, see. So long! (Goes out on the landing and is about to go downstairs, but suddenly he looks over the balustrade and then darts back into the room. After a moment's thought, he crosses to the window.) Say, there's a hopeful guy down there waitin' for some money I owe 'm. (Opens the window and steps out on the fire-escape.) If he's waitin' there to-morrow morning, chase down and feed him some breakfast. (He waves his hand to them, pulls down the window and goes down the fire-escape.)

MAGGIE. (Startled.) Why did he do that? BATES. (Irritable with anxiety.) Faith, I don't know. He's up to somethin', I can tell by his manner. Whenever he jokes that way it's to hide he's bein' scared. It's some kind of trouble he's in.

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When, a little later, Heinie comes home and tells his wife that the strike is off and that, by doing extra shifts, he may be able to save the hundred dollars needed for the trip to Wyoming within a month, Maggie, thoroly frightened by what has transpired, urges him to depart at once. She tells him that she has the money.

HEINIE. Where did you get that?

MAGGIE. I borrowed it. Who from?

HEINIE. Who from MAGGIE. Miss Alice.



WHERE MAGGIE SCHULTZ CONCEIVED HER CRIME

In the "rotting tenements" of New York's East Side, Maggie Schultz, the heroine of "Kindling," a part admirably interpreted by Margaret Illington, determines to steal for her unborn child. Here we see her at table with her unsuspecting husband, and Bates, the philosophical washer-woman whose suggestion implanted the seed of the deed in Maggie's susceptible mind.

HEINIE. The lady what jest left?

MAGGIE. Yes.

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HEINIE. Why, she didn't say nothin'.

MAGGIE. (Hastily.) She didn't want nothin' said about it. She's a good friend o' mine. So she lent me the money.

Heinie. Lent ye a hundred dollars! What could ye give her for security?

MAGGIE. I didn't give her nothin'. She jest took my word we'd pay it back when we could. (Leaning toward him eagerly.) Now will ye start to-night? I've went and borrowed this money. Will ye?

HEINIE. But I can't get this through my head. This strange woman hands you a hundred, with nothin' to show fer it?

MAGGIE. (Whining with impatience.) I was workin' up there and she got to like me. She wanted to help me. (Getting up and moving about irritably.) That's why I wanted ye to talk nice to her when she was here.

HEINIE. (Shaking his head, impressed.) Well,

I never thought she was that sort. (Still puzzled.) She lent ye with interest?

MAGGIE. (Stamping her foot impatiently.) Yes, if that's how ye do it.

HEINIE. How much?

MAGGIE. How much what?

HEINIE. Interest.

Maggie. Oh, I don't know nothin' about interest.

Heinie. I thought ye just said. I'll have to see her an' find out. We can't take charity. Say, she's dead white tho.

MAGGIE. (Stopping him, frightened.) Ye mustn't see her, Heinie. She don't want no one else to know. It's a secret between me and between her.

HEINIE. But-

MAGGIE, I'll write to her to-morrow about the interest.

HEINIE. Say, she's dead white.

MAGGIE. (Very earnestly.) She is, Heinie. She's jest the best woman in the world. I'd die

fer her. Now, Heinie, can't we get out to-night? I went and borrowed the money, and-

HEINIE. (Indulgently.) Well, if we can't git out to-night, we'll go jus' as soon as we can.

Maggie. Yes, let's go to-night. I'll start in

to pack right now. (Throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him.)

HEINIE. Wait! I got to straighten this out

with her before I start.

MAGGIE. But, Heinie, it's a secret! HEINIE. But she might a-knowed I'd ask you about that hundred.

MAGGIE. But, don't you understand?

HEINIE. Yes, I understand. She don't want the story passed around.

MAGGIE. No! She don't want it spoke of even to her, and if you go an' do it, I'll never forgive ye.

HEINIE. Well, there's no use gettin' mad about it. Tell me what was the real reason.

MAGGIE. But, ain't I tellin' ye?

HEINIE. Are ye sure she lent it to ye? It ain't no charity?

MAGGIE. Oh, Heinie! HEINIE. Well, I got to see her and find out. (He goes out on hall-landing. Calling upstairs.) Oh! Lady! Oh! Lady!

ALICE'S VOICE. (From the lower stairway.) Yes!

HEINIE. Could I see ye a minute, please?

When ye come downstairs? ALICE. Certainly, we're on our way down

now. (Alice appears in the doorway.) HEINIE. Could I speak to ye alone, please? ALICE. (A little surprized.) Why, yes. Ralph,

wait for me downstairs. (She comes into the room.)

Heinie. (Somewhat embarrassed.) First, I want to say I'm sorry for bein' gruff a while ago. ALICE. Oh, I know you were disturbed about something.

HEINIE. It wasn't that man; I was sizen' ye up with the rest of the crowd that comes down here. I-well, I didn't know ye was different, but Maggie just told me.

ALICE. That I am always to be her-friend? I hope you'll let me be a friend of yours, too,

Mr. Schultz.

HEINIE. Why, yes, of course. But Maggie's just been tellin' me the kind of friend ye arethe big white thing ye done for us, and I want to thank ye for it.

ALICE. Why, I haven't been able to do much yet, except to offer my friendship. (She glances at Maggie and notices her strange appearance.)

HEINIE. I know, Maggie said ye didn't want it spoke of. That's why I asked to see ye alone; but I wanted to thank ye, and ask ye about the interest.

ALICE. (Puzzled.) Interest?

HEINIE. I wasn't clear just how much it is. ALICE. What interest?

HEINIE. Why, the interest on the loan, on

the hundred. (As Alice looks still more puzzled.) Ye meant it to be a regular business loan (glancing toward Maggie), Maggie said. (He catches a look between Maggie and Alice, a dawning light on Alice's part, appeal and terror on Maggie's.)

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ALICE. Why, yes, certainly; of course, Mr.

Schultz.

HEINIE. (Looking at them both.) Why, what's wrong?

ALICE. (Who has fully recovered herself.)
You see, I don't know much about such things, so I decided to leave that to you.

HEINIE. Would 10 per cent. be about right? ALICE. Yes, I should think so.

Heinie. (Who is still puzzled, after a moment's thought.) You're sure that's all right, ma'm?

ALICE. Absolutely.

HEINIE. You're doin' an awful big thing fer us, Miss. Yer givin' us a chance to go out to Wyoming and start life all over, and live like a man and woman should. That means a lot, 'specially to Maggie; and ye let us have the money in a way we ain't ashamed to take it. I can't thank ye right, like I should. God bless ye is all I can say, an' I give ye my word of honor to send it back, interest and all, out of the first money we make.

Heinie is about to go and buy the railroad tickets when he discovers that Maggie has given him thirteen dollars too much. He at once remembers that Lichtenstein, the pawnbroker, had spoken to him of Maggie's visit. This Maggie denies. His suspicions are aroused. He forces the truth from her reluctant lips. At last wearied, she admits that she "hocked" the brooch, but adds that Miss Alice had given it to her for that purpose. He stares at her coldly and unbelievingly. "Well," she asks, "ain't it clear enough?"

HEINIE. So you bust a sink by accident, an' this guy happens along just at the right time, robs the house, divides with you, and nothin' was fixed up before hand! So that's why ye couldn't be coaxed away from that place! Why ve'd stayed there and work yerself sick! Ye was fixin' a deal with a thief, meetin' him time an' again. How do I know there wasn't somethin' more back of it? Something more than just robbin' the house.

MAGGIE. (Shrilly.) Don't you dare!

HEINIE. Well, I take it back. Now, tell me, who was the fella? Who was the man?

MAGGIE. Steve!! (He pauses until he masters himself, then speaks to her quietly.)

HEINIE. Steve! Ye got the ticket fer the pin? (She takes it from her pocket and hands it to him.) It belongs to the lady?

MAGGIE. Yes.

HEINIE. And she didn't let on when she found (Bitterly.) She pities ye I guess. She pitied both of us. (After struggling for composure.) The brooch is all Steve gave ye?

MAGGIE. Yes.

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HEINIE. How about the silver cup, them gold pins and things?

Oh, they was just knockin' about. MAGGIE. Nobody wanted it. It didn't matter.

HEINIE. Didn't matter! My God! what's got into ye anyway?

MAGGIE. You put the idea into my head.

Heinie. (Stunned.) Me!

MAGGIE. Yes, you. You showed me the game we was up against. I was satisfied with things as they was 'till then. You think I'm just a weak fool that Steve got to help him. Well, now, I'll tell ye somethin'. Ye're wrong.

HEINIE. (Puzzled by her defiance.)

what's ye drivin' at?

MAGGIE, I mean that I finally woke up to what I had comin' to me. Them people owned our home, they owned us, and if I dared to bring a life into the world they'd own that too. they went too far, so I went up there and took what I needed-what was mine-I had a right to, I tell ye.

HEINIE. Right?

MAGGIE. Yes, right. A right to a share of life, just as they have, just as any animal has. I didn't ask for comfort, I didn't ask for happiness; that's for their kind up town; that's the law; but there's some things they've got to let me have; me, and the lowest animal livin'. You're a man, and you're goin' to have food and drink, ain't ye? Ye got a right to live and ye'll steal and ye'll murder to do it. Well, I'm a woman and God gave me a greater right even than that. He gave me the power to give life. and there's no want in my body or soul cries out so loud. It will be satisfied, my greatest right of all. Then they come, them people down there, and warn me, warn me that if I brought a life into the world it would be smothered out, burned up like so much kindling, and for what, -their comfort, their pleasure! Think of it! I stole, I'm a thief, I'm rotten, I've lowered myself in their eyes; well let them think so-and in my own eyes I have raised myself far above 'em, way far-far-above 'em.

HEINIE. And how about this? (Taking baby ribbon from table.) Ye didn't swipe that to get yer needs of life, did ye? Ye wan't buyin' yer passage to Wyoming with six yards of that, was ye? No, ye took it because ye was a natural

born thief.

MAGGIE. Ye don't understand!

HEINIE. A thief, and couldn't help yourself, that'll take junk ye got no use for, junk like this, because ye can't keep ye hands off it. (Waving a piece of ribbon in her face.) Will ye tell me why ye steal baby ribbon? Baby pins, baby- (In sudden enlightenment he stops and falls back a step, his hands across his brow as she stands before him, trembling.) My God! my God! (His voice husky with awe and reverence. Why didn't ye tell me, Maggie? Why didn't ye tell me?

MAGGIE, I-I was scared. Ye said if one come

ye'd kill it.

HEINIE. (Bitterly. Voice breaking.) Oh I! (Taking her in his arms.) God bless ye, little girl, I love ye for it! (He takes her sobbing in his arms, comforts her. The night has almost fallen. Rafferty descending passes the window on the landing an indistinct ominous shadow in the dark hall.)

Heinie returns the money to Alice and asks her to redeem her pin. She is hardly gone when Rafferty with his men, followed by Mr. Howland, subject Heinie and Maggie to a rigid cross-examination. Heinie speaks of Alice's loan and their proposed trip to Wyoming.

HOWLAND. Can't you see they are involving things simply to gain time?

Didn't you know the lady was in RAFFERTY. the habit of loaning these people money?

I most certainly did not!

RAFFERTY. Now we're getting down to facts. (Amazed.) Do you mean to tell HOWLAND. me you believe this fellow's yarn?

RAFFERTY. Why shouldn't I?

HOWLAND. But what proof has he?

RAFFERTY. Just at present what proof have

HOWLAND. Well, great Scott!

RAFFERTY. Now suppose you ring up your house and get this thing straight from the young woman?

HEINIE. Ask her, she'il tell ye. (Alice enters.) Howland. Why, what on earth are you doing

ALICE. (Sweetly.) Why, several things. I've come to see the sick child, and I've come to see Maggie.

HOWLAND. Your aunt will be furious!

ALICE. Then you will have the satisfaction of

seeing her so. She'll be here shortly. HOWLAND. I hope you haven't dragged her down here to-night?

ALICE. That's exactly what Dr. Taylor is trying to do. If he's able.

RAFFERTY. This the lady?

HOWLAND. Yes.

RAFFERTY, (To Alice.) Did you lend Maggie any money

Why, yes. That is, I did, but they re-ALICE. turned it to me.

HOWLAND. For what purpose did you lend it? ALICE. Why, to go to Wyoming.

RAFFERTY. That fits.

ALICE. What's it all about?

RAFFERTY. Then she didn't raise the money on

your jewelry?

ALICE. On my jewelry? (Turning on Howland indignantly.) Oh, I see! Merely because Maggie left our house at the time of the robbery, you've come here to persecute her. Really, Mr. Howland, I can't believe that my aunt will tolerate any such brutality as you are evincing in her affairs. It's cruel. It's inhuman!

HOWLAND. There is no desire to persecute. We merely wish to get back some of the ar-

ticles that were stolen.

ALICE. Nearly everything that housebreaker took has been recovered. Is anything still missing of such great value that you must hound this woman against whom you have no evidence?

RAFFERTY. Wasn't your brooch valuable? ALICE. (In a surprised manner.) My brooch? HOWLAND. Yes, we discovered after you left the house this morning that your jewel box had been rifled.

ALICE. My jewel box?

Howland. No doubt you were too tender-hearted to tell us about it last night.

ALICE. My jewel box?

RAFFERTY. (Puzzled.) Say, didn't you know about it?

ALICE. My jewel box?

HowLAND. (Impatiently.) Yes, yes. Your diamond brooch.

ALICE. (Unbuttons her coat, exposing brooch, which Maggie sees.)

MAGGIE. That's it! That's it!

ALICE. (Putting her hand to throat, where brooch is.) Do you mean this?

RAFFERTY. (To Howland.) Do you mean that?

HOWLAND. (Thunderstruck.) Why, why, yes. RAFFERTY. And it's stuck in her dress. (Flying off the handle.) Well, good God, what are we coming to?

HOWLAND. (Angrily.) Just a minute.

RAFFERTY. Juggin' people for goods you've got on your back.

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HOWLAND. (To Alice.) You didn't wear that brooch from the house this morning. Your aunt said so.

ALICE. Really? I don't believe I require such violent enlightenment concerning my own actions.

HOWLAND. I beg your pardon, but-

ALICE. (Turning to Rafferty.) I took my brooch to the jewellers to be fixed yesterday afternoon.

RAFFERTY. (Suspiciously.) Say, if Maggie never saw that brooch before, how did she know it just now?

ALICE. Why, she's often helped me dress at the house.

RAFFERTY. Huh! Very good friends, ain't ye? ALICE. Very.

RAFFERTY. When were you down here last?

ALICE. Let me see—yesterday. No, this morn-

ing, early.

RAFFERTY. (To the other Plain-Clothes Man.) What d'ye know about this anyhow? (The other shrugs his shoulders.) (Eyeing Howland in disgust.) Say, you don't want a detective. You want a lady's maid. (To assistant.) Rubber around that other room. (Assistant exits. Taylor enters.)

The silver hidden by Steve is discovered by the detectives. Maggie, breaking down, confesses everything to Alice. Heinie attempts to take the guilt upon himself. Maggie's impassioned explanation moves Mrs. Burke-Smith, who withdraws her charge of theft. Rafferty, the detective, who has seen through it all from the beginning, shakes hands with Alice and, as the curtain falls, we glimpse the young couple on their trip to their land of dreams—Wyoming.

### MAETERLINCK PROPOUNDS THE EMOTIONAL TRIANGLE



HE eternal triangle still obsesses the minds of the playwright, but its problems are stated in terms of an advanced emotional mathematics. In Tolstoy's last play, "The Living Corpse," the

husband eliminates himself so as not to interfere with the friend and the woman, to both of whom his heart goes out. Maeterlinck, even more unconventional, attempts in "Aglavaine and Sélysette,"\* just published in English, to establish an equilateral triangle. He presents two women and one man who are determined to live together equals in love. The New Ethics may sanction such relations, strange and complex; but in life the poet knows only too well that the simple things prevail in the end. In human relationships, just as in the world of atoms, the most complex elements tend to break up into their simple components. "Is it not strange," Aglavaine says to Sélysette, "I love you, I love Meleander, he loves you, too, you love us both, and yet we cannot live happily together because the hour has not yet come when

<sup>\*</sup> AGLAVAINE AND SÉLYSETTE. A Drama in Five Acts by Maurice Maeterlinck. Introduction and Translation by Alfred Sutro. Dodd, Mead and Company.

human beings can thus love each other." Therefore the tremulous melody of Maeterlinck's exquisite fancy ends with the shrill

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discord of tragedy. Maeterlinck, as Alfred Sutro, his translator, points out in a delightful preface, never made the slightest attempt to write a play on the ordinary accepted lines. He has created a method of his own, suited to his personality. We find in his plays the most amazing stagecraft side by side with the most deliberate flouting of stage conventions. The action is arrested again and again by the deliberate utterance of the poet's philosophy. Mr. Sutro is competent to speak for Maeterlinck. "There are," he says, "many books of the great Belgian's that I have rendered into English; and, being a slow worker, loving to linger over his fine, melodious sentences, seeking to capture, for hours sometimes, the turn of a phraze, its harmonious balance and cadence, I have lived for a very long time in his brain. And surely," he adds, "than this brain of Maeterlinck's there has rarely been one that held more serenity and beauty, nobler wonder and sympathy, more dignity or loftier truth." Maeterlinck's study of the eternal triangle, he points out, differs from the ordinary French play that deals with this thorny subject. There is no delirious atmosphere of desire and passion; all is subdued and tranquil; human emotions vibrate with subtler harmonies; nothing is gross, nothing is violent. Sélysette is. Meleander's girl-wife. For all that she has a grandmother and a little sister, her past is as vague and shadowy as that of Aglavaine, the majestic and Mélisande. stately woman, comes to the castle-it is always a castle-and she and Meleander love each other with a love that they assure themselves is unlike the love of this world. But behind them is Nature, with her iron laws, and their love, for all its fine aspirations, proves itself only human. The first act foreshadows what is to come. Meleander and Aglavaine have discovered their love for each other, when the thought of Sélysette rises, like a ghost, to Meleander's lips. "Have you thought of Sélysette?" he asks. "Yes," replies Aglavaine.

MELEANDER. And does that not trouble you? AGLAVAINE. No, Meleander, it shall trouble me no more. . . .

MELEANDER. There may be sorrow in store for

AGLAVAINE. Can I not love you like a brother, Meleander?



MORE RADICAL THAN HER HUSBAND

Madame Maeterlinck, in interviews published during her appearance in Boston, openly declared in favor of "free love." "Woman," she says, "should love whom she chooses, one man perhaps, or hundreds." Maeterlinck, while theoretically indorsing this view, admits in "Aglavaine and Selysette" that under present conditions the conservative view must prevail in the end.

MELEANDER. But if her tears fall? . . . AGLAVAINE. Let her ascend with us, and her tears will soon cease to fall. . . . Why should she not strive hand-in-hand with us toward the love that disdains the pettiness of love? She is more beautiful than you believe, Meleander. We shall hold out our hands to her; she will soon rejoin us, and then she will weep no more. . . And she will bless us for the tears she has shed, for some tears are sweeter than kisses. . . .

MELEANDER. Do you believe I can love you

like a sister, Aglavaine?

AGLAVAINE. Ah! . . .
MELEANDER. Aglavaine, do you believe you can love me like a brother?

MELEANDER. (Taking her in his arms.) You

are beautiful, Aglavaine. . .

AGLAVAINE. (Throwing her arms around him.) I love you Meleander. (They kiss each other. A cry of pain is heard, through the foliage, and Selysette is seen, all dishevelled, flying towards the castle.)

MELEANDER. Selysette! . . .

AGLAVAINE. Yes.

MELEANDER. She has overheard us. . . . She

is flying to the castle. . . .

AGLAVAINE. (Pointing to Selysette, who is already far way.) Go after her!...Go!...
(He rushes after Selysette. Aglavaine leans against a tree and weeps silently.)

A little later Aglavaine discovers Sélysette asleep in the park near a well. She rouses the sleeping woman, to save her from almost certain death, and lovingly throws her own cloak around the shivering form of her rival. "I love you," she exclaims, moved by her strange emotion. "I love you, too," Sélysette rejoins.

AGLAVAINE. It is not only our hands that are joined at this moment, my poor Selysette. . . . But Meleander loves you, too. Why would you not listen to him? . . .

SELYSETTE. You love him, Aglavaine?

AGLAVAINE. Whom, Selysette? Selysette. Meleander. . . .

AGLAVAINE. How can I help loving him?
SELYSETTE. But do you love him as I love him?

AGLAVAINE. I try to love him as I love you, Selysette.

SELYSETTE. But if your love for him became too great? . .

AGLAVAINE. I do not think one's love can ever be too great.

SELYSETTE. But if he loved you more than he

AGLAVAINE. He will love in you what he loved in me, for it is all one. . . . There is not a creature in the world so like to me as Meleander. How could he not love you, seeing that I love you? And how could I love you if he did not? He would no longer be like himself, or like me. . . .

Selysette. There is nothing in me that he

can love, and you know so much that I shall never know. . .

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AGLAVAINE. Ah, Selysette, believe me when I tell you that all my knowledge may well be worth no more than what you deem your ignorance. . . . I shall show him that you are more beautiful than he thought, that your feelings lie far deeper, too. . . .

SELYSETTE. Can you bring about that he will

still love me when you are there?

AGLAVAINE. Were he no longer to love you because of my being here, I would go away at once, Selysette. . . .

SELYSETTE. I will not let you go away. . . . AGLAVAINE. And yet that would have to be,

for I should no longer love. . . .

SELYSETTE. It would make me very unhappy, Aglavaine. . . . Oh, I am beginning to love you, to love you! . .

AGLAVAINE. I have loved you a long time. . . . SELYSETTE. I have not; and when I first saw you I did not love you, tho I loved you all the same. . . . There was a moment when I wanted ... oh! wicked things, very wicked. ... But I did not know that you were like this. I should have been wicked had I been you. . . .

AGLAVAINE. No, no, Selysette . . . in your real self you would never have been wicked, but, being unhappy, you would not have known how

to be good. . .

SELYSETTE. I should like to kiss you again, Aglavaine. . . . It is strange; at first I could not kiss you. . . . Oh! I was afraid of your lips, ... I know not why ... and now.... Does he often kiss you?

AGLAVAINE. He? SELYSETTE. Yes.

AGLAVAINE. Yes, Selysette, and I kiss him, too.

SELYSETTE. Why?

Because there are things that AGLAVAINE. only a kiss can tell. . . . Because it is perhaps only when summoned by a kiss that all that is deepest and purest issues forth from our soul.

SELYSETTE. You can kiss him when I am there, Aglavaine. . . .

AGLAVAINE. If you wish it I will never kiss him again.

SELYSETTE. (Suddenly bursting into tears.) And you can kiss him when I am not there. . . . I am glad I awakened you, Aglavaine. . . . (She leans on Aglavaine's shoulder and sobs softly.)

But in spite of her brave front, little Sélysette is very unhappy. Aglavaine resolves to end the problem by effacing herself. She bids farewell to Meleander. "Do not kiss me," she commands. "Love her well, Meleander."

MELEANDER. I do not know what to believe, Aglavaine. . . . There are times when I seem to love her almost as much as I love you, and times e when I
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believe, eem to I times when I love her more than you, because she is further from me, or that I understand her less... And then, when I see you again, she disappears, I no longer am conscious of her....

AGLAVAINE. I know that you love her, Meleander, and therefore I must go. . . .

MELEANDER. But it is only in you that I can love her, Aglavaine, and when you are far away, I shall love her no longer.

AGLAVAINE. I know that you love her, Meleander, and so well do I know it that I have more than once envied the poor child the love

you gave her. . . .

Meleander. It is strange, Aglavaine... When you speak to me of her I admire you and you only, and love you more and more.... You praise her, but the praise falls back on you, and nothing in this world can make it otherwise. My love for her can never approach my love for you, even the a God so willed it.

AGLAVAINE. When I came here, I believed that all things were possible, and that no one need suffer... But now I see that life refuses to conform to our plans, be they never so beautiful... And I feel too that were I to linger by your side and cause others to suffer, I should no longer be what you are, nor would you be what I am, and our love would no longer be the same as our love of to-day....

MELEANDER. It may be so, Aglavaine... But, for all that, should we not be in the right?...

AGLAVAINE. Ah, Meleander, it matters so little whether one be right or not! Better, I think, be wrong all one's life than bring tears to the eyes of those who are not in the right!

Before Aglavaine can carry out her intention, Sélysette sacrifices herself. She hurls



HIS FUN IS QUINTESSENTIALLY GERMAN

Leo Blech's comic opera, "Versiegelt," tells of the
troubles of a German burgomaster who is "sealed up"
inside a wardrobe.

herself from the tower into the sea. Here, as the introducer remarks, as in Maeterlinck's earlier plays, we find his people struggling helplessly and blindly against fate—the fate that makes one law for men and women, and admits of no exception, not even in favor of the loftiest souls of idealists and dreamers.

#### COMIC OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN



HE tradition of the Metropolitan Opera House has been that comic opera is impossible there. Only the finest singers have been able to attract the public to such few comic operas as have

been given. But this winter a new precedent is being established. Of the three operatic novelties so far presented, all are "light" and two are farcical. A reaction, it is clear, has set in against the serious themes exploited in recent operas. The musical world is turning from Richard Strauss's neurotic strainings and Debussy's Maeterlinckian vagueness to bright and simple moods.

Ludwig Thuille's "Lobetanz," or "Merry Dance," the first novelty produced this sea-

son, is described by the New York Outlook as "like a breath of fresh air after overheated atmosphere." The composer, despite his French name, is a German, and his libretto was written by the whimsical poet and novelist, Otto Julius Bierbaum. It has all the charm of a fairy tale. A strolling player and a languishing princess are the protagonists in the drama. The player plays so magically that the princess is overcome by emotion and falls unconscious. Her plight is felt to be the result of sorcery or of some uncanny spell, and the minstrel is condemned to death for his presumption. At the foot of the gallows he pleads for a last word, receives permission to play the fiddle once more, and sets every one to dancing, including the king, the judge



A DISTINGUISHED MUSICAL VISITOR

Wolf-Ferrari's operas, "Le Donne Curiose" at the Metropolitan and "I Giojelli della Madonna" at the Chicago Auditorium, have provided two of the great events of the musical season. The composer came to America to witness the premières, and is said to have been moved to tears by the perfection of the performances.

and the hangman. The princess awakens, and the execution is transformed into a celebration of nuptials.

Thuille's opera is said to show the influence of Richard Wagner; while Wolf-Ferrari's. comic music drama, "Le Donne Curiose" (The Inquisitive Women), the second of the season's operatic novelties, suggests the name of Mozart to many critics. Wolf-Ferrari is German on his father's side, Italian on his mother's. In "Le Donne Curiose" he gives new life to a Venetian comedy written by Carlo Goldoni, a disciple of Molière.

The story on which the opera is based is very simple. A number of Venetian gentlemen of the eighteenth century, married and unmarried, have formed a club, and spend all their time there. The proceedings are secret; women are rigorously excluded; and wives and sweethearts become more and more consumed with curiosity to know what is going on. They suspect gambling and necromancy, if not something worse. By a subterfuge, they gain access to the club-house-only to find that all is perfectly innocent. Their intrusion is forgiven, and the opera ends in merrymaking and in minuets.

The third offering of the Metropolitan, Leo Blech's "Versiegelt" (Sealed Up), is a one-act comic opera. "Its success," says H. F. Peyser in Musica America, "was immediate, absolute, unequivocal." The period of the action is 1830, and the atmosphere is that of burgess life in a small German town. Most of the fun develops in connection with a capacious carved wooden wardrobe, a family heirloom, set up in the room of a widow who is living in fear that every moment her cherished possession will be sold for taxes. The burgomaster comes in to make love to her. At a critical moment a bailiff enters. Thereupon the burgomaster seeks refuge in the wardrobe, and this taxable chattel is promptly and legally "sealed up." He cannot get out, and his daughter and a young clerk, whom he has thwarted in love, take advantage of his embarrassing situation to extort his signature to a marriage contract. When he finally emerges, he orders the young couple into the wardrobe, and they welcome the opportunity to be alone. Says Mr. Peyser:

"The music is utterly guiltless of Straussian color combinations and latter-day schemes of dissonance and modulation. Yet it is fashioned with admirable constructive musicianship, replete with felicitous orchestral effects and of polyphonic weave."



THE CREATOR OF A FAIRY OPERA

Ludwig Thuille's "Lobetanz," based on a libretto writ-ten by Otto Julius Bierbaum, is described as "like a breath of fresh air after overheated atmosphere."

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#### MAX REINHARDT HYPNOTIZING THE WORLD



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HE most talked-about man in the theatrical world to-day is Max Reinhardt. The Reinhardt cult started in Berlin. From Berlin it spread to the South of Germany. Quickly Austria and

Hungary were infected. Paris followed soon after. Then, luckier than Napoleon, Reinhardt crossed the channel. The tremendous success of "Sumurun" (Soomooroon) and "The Miracle," two pantomimes, followed shortly by "Oedipus Rex," signify, in the phraze of the London critics, a theatrical revolution. What Gordon Craig dreamed, Max Reinhardt accomplished. He is both fantastic and realistic. He hypnotizes his audience. That is the secret of his victory. Not content with one world, his ambition turned to the Western hemisphere. Professor Ordynski

and the silent players of "Sumurun" are his harbingers.

"Sumurun," remarks Harriet Ouimby, in Leslie's Weekly, "is the strangest play I have ever seen." Audiences gasped, critics thrilled when the curious, murderous and sensuous fancy passed before their eyes. This in spite of the fact that Knoblauch's "Kismet" and the Oriental invasion of our stage by other exotic dramas had already prepared them for Reinhardt. But the critics are not yet entirely convinced of Reinhardt's supremacy as a theatrical artist. "To the esthetic charm of 'Sumurun,'" remarks Louis Sherwin in the New York Globe, "there has been overabundant testimony. But it is just as well to admit that it has given rise to extravagant comment, notably in London, where the critics said it went beyond pantomime, being in reality a new form of art." Even Mr. Sherwin admits, however, that Max Reinhardt will be a considerable benefactor to the American stage, because his influence will produce a reaction from the tendency to overelaboration which has threatened to load down dramatic

productions with a burden of superfluous detail. Thus even the shadow of the master magician cast across the sea is felt as a tangible influence. The few notes from his magic pipe that have reached our ears seem to lead our feet a-dancing. What shall we say when, like a second Pied Piper of Hamelin, Reinhardt himself, followed by German, Austrian, English, French and Hungarian admirers, will land on our shores to exert over us the mesmeric spell of his presence?

Mesmerism is the word that characterizes the genius of Reinhardt. Professor Ordynski, in an interview with Colgate Baker of the New York Review, gives away the secret. Reinhardt, he proclaims, wants the public to share in his work. "We regard the public in the light of a subject that comes to be hypnotized. A hypnotist demands that the subject



SUBSTITUTING SUGGESTION FOR SCENERY

With the skill of the experienced psychologist, Reinhardt produces the most marvelous results, theoretically speaking, in "Sumurun," the pantomime lifted out of the "Arabian Nights," with an art so rare that words are rendered superfluous and scenery an intrusion.



WHAT GORDON GRAIG DREAMS REINHARDT ACCOMPLISHES

Professor Reinhardt's production of "The Miracle" in London is pronounced an event of revolutionary importance in the art of the theater. The story of "The Miracle" is another, more worldly, version of the theme of Maeterlinck's "Sister Beatrice."

yield with a free will to the influence that the hypnotist exerts." "And," asked the interviewer, "is Professor Reinhardt a hypnotist?" "That is the idea," Professor Ordynski, apt pupil of the master, replied. "His scheme is to appeal to the imagination of the audience so strongly, if possible, that they will forget that they are in a playhouse and imagine that they are spectators of real life."

Professor Münsterberg as a student of hypnotism would be interested in Mr. John Palmer's account of his experience in witnessing "The Miracle." That production of the play, Mr. Palmer declares in the London Saturday Review, is perhaps the most important theatrical event in the last twelve months. Reinhardt, we are told, was given a vast and hideous building, containing a central arena, bordered on all sides with tiers of seats rising to the roof. He had to present a continuous

pageant in many scenes, each scene different in atmosphere and intention.

"He loses no time, but brings you immediately into the cathedral. The walls are about you; the light is cunningly subdued, so that you may be aware of vast spaces and columns of stone reaching dimly away. When the performance begins, with the beating of a great bell, the light is so distributed that if your eyes wander from the central group they fall naturally on the stained-glass windows, through which light is streaming from outside. Reinhardt holds you absorbed in a spectacle taking place in the actual building in which you sit, but imaginatively you see the whole thing as a spectator from outside, Then the moment arrives when the cathedral walls which, by merely leaning back in your seat, you can actually touch with your hands, must be forgotten. There is a moment of darkness; the great cathedral door glides open; a small but 'practicable' hillside rumbles in through the opening; and, when the light returns, the walls of the cathedral have vanished."

Reinhardt's skill appears in "Sumurun" no less clearly than in "The Miracle." could hardly," writes the New York correspondent of the Boston Transcript in his description of the first American performance of this grewsome pantomime, "recall that you were in a theater. It was more the golden palaces and white bazars of Bagdad into which you had stolen for a moment. walls about you were those of the Casino; but those of the Casino Arabesque, fretted and bent into Eastern arches, glittering in the dusk of the place with the fire of yellow sunset. It was strange to look up at the golden balconies hung from the golden walls; but it was stranger still to see within them the white shirt fronts of elegance."

"Then in an instant it was the Orient again, For down a flowery path above the heads of the audience, his feet bathed in a blue light and his turbaned head thrown back, paced a youth. As on a pilgrimage, he drifted slowly onward till he had crossed the theater and stood before the curtain. There he made obeisance and sat him down and began his tale. 'I am come,' and he dreamed the words as much as spoke them, 'I am come, I, Nur-al-Din, a stranger from a great and wonderful land which is unknown to And then he told of his love for Sumurun, the beautiful wife of the Old Sheik, and how she had come to his bazar one day. It was a sad tale, hinting at sadder things, but in it there was all the rosy beauty of the girl he had loved. Then the beautiful young man arose and clapped his hands, and the curtain ascended and the East moved past."

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# Literature and Art

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arose ended there passed away the other day in Baltimore, the city where Poe breathed his last, one of America's greatest critics. The name of Percival Pollard, not un-

known to the readers of CURRENT LITERATURE and familiar to the critics of London and Berlin, wakes no echo in the heart of the average American. For Pollard was a pioneer and, as his friend Henry L. Mencken remarked, paid the penalty of all pioneers. He himself was obscured in the principles of his fight. Pollard was one of the handful of authentic critics whose interpretations of literature are truly inspired. With the exception of James Huneker, he was probably the only American critic who sympathetically revealed to us the spirit of modern Europe. His artistic affiliations, like Huneker's, were predominantly European; but, unlike Huneker, he championed the modern spirit not only in foreign writers but in his own countrymen as well. He was especially the champion of a certain group of poets on the Pacific slope. Of Ambrose Bierce he wrote with lyric raptures. If Ambrose Bierce is, as he has been called, a writer with a vast "underground reputation," the same may be said of Pollard the critic. His fame was distinctly subterranean, but it extended over two continents.

As a novelist Pollard was less successful, and his attempts as a playwright, William Marion Reedy admits, were frank failures. It has been said of Pollard that he was a brilliant boy who never grew up. His mind stopped growing at twenty. He was scintilant, but lacked depth. This impeachment is not unfounded as far as his creative work is concerned, but his critical appreciations show both wit and depth. "Their Day in Court" was a volume of big sweeping criticism; "Masks and Minstrels of Modern Germany," a delightful interpretation of the unconventionalities of modern German letters; his last book,\* published on the day of his funeral, is

a brilliant work, shot through with epigrammatic fires.

Mr. Pollard was born of English-German parentage in a province of the Kaiser's dominion. For many years he conducted the department of book criticism of Town Topics. There was, as Reedy remarks, none better in this country. "Mr. Pollard." the oracle of St. Louis goes on to say, "was a cultured man. More than that, he was an honest man and an honest critic. He had but one standardthe best. He would not truckle to successful authors or publishers. He had lived in all parts of the United States, and was more enamored of our people than of our institutions. This made him a rather salty satirist at times." Willard Huntington Wright speaks with even greater enthusiasm. Pollard's book, "Their Day in Court," he declares in the Los Angeles Times, is America's most tonic contribution to the criticism of art and letters. His honesty of opinion, Mr. Wright goes on to say, has made him known wherever there has been interest in the advancement of American criticism. "He wielded, at times, a brutal pen; but it was always in defence of the highest and best standards. His audacity was only equaled by his sincerity."

"Pollard has done much—probably more than any other critic—toward eliminating effeminacy from American literature. He was of the younger generation of critics, and his fight was against the academic, the pedagogic. At the time of Pollard's advent, honest, capable criticism in America was practically unknown; and his determination, coupled with his virility and his power of expression, made him immediately felt.

"Pollard was one of the original editors of The Criterion, a magazine devoted to literature, drama, music and art. It was a sort of young man's review—the first one of its kind ever issued in America. Associated with him at that time were Vance Thompson, Bliss Carman, Charles Henry Meltzer, Walter Blackburn Harte, Charles F. Nirdlinger and James Metcalfe. The paper was editorially in charge of an Americanized Frenchman—Henri Dumay—and he ran it on a basis probably different from that of any

<sup>\*</sup>VAGABOND DAYS. By Percival Pollard. The Neale Publishing Company.



A BOY WHO NEVER GREW UP

To the end, and to his hurt as well as to his advantage, Percival Pollard remained youthful. He was young in his eagerness to blaze the literary trail; he was equally young in the temperamental sensitiveness which made him so difficult to work with.

other American journal—namely, of letting each contributor write exactly what he chose."

Pollard, Mr. Wright continues, was one of the prime movers in the Criterion Independent Theater, an enterprize which unfortunately failed. "Beyond what notoriety might indirectly accrue to the periodical instigating it," Pollard explains in "Their Day in Court," "this effort to divorce our drama from the box office had no other objects save artistic ones. Yet, had you heard the hullabaloo raised by the conservatives, by all the various partners in the league between managers, critics and newspapers to inflict an entirely commercial drama on the community, you would have thought we were nothing less than secondstory men. Even in our small circle there may have been black or dingy sheep; but, in the main, we were all simply fighting for art and truth as we saw them.

Pollard was a modern of moderns. His readers, as the New York Globe points out in a review of "Vagabond Days," would have read Synge before the Irish players came to New York, and would have heard of Rein-

hardt before the advent of "Sumurun." "In his chapter on Berlin, indeed, in this present book, he pays his compliments to Berlin culture and to Professor Reinhardt, his compliments to the astuteness of Reinhardt, perhaps, more than to his superior artistic intelligence."

"He talks of not only Stuck but of Gustav Klimt and von Habermann. He has a chapter on illustrations and posters. He says an American who wanted to provide some genuinely artistic decorations for his house could not do better than to attend the annual spring auction sales in Munich of these posters and illustrations, in which the Munich artists excel. Mr. Pollard coins an aphorism: 'In nothing is good taste so profitable as in art. You must have courage and taste a generation before the world's chorus begins. There is the whole secret.' In other words, the wild young secessionists of to-day are the staid academicians of to-morrow."

Percival Pollard, as the Cleveland Plain Dealer puts the case, is one who can see Europe without going into raptures on the one hand or sinking into cynicism on the other. He is the author who can see Florence and nose out the fakers of that old town while he worships the saints therein; who can jump to Munich and appreciate the modern artists as well as the representatives of the student crowd-and laugh at both; who can discuss the costumes of the ladies who parade on the Bois de Boulogne and the ideals of Franz Stuck-and still grin and still criticize. "In other words," the writer concludes, "Percival Pollard was the greatest American critic of recent years-and he died a few months ago." And here American comments end. We find few reviews of his books. Staid and pedantic publications have no word to say for Percival Pollard, living or dead. For sympathetic valuations of his work we must turn to English "Percival Pollard," said Vanity Fair of "Their Day in Court," "has written a book about books which is as fascinating as a novel; which carries the imprint of a big personality." "In Mr. Percival Pollard's volume," said the London Academy, "we have quite the most remarkable and honestly intentioned book that has come out of America for many a day."

Among Pollard's other works may be mentioned "Cape of Storms," "The Kiss That Killed" and "The Imitator," three novels; his "Recollections of Oscar Wilde"; and his plays, "The Ambitious Mrs. Alcott" and "Nocturno," the latter written in collaboration with Leo Dietrichstein.

#### DICKENS' VITAL HOLD ON THE IMAGINATION



OETS and publicists, college professors and clergymen, novelists and dramatists, have all been uniting to honor the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens. Their well-

rounded periods have won the applause, not only of the critical élite, but of millions of In America, especially, enthusiasm has been shown far transcending that which greets most literary anniversaries. On February 6 a banquet was held at Delmonico's at which Seth Low presided and Agnes Repplier, William Bayard Hale, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Charles Rann Kennedy and F. Hopkinson Smith spoke. The following evening a public demonstration took place in Carnegie Hall, with Hamilton Wright Mabie as chairman and President Finley, Elgin R. L. Gould, Augustus Thomas and Edith Wynne Matthison as speakers. Mr. Mabie called attention at this meeting to the fact that a committee has been organized in America to raise money to help Dickens' five impoverished granddaugh-Joseph H. Choate and Clarence H. Mackay have acted as, respectively, honorary chairman and treasurer of the committee. There are branches of the Dickens Fellowship in many American cities, and a paper, The Dickensian, is issued. What is said to be the only Dickens statue in the world stands in Philadelphia. During the past winter the novelist's son, the late Alfred Tennyson Dickens, has lectured here; and the late H. Snowden Ward, of the parent body of the Fellowship, has gone up and down the country urging the establishment of a permanent memorial to the novelist in the form of a charitable endowment. Dickens' hold on the American imagination is, it is clear, as warm and as vital now as in the past.

Two of the most memorable tributes paid in connection with the centenary have come from poets. William Watson crossed the Atlantic to read at the Carnegie Hall meeting the "Lines" in which he celebrates Dickens as a warrior who fought not to separate humanity, but "to make it one in mind and heart." Here is the latter (and far the better) half of his poem:

LINES ON THE DICKENS ANNIVERSARY

So there, where from the forts and battle-gear, And all the proud sea babbles Nelson's name, Into the world this later hero came, He, too, a man that knew all moods but fear,

He, too, a fighter. Yet not his the strife
That leaves dark scars on the fair face of life.
He did not fight to rend the world apart;
He fought to make it one in mind and heart;
Building a broad and noble bridge to span
The icy chasm that sunders man from man.
Wherever Wrong had fixed its bastions deep,
There did his fierce yet gay assault surprise
Some fortress girt with lucre or with lies,
There his light battery stormed some ponderous
keep;

There charged he up the steep;
A Knight on whom no palsying torpor fell,
Keen to the last to break a lance with Hell.
And still undimmed his conquering weapons
shine;

On his bright sword no spot of rust appears; And still, across the years His soul goes forth to battle, and in the face Of whatsoe'er is false, or cruel, or base, He hurls his gage, and leaps among the spears, Being armed with pity and love, and scorn divine, Immortal laughter and immortal tears.

Edwin Markham's poem, read on the previous evening at Delmonico's, is an exceptionally happy panegyric of Dickens the democrat. We reproduce it in full:

#### THE WORLD THAT DICKENS MADE.

When I saw those Venetian palaces, I thought that to leave one's hand upon the time, lastingly upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people—a touch that nothing could obliterate—this would be to lift one's self above the dust of all the Doges in their graves.—CHARLES DICKENS.

They came, a thronging and beloved band, Charles Dickens, when you raised your wizard hand—

A thousand and a half a thousand more,
They came to wander on this earthly shore—
Your folk called into Time from No-Man's
Land—

Beings not high and lordly and far away,
But fashioned of the stuff of every day—
A whimsey, motley race
Mixed of all the noble and the base—
Of seraph and of satyr, like the souls
That walk our world to their unreckoned goals.

You called them into life, a hurrying crowd; Some came with nature's knack Of joy, tasting of life with pleasant smack— Some with their own wild sinning bent and bowed,

Each with his own hell loaded on his back, And some came bending under the world's wrong, Till men your holy anger had made strong Rose up to smite for God the fatted greed That grows and gorges on a brother's need.

And some came young and innocent to move Unharmed among the dark and vile, to prove

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How valiant and invulnerable is truth— How silver-armored in immortal youth. Gently you lit as with the light of day The unpublished virtues of the common way— Showed how the old humanities endure Down in the hard-pressed coverts of the poor.

You were the friend of the rejected ones. The witness for the humble, for the sons Of misery forgotten in their tears
And trampled by the hoof-beats of the years.
You raised for human rights a world-heard cry That still is sounding on from sky to sky.
Yet not with sword you came
To batter down the walls of sham and shame;
But with a wind of laughter warm and strong,
You hurled away the props of ancient wrong.

Your mimic world sweeps by upon its way, A pageant on a lighted stage rehearsed, A curious host now grieving and now gay—Each in his little whirl of dust immersed—Each caught into his ring of circumstance—Some moved by law, others by whimsey chance. Tragic, heroic, wise, grotesque, absurd, They came and vanished at your sovereign word; All foolish and fantastical as we Appear perhaps to angels as they see Our crooked gait and gesture and grimace, As we plunge on into the heated race, Forgetting stars for pebbles of no worth—Forgetting, too, our high immortal birth.

Wizard, you sent from your creative hand Strange shapes to walk and peer in life's old land—

Shapes kin to those we jostle in the street, Shapes friendly as the forms we daily greet; And of that host to which your word gave breath Many there are that never shall taste death. They live and move among us as a part Of all that share the memories of the heart. And something of their sorrow and their mirth Will stay to cheer and chasten the old earth, As long as there are any mortal tears In men, or any laughter down the years.

And so Shakespeare looks back and smiles to see Pickwick and Falstaff in one roistering glee, Immortal now, beyond Time's hurt or harm, Going down the world together, arm in arm; Where Little Nell and sweet Miranda go, Straying green fields with April flowers ablow; Where Mistress quickly by the evening lamp Sits nodding and babbling on with Sairey Gamp; Where dwarfed Dan Quilp and squatted Caliban—Warped effigies of man—Wrestle in wolfish hug, Snarling and grinning in a savage tug.

And so, Charles Dickens, whatsoe'er betide, You have the master's smile; be satisfied. Fare gladly on, content where'er you are Doing your happy work in any star: Shakespeare looks back and thinks the look worth while:

Be satisfied, for you have won his smile!

Among the multitude of prose tributes evoked by the Dickens centenary on both sides of the Atlantic, one has awakened some surprise and indignation because it ends on a note of marked belittlement. "I have a very considerable admiration for the caustic verve of Dickens," says Arnold Bennett in a letter to the Centenary Committee in New York, "and I think that there is more exactitude and less caricature in his work than many people suppose. At the same time, in my personal opinion, his novels are so unequal in craftsmanship, artistically so unscrupulous; so facile in their sentiment and so lacking in the sense of form and sense of duty and in knowledge of the world as a whole, and so often prejudiced by ignorance, that I cannot esteem him as a first-class creative artist. If he is first class, what term is left for such far greater men as Turgenev, Fielding, Balzac and Hardy?" To this, Mr. Henry Holt, the veteran publisher, has made rejoinder:

"I don't know where to look for better power, better displayed, than in the first chapter of 'Great Expectations.' If that is not a master-

piece I don't know what is.

"I emphatically disagree with Mr. Bennett's last statement, however, for I don't know where any one of these authors mentioned by IMr. Bennett has touched the opening chapter cf 'Great Expectations.' It is worth putting beside the storm scene in 'Lear' and the knocking at the gate in 'Macbeth.'"

Miss Agnes Repplier has only pity for the "supercilious younger generation who have no idea what they are losing by not reading Dickens." "I would rejoice," she says, "to agree with Andrew Lang, who declared that he was almost reconciled to education when he realized that every English-speaking child who learns his letters makes one more reader of Dickens; but it is most disconcerting to find the rising generation too busy with Bernard Shaw and Mr. Wells to know 'Bleak House' and 'David Copperfield.'"

Prof. Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University, in a leading article in the Sunday Times (New York), expresses his conviction that Dickens lives and will live chiefly because of his "unfathomable sympathy." It may be true that, as Brooks Adams pointed out years ago, Dickens incarnated beyond any

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Photograph, Underwood & Underwood, N. Y. RARE PORTRAITS OF CHARLES DICKENS

Reading from left to right and starting with the top row, the pictures are reproduced: (1) From a drawing by "Phiz" (H. K. Browne), 1836; (2) From a miniature by Margaret Gillies, 1844; (3) From a drawing by Count D'Orsay, 1841; (4) From a painting by Maclise, 1838; (5) From a painting by Samuel Lawrence, 1857; (6) From a painting by Frith, 1856; (7) From a painting by Ary Scheffer, 1855; (8) From a painting by C. R. Leslie, 1845, showing Dickens as an actor in "Captain Bobadil"; (9) From a drawing by Baugniet, 1858.



BILL STKES One of a large number of new illustrations made by Harry Furniss for the centenary edition of Charles Dickens's works.



SERGEANT BUZFUZ

Harry Furniss's picture of the driving, chaffing bar orator who proves that Mr. Pickwick's note about "chops and tomato sauce" is a declaration of love, and that his reminder "not to forget the warming-pan" is only a flimsy cover to express the ardor of his affections.

other writer in the English language the ideals of the most important class of his epoch—the tradesman class. But this in itself could not explain his fame. There is in his work, Professor Wendell tells us, "a certainty of appeal, transcending limitation both historic and personal, for which there is no more definite name than genius." The argument proceeds:

"Genius, in the more solemn sense of the word, to be sure, the most ardent admirer of Dickens could hardly maintain him to possess. He never so mastered human nature, throughout its manifold earthly aspects, as to teach you unawares eternal truth concerning the final values of life. Genius of this order, however, has rarely occurred through the whole range of literature. In English literature the only undisputed exponent of it is Shakespeare.

"Genius in its lesser form is a matter not so much of philosophic imagination as of human



SILAS WEGG

The ballad-monger of "Our Mutual Friend," who keeps a fruit stall near Cavendish Square, and "is so wooden a man that he seems to have taken his wooden leg naturally."

sympathy. The difference is like the difference between a cosmic system and the argument of a brilliant and sincere advocate. Genius in this more limited, and so, perhaps, more human, sense of the term Dickens possessed beyond any other English writer of the great reign of Queen Victoria."

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"What do I think of Dickens?" asks Jeannette L. Gilder in the second contribution to the *Times* symposium. "I can answer that question best by the one word—Everything. I think everything of Dickens. Dickens, Thackeray and Balzac are my favorite novelists, and I cannot say which I like the best." Miss Gilder continues:

"There is absolutely no question of the permanence of Dickens' fame, and his lasting literary importance. Dickens is for all time. His books will last forever, will always be read and loved. The reason for this lies in the univer-



FAGIN

A haunting representation of the cruel old Jew who, in "Oliver Twist," employs boys to pick pockets and pilfer adroitly.



SARAH GAMP
Through the eyes of Harry Furniss, we see the monthly nurse who dotes on strong tea and stimulants, and who carries a gouty umbrella.



"JOEY B."

Major Joe Bagstock, the apoplectic retired military officer of "Dombey and Son," is here depicted in a jaunty mood. His native servant hovers in the background.

sality of his characters. His types are not types of merely one time. They belong to to-day as much as to the day when he wrote of them. There may be a fad or two in Dicken's novels, but for the most part they are not fads, but belong to all time, and appeal to a steady audience.

"Of course, Dickens wrote several of his books with the definite object of bringing about some social reform. 'Bleak House,' for instance, was an attack on the methods of the Court of Chancery. 'Nicholas Nickleby' showed the evil of a certain terrible type of school. These books had a special work to do, and did it. Yet the attacks that Dickens made on certain evils have their potency to-day. A school that resembles in any way Dotheboys Hall is spoken of in Dickens' terms, and its likeness to the school of Nicholas Nickleby is pointed out. Even in this way Dickens' work is lasting."

David Belasco characterizes Dickens as "the great stage manager of English literature," and praises him for a quality in his writing that has often been severely criticized-its exaggeration. "I find," says Mr. Belasco, "unending delight just in observing, marveling at and admiring the unfailing skill with which he manages his 'high lights.'

"His characters are exaggerated; many of them are really caricatures, when we come to examine them. Yet with these 'high lights,' these caricatures, these exaggerated characters, he gives an effect of absolute reality, of absolute humanity. Dickens knows, as it seems to me

no one else who writes the English language knows, how to manage his effects so as to produce through unreality the effect of the greatest realism, to bring about naturalness by the use of exaggeration."

The New York Times, speaking editorially, sums up Dickens as "a man of positive genius, who exerted an influence which is still potent, probably still more strongly exerted than that of any other writer of prose fiction, in any language, in the nineteenth century." The Times prints a charming prose poem from the pen of Edmond Rostand, which places Dickens "between Andersen and Tolstoy" and con-

"Pickwick is surrounded by all sorts of reaching sprites. In his phantasies he seems a Falstaff aureoled with tenderness, like a plumpudding with flame still more blue; and, in the warm intimacy of tiny rooms, where, thanks to him, the egotistical tea-kettle sings like a poet, he makes the wind, bearing its message of tragic misery blow outside strong doors.

"He [Dickens] makes us love even the farmer's dog.

"He has broken out a path of pity through the snow.

"He is not merely a Santa Claus, for he has in his bag what is better than playthings-most beautiful stories, many dreams, and all goodness.

"But when he enters bearing the green tree of his labor lighted with all those fragile lives which he lightens, he is a great Santa Claus. So we must crown him with grateful song."



WHERE DAVID COPPERFIELD LIVED

David Copperfield (who, in this connection, may be identified with Charles Dickens himself) is described as settling himself in Buckingham Street, Adelphi, in a suite of rooms including "a little half-blind entry where you could see hardly anything, a little stone blind pantry where you could see nothing at all, a sitting-room and a bed-room."

## MICHAEL MONAHAN: THE SURVIVOR OF A DISAPPEARING ART



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you bedI IS difficult to see literature nowadays, on account of the books," writes Charlotte Perkins Gilman in her magazine, The Forerunner; "furthermore on account of the magazines;

still further, on account of the magazines, and, most of all, because of advertisements. Of no consequence," she continues, "written for hire, written from self-interest, written with a direct clutch at your purse,—how can the weary brain discriminate in all this mass and pick out here and there things written because they must be, because the author is born to write, and will write, whether it pays him or starves him?"

Such a writer as Mrs. Gilman describes is Michael Monahan, whose little one-man magazine, The Papyrus, has become a permanent need with those who still love the art of the essay. "We listen to him," says Richard Le Gallienne, "as simply as we would to 'Elia.'" It is, in fact, a gallant survival, this precious Papyrus, from the chap-book period of The Lark and The Lotus, and others of their happy kind-small, bright, significant things, destined to an early death, their protest against the swift commercialization of our literature almost unheeded. But The Papyrus remains, after storm and stress; not only remains but grows. Its cover now bears the publisher's imprint of Mitchell Kennerley; and almost simultaneously there issues from the same progressive firm Monahan's volume of Papyrus essays,\* and a monograph on Heine.†

Literary history, said Heine, is "the great Morgue where everyone seeks his dead, those whom he loves or to whom he is related." And altho we find much that is individual and charming in Michael Monahan's philosophic reflections and poetic sketches, it is after all in that critical search for his literary loves and relations that we find him most interesting. There is, for instance, no more penetrative or sympathetic valuation of the genius of Guy de Maupassant than Mr. Monahan's to be found in our literature. For we must combat, he says, "the ignorant English idea that Maupassant was merely a writer of indecent stories." He admits that the body of

Maupassant's work is marked "by what we are now calling degeneracy"; but he has the courage to affirm that this does not at all impair "its value as a human document, or as a piece of consummate artistry."

"The copy of life which he [Maupassant] has given us is one of unique interest,—terrible, fascinating, yet repellent. No writer moves us to keener curiosity regarding his mental processes or the formative influences which went to the making of his style and talent. For his rare and sinister distinction he paid, as we know, a fearful price—the man sacrificed himself to the artist. This would have appeared to Maupassant a perfectly logical act, involving neither heroism nor madness, since he held to no commandments save those of Art.

"The artistic value of that poignant sacrifice, the literary value of that deeply etched transcript of life, remains and will remain. Tolstoy characterizes Maupassant as the most powerful of modern French writers of fiction. There is, by the way, between these two masters, otherwise so strongly contrasted, no slight kinship in point of artistic methods. Maupassant is perhaps the only Frenchman who could conceivably have written 'Ivan Ilytch,' that most pitiless yet authentic study of disease and death. Perhaps, had Maupassant lived to his full maturity . . . he would have come, like Tolstoy, to see life with a less morbid and troubled vision. He perished to the strains of that 'Kreutzer-Sonata' which the Russian long survived and which it is now difficult to associate with his name."

Most timely is Monahan's defence of Thackeray—"the fiercest beak and talon in our literature since Swift,"—against that "caricature which fools and sentimentalists have been latterly trying to pass off as a true likeness," and equally against those ultra-modern critics who have mistaken the caricature for the man.

The "bad women" of Balzac, whom Monahan considers not only the founder of the modern novel of life and manners but the first writer to treat adequately of women in fiction, furnish the subject for a particularly illuminating essay in these days of theoretical woman worship. The "exquisite iniquity" of Balzac's Rosalie De Watteville in the novel, "Albert Savarus," he finds entirely characteristic of "certain refined types of female wickedness" familiar to us all:

\* ADVENTURES IN LIFE AND LETTERS. By Michael Monahan. Mitchell Kennerley. † Heinrich Heine. By Michael Monahan. Mitchell Kennerley. \* Michael Monahan. Mitchell Kennerley. \* Heinrich Heine. By Michael Monahan. Mitchell Kennerley.



"A BOOKISH BACCHUS"

Michael Monahan has found many worshippers at the shrine of the genius he reveals in The Papyrus and in his latest volume of essays. To Richard Le Gallienne he appeals as the most successful restorer of the ambrosian traditions of literature.

soul of evil hides and lurks, scarcely ever showing itself; with her pale cheek that can dissemble the strongest passion; with her thin-lipped mouth, like a knife-wound, that alone at times betrays the unfathomable cruelty and wickedness of her heart; with her shrunken breasts wherein the warm tides of love and motherhood never rise, as if Nature refused to nourish with poison or to suffer one shoot to spring from an accursed tree!

"She will steal and intercept letters intended for others; she will break the most sacred seals of confidence; she will nestle close to the hearts of her victims the better to strike and betray; she will destroy the happiness of the innocent without a qualm; she will lie, and turn again, and lie, and double-damn and perjure herself over and over, in order to get the evil satisfaction that her perverted nature demands.

"Balzac knew the truth, which a mealymouthed sentimentalism would deny—that there are men and women who personify the very principle of evil and who (as Dickens says somewhere) ought to be killed on sight, for the protection of humanity."

To Dickens, Poe, Henriette Renan, Verlaine, even to the atrocious Benvenuto Cellini,

Michael Monahan turns in the true catholicity of his taste; most frequently, tho, to Charles Lamb ("Saint Charles," as Thackeray called him), but whom Monahan loves "for his late suppers, his too many pipes, his clinging to ale and gin, no less than for the essays and letters"; no less, also, than for his sainthood. Equally he regards the more conventional "saints of literature"-Wordsworth, Emerson, Newman, Arnold; "loving them not a jot less for their virtues than the others for their vices (which were their virtues)." But it is when he comes to Heinrich Heine that he renders the homage due only to the master spirit which informs his writings. Michael Monahan is one of the few Americans who feel in the "German Aristophanes" an influence more vital than Goethe's.

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Heine is commonly known in America as the greatest lyric poet of Germany. That poetry to him was merely a "divine plaything," only those who have lived in the world of his prose can know. Michael Monahan writes:

"In truth, if we had not a line of his verse, his prose, brilliant, various, alive with rare imagery, sparkling with the treasures of the richest fancy ever given to poet, would serve to crown him with bays unfading. True, as he himself said of the gentle Autommarchi, it is a stiletto rather than a style: but what a relief after the divine heaviness of Goethe! He struck fiercely, did our Heinrich, tho often he wounded his own breast; and how deep was his gift of tears! What he said of another is truer still of himself: 'He was the petted darling of the pale . Goddess of Tragedy. Once in a fit of wild tenderness she kissed him as tho she would draw his whole heart through his lips with one long, The heart began to bleed and passionate kiss. suddenly understood all the sorrows of this world, and was filled with infinite sympathy."

Heine, in his famous comparison of Goethe and Schiller, wrote: "Goethe's poems do not beget deeds as do Schiller's. Deeds are the children of the word and Goethe's fair words are childless. That is the curse of all that is the product of art alone." Monahan adds in conclusion:

"Here is a profound truth by virtue of which Heine himself exercizes a more vital influence than the sovereign of German literature. Heine, indeed, more potently represents his time, its aspiration, its revolt against tradition and dogma and all cramping prescription. Hence Matthew Arnold calls him the paladin of the modern spirit. The poet truly describes himself as a son of the Revolution.... 'I have ever placed but slight value on poetic fame,' he says, 'and my future repute troubles me not at all. But if ye will do me honor, lay a sword upon my coffin lid, for I was a brave soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity!'

"Doubtless it required more courage and selfsacrifice to live the life that Heine lived—no matter how often it fell below the mark—than to wear a gold chain and be chancellor at Weimar. It is a great distinction to be a great poet. Add to this the glory of leading and inspiring the onward march of humanity—of suffering also in that supreme cause—and the measure of earthly greatness is filled.

"This crowning honor, I believe, cannot fairly be refused to the memory of Heinrich Heine."

#### RICHARD LE GALLIENNE'S TRIBUTE TO WALTER PATER



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HILE the name of Walter Pater has been familiar to a select circle of readers in this country for more than twenty years, he may be said to have first come into the main current of Ameri-

can intellectual consciousness through the recently published library edition\* of his works. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, who pays an eloquent tribute in The North American Review to the man whom he credits with being the author of "perhaps the most beautiful book written in English," finds a happy augury in the fact that, after two decades of the Literature of Noise, a master of the Literature of Meditation is coming into his own. The acceptance of Walter Pater, he says, is not merely widening all the time but it is more and more becoming an acceptance such as he himself would have most valued, an acceptance in accord with the full significance of his work rather than a one-sided appreciation of some of its "Corinthian" characteristics. He is being read not merely as a prosateur of purple patches, or a sophist of honeyed counsels tragically easy to misapply, but as "an artist of the interpretative imagination of rare insight and magic, a writer of deep humanity as well as esthetic beauty, and the teacher of a way of life at once ennobling and exquisite."

Against charges of libertinism and of base Epicureanism, such as have lately been raised, Mr. Le Gallienne feels that Pater needs no defense in the eyes of those who have read him carefully and understandingly. His books speak for themselves. They involve "something like the austerity of a fastidious Puritanism," and include "a jealous asceticism of the senses," rather than their indulgence. "Slight as was the burden of positive moral obligation with which he had entered Rome," writes Pater of Marius the Epicurean, as on his first evening in Rome the murmur comes to him

of "the lively, reckless call of 'play,' from the sons and daughters of foolishness," "it was to no wasteful and vagrant affections, such as these, that his Epicureanism had committed him." Such warnings against misunderstanding, comments Mr. Le Gallienne, Pater is careful to place at, so to say, all the crossroads in his books, so scrupulously concerned is he lest any reader should take the wrong turning. If in spite of such warnings readers have gone astray, are not they rather than Pater, Mr. Le Gallienne asks, to blame? "If that which was sown a lily comes up a toadstool, there is evidently something wrong with the soil." The argument proceeds:

"If it be true that the application, or rather the misapplication, of Pater's philosophy led Oscar Wilde to Reading Gaol, it is none the less true that another application of it led Marius to something like a Christian martyrdom, and Walter Pater himself along an ever loftier and serener path of spiritual vision. . . .

"To make the most, and to make the best, of Those who misinterpret or misapply Pater life! forgot his constant insistence on the second half of that precept. We are to get 'as many pulsations as possible into the given time,' but we are to be very careful that our use of those pulsations shall be the finest. Whether or not it is 'simply for those moments' sake,' our attempt must be to give 'the highest quality,' remember, to those 'moments as they pass.' And who can fail to remark the fastidious care with which Pater selects various typical interests which he deems most worthy of dignifying the moment? senses are, indeed, of natural right, to have their part; but those interests on which the accent of Pater's pleading most persuasively falls are not so much the strange dyes, strange colors, and curious odors,' but rather 'the face of one's friend,' ending his subtly musical sentence with a characteristic shock of simplicity, almost incongruity-or 'some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement,' or 'any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment.' There is surely a great gulf fixed between this lofty preoccupa-

<sup>\*</sup> The Macmillan Company.

tion with great human emotions and high spiritual and intellectual excitements, and a vulgar gospel of 'eat, drink, for to-morrow we die,' whether or not both counsels start out from a realization of 'the awful brevity' of our mortal day. That realization may prompt certain natures to unbridled sensuality. Doomed to perish as the beasts, they choose, it would seem with no marked reluctance, to live the life of the beast, a life apparently not without its satisfactions. But it is as stupid as it is infamous to pretend that such natures as these find any warrant for their tragic libertinism in Walter Pater."

There has been undue preoccupation with Pater's "message," Mr. Le Gallienne continues. It is time to recall that he was an artist of remarkable power and fascination, a maker of beautiful things which, whatever their philosophical content, have for our spirits the refreshment and edification which all beauty mysteriously brings us, merely because it is beauty. "Marius the Epicurean," for instance, is a great and wonderful book, "not merely on account of its teaching, but because it is simply one of the most beautiful books, perhaps the most beautiful book, written in English." Of the many ways in which it is beautiful, Mr. Le Gallienne goes on to say:

"It is beautiful, first of all, in the uniquely personal quality of its prose, prose which is at once austere and sensuous, simple at once and elaborate, scientifically exact and yet mystically suggestive, cool and hushed as sanctuary marble, sweet-smelling as sanctuary incense; prose that has at once the qualities of painting and of music, rich in firmly visualized pictures, yet moving to subtle, half-submerged rhythms, and expressive with every delicate accent and cadence; prose highly wrought, and yet singularly surprising one at times with, so to say, sudden innocencies, artless and instinctive beneath all its sedulous art. It is no longer necessary, as I hinted above, to fight the battle of this prose. Whether it appeal to one or not, no critic worth attention any longer disparages it as mere ornate and perfumed verbiage, the elaborate mannerism of a writer hiding the poverty of his thought beneath a pretentious raiment of decorated expression. It is understood to be the organic utterance of one with a vision of the world all his own, striving through words, as he best can, to make that vision visible to others as nearly as possible as he himself sees it."

The musical and decorative qualities of Pater's prose are illustrated by Mr. Le Gallienne in a series of haunting quotations. Some of his quietest, simplest phrases have a wonderful power: "the long reign of these quiet Antonines," for example; "the thunder which

had sounded all day among the hills"; "far into the night, when heavy rain-drops had driven the last lingerers home"; "Flavian was no more. The little marble chest with its dust and tears lay cold among the faded flowers." What could be simpler, Mr. Le Gallienne exclaims, than these brief sentences, vet how pecularly suggestive they are; what immediate pictures they make! And this magical simplicity is particularly successful in descriptive passages, notably of natural effects, effects caught with an instinctively selected touch or two, an expressive detail, a gray or colored word. How lightly sketched, and yet how clearly realized in the imagination, is the ancestral country-house of Marius's boyhood. "White Nights," "that exquisite fragment of a once large and sumptuous villa"-"Two centuries of the play of the sea-wind were in the velvet of the mosses which lay along its inaccessible ledges and angles." Take again this picture:

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"The cottagers still lingered at their doors for a few minutes as the shadows grew larger, and went to rest early; tho there was still a glow along the road through the shorn corn-fields, and the birds were still awake about the crumbling gray heights of an old temple."

Those who judge of Pater's writing, adds Mr. Le Gallienne, by a few purple passages such as the famous rhapsody on the "Mona Lisa," conceiving it as always thus heavy with narcotic perfume, know but one side of him, and miss his gift for conveying freshness, his constant happiness in light and air and particularly running water, "green fields—or children's faces." The article concludes:

"Along with all the other constituents of his work, its sacerdotalism, its subtle reverie, its sensuous color and perfume, its marmoreal austerity, its honeyed music, its frequent preoccupation with the haunted recesses of thought, there goes an endearing homeliness and simplicity, a deep human tenderness, a gentle friendliness, a something childlike. He has written of her, 'the presence that rose thus so strangely beside the waters,' to whom all experience had been 'but as the sound of lyres and flutes,' and he has written of 'The Child in the House.' Among all 'the strange dyes, strange colors, and curious odors, and work of the artist's hands,' one never misses 'the face of one's friend'; and, in all its wanderings, the soul never strays far from the white temples of the gods and the sound of running water.

"It is by virtue of this combination of humanity, edification, and esthetic delight that Walter Pater is unique among the great teachers and

artists of our time."

# Recent Poetry



OETS, according to Ethel Puffer Howes, are an alien race, universally distrusted by their fellow-men. The tinge of antagonism against the artist, she thinks, is felt by all in some de-

gree; and has been felt by all since the dawn of time. "It was surely that deeper recoil," she goes on to say in *The Atlantic Monthly*, "which Plato acknowledged when he would have banished the poet—with all honor—from his republic. Who would not shrink from Byron, Poe, De Musset, at his own fireside? Yet not for his excesses; every age is quick to forgive the poet's errors of passion, proof of a common humanity. No—the cold spot of distaste is far within, a secret instinctive sense of some fatal meaning, some conflict with the demands of human nature and of life, in the esthetic gift."

The esthetic attitude, in the same writer's opinion, implies a deliberate severance from active relations with and responsibility to one's fellow-man. "When responsibility sets in, the esthetic moment flies out of the window. For the esthetic attitude toward life implies acceptance and welcome of all things as they are; the moral calls to change." This indictment of the poets is not without truth. Many poets have felt its justice, and much in modern poetry is an attempt to adjust poetry to modern life. Our American poets sing of the life of our cities. Poetry has often been an instrument of political reform. A poem has helped to kindle the revolutionary spirit in China. A poem, "The Song of the Shirt," led to the revision of factory laws in England.

John Hall Wheelock is a young poet who has been trying to turn the hard realities of life into poetry. His first volume, "The Human Fantasy" (Sherman, French & Company), is one that achieves much and promises more. We quote one of the poems:

OLD WOMEN.

By John Hall Wheelock.

Poor old Madge long years has gone
Up and down this very street,
Selling matches to such as buy.
Her heart is weary and her feet.

The young, gay shop-girls laugh at her, Weaving sad words about her name, And whispering behind her back Old scandals of immortal fame.

Her worn old body one time wore Soft garments spun, of intricate art, And was the temple and the shrine Of all the dreams of many a heart,—

Of many first and tender vows, The source of sorrows and unrest; And the wild woe of many a head Has sunk to peace upon her breast.

What tears, what ecstasies has she seen, What inarticulate rapture heard From broken lips, what early love, And many a first and foolish word!

Wild loves, like wasted waves, have broke, Her calm, cold loveliness upon, The whole rage of their radiant strength: Still she remains, but they roll on.

Her fading body, which is the tomb
Of so much longing and regret,
Such fiery joy was wreaked upon—
Old memories haunt and mysteries yet.

Such wistful ardors there have died, Such ecstasies, not wholly mean, A certain holiness it has,— Not utterly base, nor all obscene.

And still within her sordid eyes,
From many a wild, sweet night there clings
Some fire of the old fierce joy,
The memory of extravagant things.

And a stray word or smile will draw,
Perchance, into the withered face
The look that once some lover saw,
A wild regret of the old grace.

Yet oftenest she will not lift
The weary irony of her eyes,—
Much kindness has she seen before,
And she is old and very wise.

She is a part of the cold street
As much as any cobble-stone,
And tho we laugh to see her there,
She would be missed if she were gone.

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uman-Walter s and And so she plies her petty trade,

Deep in her heart she bears such hate,
Selling but matches now, no more,—
This little fire for that great.

For gentlemen that happen by, To light up with along the way, Which, having burnt their beauty out, Even as herself they cast away.

Here is a young poet who finds beauty in the modern city. We quote from The Smart Sct:

#### NEW YORK BY NIGHT.

By FREDERICK EDDY.

It seems a dim nocturnal garden, where
Pale phosphorescent flowers wax and wane;
Each street is like some flower-bordered lane
Of tropic gardens, weirdly, strangely fair.
Like orchids shines the pallid purple glare
Of arc lights, and like crocuses when rain
Stars them with pearls, the yellow gas lamps
stain
The darkness with their color here and there.

Like sick red roses, lights of warning shine,
And like vague, strange, exotic flowers of sin
The green lamps of the precinct palely gleam:
Like ghosts who seek celestial anodyne,
The people pass, the cab lights flit within
Like glowworms through the gardens of a
dream.

Another poet, Charlton Lawrence Edholm, in Everybody's Magazine, sings a song of a city river. If Mr. Eddy's and Mr. Wheelock's muses be literary ladies, Mr. Edholm's is a sort of settlement-worker.

#### THE CHICAGO.

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM.

They have bound me with bridges, With tunnels burrowed under me! Incessant, unresting, All day and all night Traffic roars over me, And my uplook to the blessed sky Is barred with girders, cables, stacks. My banks, with docks close hedged, Inexorably Hem me in. Vacantly, Through smoke and floating smudge, The Sun looks down upon me Like the bleared eye of an old, old man, No outcast of the gutters Slinks by more soiled than I, Polluted within and without!

But on my shackled breast I bear
Corn and iron, lumber and coal.
The little children of India eat of my wheat;
My lumber shelters the stricken of Messina;
Ten million wheels are set a-whirl with my
coal;
The iron that burdens me forms a ready tool,

Fit for the hand of man.

What singer can sing of me one low-keyed song? The Hudson, the Rhine, the Danube, the Nile, All these, all these have their poets, As beautiful women their lovers. Fringed with vineyards and stately gardens, Castles and temples are their jewels, And song is theirs by right!

Sut I?
Soiled am I and brackish
As sweat on the brow of a workman!
But the broad ships that weight my breast
Are like iron medals with these words
wrought:
"For Service."
Therein alone is my glory:
I serve; I serve.

Unusual both in theme and treatment is a poem entitled "The Bull," which takes up almost a page and a half of the Saturday Review (London). The author's art is compelling, but we would read him with more pleasure if he added brevity to his other exceptional endowments. We omit over one-third of the poem. The tragedy of the aged leader who has lost his grip could hardly be driven home more forcibly than in this study from the animal kingdom.

#### THE BULL.

BY RALPH HODGSON.

See an old unhappy bull Sick in soul and body both, Slouching in the undergrowth Of the forest beautiful, Banished from the herd he led, Bulls and cows a thousand head.

Cranes and gaudy parrots go
Up and down the burning sky;
Tree-top cats purr drowsily
In the dim-day green below;
And troops of monkeys, nutting some,
All disputing, go and come;

And things abominable sit Picking offal buck or swine, On the mess and over it Burnished flies and beetles shine, And spiders big as bladders lie Under hemlocks ten foot high: y wheat; essina; with my

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And a dotted serpent curled Round and round and round a tree, Yellowing its greenery, Keeps a watch on all the world,—All the world and this old bull In the forest beautiful.

Bravely by his fall he came: One he led, a bull of blood Newly come to lustihood, Fought and put his prince to shame, Snuffed and pawed the prostrate head Tameless even while it bled.

There they left him, every one, Left him there without a lick, Left him for the birds to pick, Left him there for carrion, Vilely from their bosom cast Wisdom, worth and love at last.

See him standing dewlap-deep In the rushes at the lake, Surly, stupid, half asleep, Waiting for his heart to break And the birds to join the flies Feasting at his bloodshot eyes,—

Standing with his head hung down In a stupor, dreaming things: Green savannas, jungles brown, Battlefields and bellowings, Bulls undone and lions dead And vultures flapping overhead.

Dreaming things: of days he spent With his mother gaunt and lean In the valley warm and green, Full of baby wonderment, Blinking out of silly eyes At a hundred mysteries;

Dreaming over once again
How he wandered with a throng
Of bulls and cows a thousand strong,
Wandered on from plain to plain,
Up the hill and down the dale,
Always at his mother's tail;

How he lagged behind the herd, Lagged and tottered, weak of limb, And she turned and ran to him Blaring at the loathly bird Stationed always in the skies, Waiting for the flesh that dies.

Dreaming maybe of a day
When her drained and drying paps
Turned him to the sweets and saps,
Richer fountains, by the way,
And she left the bull she bore
And he looked to her no more;

And his little frame grew stout, And his little legs grew strong, And the way was not so long; And his little horns came out, And he played at butting trees And boulder-stones and tortoises;

Dreaming, this old bull forlorn, Surely dreaming of the hour When he came to sultan power, And they owned him master-horn, Chiefest bull of all among Bulls and cows a thousand strong,

And in all the tramping herd Not a bull that barred his way, Not a cow that said him nay, Not a bull or cow that erred In the furnace of his look Dared a second, worse rebuke.

Not in all the forest wide, Jungle, thicket, pasture, fen, Not a fighter dared him then, Dared him and again defied; Not a sovereign buck or boar Came a second time for more.

Not a serpent that survived Once the terrors of his hoof Risked a second time reproof, Came a second time and lived, Not a serpent in its skin Came again for discipline.

Pity him that he must wake; Even now the swarm of flies Blackening his bloodshot eyes Bursts and blusters round the lake, Scattered from their feast, half-fed, By great shadows overhead.

And the dreamer turns away
From his visionary herds
And his splendid yesterday,
Turns to meet the loathly birds
Flocking round him from the skies,
Waiting for the flesh that dies.

The albatross and the stormy petrel readily appeal to the imagination of the poets. Here is a new poem in Munsey's:

## STORMY PETRELS.

By CLINTON SCOLLARD.

When down the gray Atlantic drives the flaw, And the mad winds alternate shout and wail, When angry billows move the soul to awe, These birds outride the gale.

One with the wave, one with the lash of rain, One with the wildest gust that flings the foam, These winged wanderers of the outer main Make the great deep their home.

For us the love of earth, the sunshine bright, Voices of friends about the ingle warm; For them the unfathomable gulfs of night, The clarion lips of storm!

There is something very human in the following interpretation of the psychology of the Bethlehem Innkeeper as seen by Amos R. Wells, writing in the Sunday-School Times.

### THE BETHLEHEM INNKEEPER.

#### By Amos R. Wells.

What could be done? The inn was full of folk: His honor, Marcus Lucius, and his scribes Who made the census; honorable men From farthest Galilee, come hitherward To be enrolled; high ladies and their lords; The rich, the rabbis, such a noble throng As Bethlehem had never seen before, And may not see again. And there they were, Close herded with their servants, till the inn Was like a hive at swarming-time, and I Was fairly crazed among them.

Could I know
That They were so important? Just the two.
No servants, just a workman sort of man,
Leading a donkey, and his wife thereon
Drooping and pale,—I saw them not myself,
My servants must have driven them away;
But had I seen them, how was I to know?
Were inns to welcome stragglers, up and down
In all our towns from Beersheba to Dan,
Till He should come? And how were men to
know?

There was a sign, they say, a heavenly light Resplendent; but I had no time for stars, And there were songs of angels in the air Out on the hills; but how was I to hear Amid the thousand clamors of an inn?

Of course, if I had known them, who they were And who was He that should be born that night,—

For now I learn that they will make him king, A second David, who will ransom us From these Philistine Romans,—who but He That feeds an army with a loaf of bread, And if the soldier falls, he touches him And up he leaps, uninjured?—had I known, I would have turned the whole inn upside down, His Honor, Marcus Lucius, and the rest, And sent them all to stables, had I known.

So you have seen him, stranger, and perhaps Again will see him. Prithee say for me I did not know; and if he comes again, As he will surely come, with retinue, And banners, and an army, tell my lord
That all my inn is his to make amends.
Alas, alas! to miss a chance like that!
This inn that might be chief among them all,
The birthplace of Messiah,—had I known!

There are, declares Andrew Lang, in the introduction to his "Ballades and Rhymes," many immortal sonnets; but no man since François Villon has been immortalized by a single ballade. Mr. Lang's little book, published by Longmans, Green and Company, contains a number of delightful ballades, but none of them will make him immortal. There are, however, haunting cadences in this "Ballade of Dead Cities."

### BALLADE OF DEAD CITIES.

### BY ANDREW LANG.

The dust of Carthage and the dust Of Babel on the desert wold,
The loves of Corinth, and the lust,
Orchomenos increased with gold;
The town of Jason, over-bold,
And Cherson, smitten in her prime—
What are they but a dream half-told?
Where are the cities of old time?

In towns that were a kingdom's trust, In dim Atlantic forests' fold, The marble wasteth to a crust, The granite crumbles into mould; O'er these—left nameless from of old—As over Shinar's brick and slime, One vast forgetfulness is roll'd—Where are the cities of old time?

The lapse of ages, and the rust,
The fire, the frost, the waters cold,
Efface the evil and the just;
From Thebes, that Eriphyle sold,
To drown'd Caer-Is, whose sweet bells toll'd
Beneath the wave a dreamy chime
That echo'd from the mountain-hold,—
"Where are the cities of old time?"

### ENVOY.

Prince, all thy towns and cities must Decay as these, till all their crime, And mirth, and wealth, and toil are thrust Where are the cities of old time.

Delicate and subtle is, the work of Zoë Akins, a young St. Louis girl, whose "Interpretations: a Book of First Verse," have just been published by Grant Richards in England. William Marion Reedy finds in her poems that blend of passion and wail which distinguished the fragments of Sappho. The

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strongest things in the book, "The Sisterhood" and "Mary Magdalen," are too long for quotation. We confine ourselves to one of the briefer and most felicitous lyrics.

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## "THIS IS MY HOUR."

By ZOE AKINS.

I.

The ferries ply like shuttles in a loom,
And many barques come in across the bay
To lights and bells that signal through the gloom
Of twilight grey;

And like the blown soft flutter of the snow The wide-winged sea-birds droop from closing skies,

And hover near the water, circling low, As the day dies.

The city like a shadowed castle stands,
Its turrets indistinctly touching night;
Like earth-born stars far fetched from faerie
lands,
Its lamps are bright.

This is my hour,—when wonder springs anew
To see the towers ascending, pale and high,
And the long seaward distances of blue,
And the dim sky.

II.

This is my hour, between the day and night; The sun has set and all the world is still, The afterglow upon the distant hill Is as a holy light.

This is my hour, between the sun and moon;
The little stars are gathering in the sky,
There is no sound but one bird's startled cry.—
One note that ceases soon.

The gardens and, far off, the meadow-land, Are like the fading depths beneath a sea, While over waves of misty shadows we Drift onward, hand in hand.

This is my hour, that you have called your own; Its hushed beauty silently we share,— Touched by the wistful wonder in the air That leaves us so alone.

III.

In rain and twilight mist the city street,

Hushed and half-hidden, might this instant be
A dark canal beneath our balcony,
Like one in Venice, Sweet.

The street-lights blossom, star-wise, one by one; A lofty tower the shadows have not hid Stands out—part column and part pyramid— Holy to look upon.

The dusk grows deeper, and on silver wings
The twlight flutters like a weary gull
Toward some sea-island, lost and beautful,
Where a sea-syren sings.

"This is my hour," you breathe with quiet lips;
And filled with beauty, dreaming and devout,
We sit in silence, while our thoughts go out—
Like treasure-seeking ships.

The poets have often been accused of being in league with black magic. Edith Thomas, however, sings strangely and beautifully (in *Harper's*) of the white magic of Truth.

### THE WHITE MAGICIAN.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

They put a price upon my head,
They set their hounds upon my track;
From land to land my blood was shed,
I died the death—yet I came back.

Me in my grave on high they spurned— Upon a gibbet-hill how drear! Or else my bruisèd flesh they burned And flung the ash-motes far and near.

In flowers that crowded the gibbet-hill, In plains green-fostered from my dust, I troubled them with Beauty till I rose again—as rise I must.

I rose again, the Truth to show—
To set them free, both them and theirs. . . . .
Not yet! they would not have it so.
My death for me new birth prepares.

They hunt me still from life to life. But, underborne, and in my grave, Around the world wakes lofty strife, And winds and tides about me rave!

"Who killed our White Magician—who?"
One cries to other, shunning blame.
"He came to sift us through and through,
To try our gold by crucial flame!"

I hear them. (In my grave I hear, Or blown in ash-motes far and wide.) They know me not, when I appear— They only know when I have died!

When me, as Truth, they think to kill, I wait for them—I will not fail; I trouble them with Beauty still . . . For my White Magic must prevail.

# Recent Fiction and the Critics



OVELS of religious revolt come to us thick and fast from England this season, and one of the cleverest and most vigorous of them is the story of reaction against the Victorian rigid

standard of conduct as told by Lucas Malet.\* This book is characterized by The Nation

(London) as a case of "inverted Puritanism" and as "a grim picture SAVAGE of distorted ideals." It is a tale of the revolt of human nature against

a joyless and arid Protestantism. From another standpoint, as *The Bookman* (London) remarks, the book manages to contrast two great civilizations. Joanna Smyrthwaite, the English woman, typifies all the savagery of English life, its ugliness, its despotism; while in the soul of *la belle Gabrielle* lies all the Latin gift for living gracefully.

"In these two women live two races. Yet both women, the one stifled, the other idolized, are hungry, the Englishwoman for love, the Frenchwoman for power and freedom. Admittedly one of the most difficult tasks in painting is to paint the wind; it is the wind of modernity that 'Adrian Savage' paints, the wind of that spirit of the age whose most striking aspect is Feminism."

To Mrs. Harrison, the daughter of Charles Kingsley, who writes under the name of "Lucas Malet." character is always the main consideration, and such things as plot, incident and situation are of value only as they help us to understand motive and temperament. Hence one must agree with William Morton Payne in his remark in The Dial that the mere story of "Adrian Savage" is a rather thin affair. Adrian is an Englishman turned French, a graceful figure in Parisian intellectual society, and the editor of a review. He loves an elusive French lady in a most decorous and exemplary manner. His only annoyance is her sympathetic interest in a decadent painter, but this ceases to cloud his

hopes when the painter becomes insane. Adrian has also English connections and is called across the Channel by a death which makes him trustee of the estate of the Misses Smyrthwaite, his cousins. One of the sisters is good-looking and stolid; the other is distressingly plain, but endowed with the intensity of a nature that insures her unhappiness. The tragedy of it all is that Joanna, the younger, mistaking her cousin's pleasant manner for signs of deep personal interest, persuades herself that she has become the object of his affections. When, after confidently revealing to him her fatuous self-delusion, she learns how utterly without foundation are all her hopes, there is nothing left for her but suicide. Adrian returns to France just before the final catastrophe, to rejoin the beautiful and tender Madam Legere, who looks like Mona Lisa.

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The situation, Mr. Payne remarks, is not agreeable to read about, "but the power of its portrayal is insistent and as a study in morbid introspection the character of Joanna must be recognized as a masterpiece."

"There is endless psychologizing in the book; the people concerned all analyze themselves and each other, and the writer analyzes them again on her own account. This process makes them all surprizingly real, and there is much vivid incident to heighten the effect."

The novel is a record of a warped and distorted human soul. "It is a soul stripped bare," The Outlook (London) tells us, and "it is from Joanna's 'locked' diary that we gain our knowledge. We have throughout the feeling that it is a peephole through which we have no right to pry. But without it we should have learnt less about women. Never before can we remember quite such an intimate revelation. There is, all the same, a tinge of shuddersome repulsiveness about the business. It is all at fever heat." Altho highly praised in England, the work has met with a cold reception by the American press.

<sup>\*</sup> ADRIAN SAVAGE. By Lucas Malet. Harper & Brothers.



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"Peter Pan" we realized how deeply she was indebted to Barrie. Now that Barrie has put "Peter Pan" into a book,\* we realize how much he owed

to Maude Adams. "Peter and Wendy" leaves us with a sense of disappointment, in spite of its undeniable charm. What a

PETER AND pity Mr. Barrie could not imprison the spirit of Maude Adams in his little tale! That is per-

haps the reason why the New York Sun reads the book with delight not unalloyed with regret. The Louisville Evening Post ruefully remembers Barrie's first accounts of Peter Pan as a baby. Perhaps, as the writer suggests, "because the first cup of coffee is the best," this new tale of Peter and Wendy is not quite equal to the first. "We like it, yes, but the first fine rapture is gone, the blue is a trifle faded, and the velvet softness is beginning to wear away."

We certainly have now a complete chronicle of Peter's life. First there was "The Little White Bird." Then came the play. Then followed "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens." And now Mr. Barrie has rounded out the story in symmetrical form, putting in details about matters as to which we were not sufficiently informed. It is not necessary to tell the mere tale again. There is the nursery, and Nana, the dog-nurse, and Wendy and John, and Michael and Mrs. Darling, and Peter himself, flying in at the window and sitting on the floor, crying because he cannot stick on his shadow, which has come off. Later on there is the beautiful "Enchanted Island" in the Ocean of Day Dreams, where the Pirates hunt the Lost Boys and the Red Skins hunt the Pirates and the Man-eating Beasts hunt the Red Skins, round and round in a circle. Tinker Bell, of course, is there, and Tootles shooting the Wendy bird with his bow and arrow, and Captain Hook and Smee and all the other bloody pirate dogs of his villainous crew, and the crocodile with the clock inside and many other dear, delightful, terrible and treasured things.

Peter Pan is a brother of Alice in Wonderland. Barrie's gift, as the Boston Transcript remarks, "is to create the real out of the unreal." The human quality dominates everything he writes, whether it be of this world or another. "He puts just enough com-

mon sense into his stories to save them from being sheer nonsense, as are the many stories of fairyland. He is able to make his characters and his incidents hang together, and to blend the known logically and sensibly with the unknown."

"As Napoleonic as ever and entirely beguiled," are the praiseful words with which the New York Tribune greets this book. It finds Peter as irresistible as when he was seen through the golden haze of the footlights. Miss Grace Isabel Colbron even assures us in The Bookman that this dainty conceit is too fairylike to stand the necessary artifice of the stage, too frail not to be harmed by impersonation in human shape. We doubt if the majority of American playgoers would indorse that opinion. The most brilliant review of the volume that has thus far appeared is Gilbert K. Chesterton's in the London Nation. Barrie's popularity, he tells us, consists in giving the people what they want, but what they don't know that they want. "Originality is the power of going behind the common mind, discovering what it desires as distinct from what it says it desires, and satisfying the sub-consciousness."

"Few modern writers have enjoyed so much as Mr. Barrie this high pleasure of giving people what they wanted, but did not expect. 'Peter Pan' is perhaps the one perfect example of this element in contemporary art; it is our nearest approach to a legend. There is something almost anonymous about its popularity; we feel as if we had all written it. It is made out of fragments of our own forgotten dreams, and stirs the heart with sleepy unquiet, like pictures from a previous existence. But this very quality, as of a fairy-cap fitting everyone, as it is Mr. Barrie's peculiar glory, so it is his peculiar danger or mistake. A thing like 'Peter Pan' is so obviously our natural food that most of us tend to swallow it whole; to enjoy without attempting to criticize. For this as well as other reasons the new prose version he has published, 'Peter and Wendy,' is valuable as giving an opportunity for a maturer judgment of the work, when we have grown accustomed to its remarkable combination of universality and novelty."

Chesterton goes on to criticize some features of the story. The scene of the dog who put the children to bed in the play, he says, pretty and popular as it was, was a great mistake. Such things could only happen if the children were in fairyland already; and this extracts all the thrill out of the escape into fairyland.

<sup>\*</sup> PETER AND WENDY. By J. M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"The front scene, so to speak, the human interior, should have been not only ordinary but even dull. For it is on those dull, rainy mornings, or hot, empty afternoons, that both children and men look out of the window for 'Peter

Pan.'

"In this respect, the story in book-form is vastly better; the miraculous dog is, comparatively speaking, a sleeping dog, and we are permitted to let him lie. The opening scenes are more domestic and less pantomimic. Again, the new illustrations by Mr. F. D. Bedford, tho not so mystically creative as those of Mr. Rackham. have a certain mixture of solid impossibility and exact detail, which is the thing that children love most.

"But all these incidental improvements are dwarfed by an essential improvement which never appeared (so far as I saw it; and I saw

it three times) in the play. At the end of the story Mr. Barrie put (or ought to have put) a really vital question to 'Peter Pan.' Is it better to be a Pagan god or a Christian man? Is it better to grow up, to drink the wine of Cana and the vinegar of Calvary; or is it better to be irresponsible for eternity? At the end of the play the challenge was frankly shirked. 'Wendy' was to visit 'Peter' once a year; without ref-erence to the fact that she would be ninety at the end of what 'Peter' would regard as a halfholiday. In this book the challenge is accepted. 'Wendy' grows up and has a little daughter, and the god of youth cheerfully transfers his attentions to the daughter. That is good, clean, philosophical courage. But I shall be always one of those who wish that 'Peter', when the choice was offered him, had gone to school and married and died."

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ICHENS may best be described as the victim of his hobbies. At first it was estheticism, later pseudo-psychological fakery, and most recently, the St. Louis Mirror points out, a revelling

in matters of sex and sense almost to the degree of obsession. In the latest book,\* that THE FRUITFUL weekly tells us, "the taint of VINE sex still lingers.'

"Mr. Hichens' scenes are sensuous and his people, and the flesh occupies much of their thought. On the other hand, few writers have the grace to touch upon these matters as finely as he, and while he devotes page after page to the depiction of passion, one does not fancy that he is giving it more prominence than the facts of life entitle him to. His method is realistic almost to a flaw, but the ends of realism are attained largely by indirect means and never in a brutal way.

In the first chapter we plunge at once into an atmosphere of fashionable Italian gaiety out of doors. It is the afternoon concert hour in the Pinzio at Rome. Children play about; motors and broughams gather; our attention is attracted to a woman in a brown victoria with an ugly little dog on her lap. We are not allowed to take our eyes from her, yet we are told almost nothing about her. Gradually we are made aware of her beauty and fashion and of the sense of heavy disappointment which is crushing her. The dog himself, her substitute for a child, is symbol of the likeness of her life. She is Dolores Cannynge. who has been married ten years but has no

\*THE FRUITFUL VINE. By Robert Hichens. The Macmillan Company.

children, tho both she and her husband desire them. Cannynge becomes wrapped up in the children of his friend and spends most of his time with his friend's wife and family. Dolores, conscious of the emptiness of her home. and jealous of the friend's wife and her children, has driven her husband away, and conceals her grief by plunging into society. After the death of Denzil, the friend, Cannynge's estrangement from his wife becomes complete. Edna, Denzil's widow, occupies his thoughts from that time on. Dolores, meanwhile, is pursued by Cesare, who is in love with her; and, finally, in desperation, she consents to intrigue with him. In spite of this physical infidelity, Dolores still loves her husband with a terrible tenderness that is powerless to give him what he wants. At last she gives birth to a child-Cesare's child-and dies. Her husband is at first hoodwinked into thinking that the child is his, but finally the knowledge of his own impotence and stupidity comes to crush his spirit and open his eyes to the tragedy of the dead woman's life.

"Mr. Hichens carries conviction in the concluding lines," proclaims The World Today, while the New York Times declares the exact reverse. It tells us that "The Fruitful Vine" is "a book that hesitates between two methods, diffuzing through its five hundred pages material that lacks a single organizing principle."

"Mr. Hichens has approached his task without the prerequisite of a point of view. The story lacks a philosophic premise, that ethical conviction which throws material into form and makes all sequences appear inevitable; a sort of moral anatomy without which no story is articulate."

# AFTER HE WAS DEAD-A STORY

This story by Melville Davisson Post is one of the most powerful portrayals of criminal psychology we have seen in many years. It was originally published in *The Atlantic\*Monthly*.



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N hour before sunset the man, who had been at work all day, turned out of the corn-field. He crossed the furrows to the rail fence, with the hoe in his hands. At the bars leading into the field a squirrel

rifle, with a long wooden stock reaching to the end of the barrel, stood against the chestnut post; beside it lay a powder-horn attached to a pouch of deerskin containing bullets. The man set his hoe against the fence. He wiped his hands on the coarse fox-grass growing in the furrows, examined the sun for a moment, then took up the rifle, removed an exploded cap from the nipple and began to load it.

He poured the black powder into his palm, and bending his palm emptied it into the barrel. The measure of powder was a sufficient charge, but he added to it half the quantity again, emptied into his palm from the horn. Then he took a handful of bullets out of the pouch, selected one of which the neck was squarely cut, and placing a tiny fragment of calico over the muzzle of the rifle, drew out the hickory ramrod and forced the bullet down. He got a percussion cap out of a paper box, examined it, placed it on the nipple, and gently pressed it down with the hammer of the lock.

When the gun was thus carefully loaded the man threw it across his shoulder and, taking the horn and pouch in his hand, left the field. He went along a path leading through a wood to the valley below. Midway of the wood he stopped and concealed the horn and pouch in a hollow tree. Then he continued on his way with the rifle tucked under his arm.

The country below him was one of little farms. skirted by trees lining the crests of low hills. The man traveled for several miles, keeping in the shelter of the wood. Finally, he crossed a river on a fallen tree and sat down in a thicket behind a rail fence. Beyond this fence was a pasture field and a score of grazing cattle. In this field, some twenty paces from where the man sat, the earth was bare in little patches where the owner of the cattle had been accustomed to give them salt.

The sun was still visible, but great shadows were beginning to lengthen across the valley. Presently an old man, riding a gray horse, entered the field from the road. When he came through the gate, the man concealed in the

brush cocked his gun, laid the muzzle on a raid of the fence, and waited, with his jaw pressed against the stock. The old man rode leisurely across the field to the place where he had been accustomed to "salt" his cattle. There he got down, opened a bag which he carried across the pommel of his saddle, and began to drop handfuls of salt on the bare patches in the pasture. From time to time he called the cattle, and when he did so he stood up with his back toward the fence, looking at the bullocks approaching slowly from another quarter of the field.

There was a sharp report. The old man turned stiffly on his heels with his arms spread out. His face was distorted with amazement, then it changed to terror. He called out something, in a thick, choked voice; then he fell with his arms doubled under him.

chin wisp of smoke floated up from the rail fence; the horse, however, did not move; it remained standing with its bridle-rein lying on the earth. The cattle continued to approach. The man in the brush arose. The dead man had called out his name, "Henry Fuget." Of that he was certain. That he had distinctly heard. But of the other words he was not so certain. He thought the old man had said, "You shall hear from me!" But the words were choked in the throat. He might have heard incorrectly. He looked carefully about him to be sure that no one had heard his name thus called out; then he took up his rifle, crossed the river on the fallen tree, and returned towards the confield.

He was a stout, compactly-built man, of middle life. His hair was dark, but his eyes were blue. He was evidently of Celtic origin. He walked slowly, like one who neither delays nor hurries. He got the horn and pouch from the hollow tree as he passed, reloaded his rifle, shot one or two gray squirrels out of the maple trees, took them in his hand, and went down the ridge through the little valley, to a farmhouse. He had traveled seven miles, and it was now night.

After the evening meal, which the laborer ate with the family of his employer, he went to his bed in the loft of the farmhouse. On this night Fuget ate well and slept profoundly. The stress which had attended his plan to kill Samuel Pickens, seemed now to disappear. The following morning he returned to his work in the cornfield. But as the day advanced he became curious to know if the body of Pickens had been found,

and how the country had received the discovery. He had no seizure of anxiety. He had carefully concealed every act in this tragic drama. He was unknown in this part of the country. Pickens had not seen him before the shot. He had come here quietly, obtained employment as a farm laborer, under the name of Williams, located his man, watched, and killed him. True, Pickens had realized who it was who had fired the shot when the bullet entered his body, but he was dead the following moment, and before that he had believed Fuget in another part of the world.

As Fuget remembered the scene, he found himself trying to determine what, exactly, it was that Pickens had said, after he had called his name, It seemed to Fuget that he must have heard incorrectly. He labored to recall the exact sounds that had reached him. If not these words-"You shall hear from me"-what was it that Pickens had said? And as he puzzled he became more curious to know how Pickens had been found, and what the people were saying of the murder. Such news travels swiftly.

As the day advanced, Fuget's curiosity increased. He paused from time to time in the furrow, and remained leaning on his hoe-handle. Finally he thrust the blade of the hoe under a root, broke it at the eye, and returned to the farmhouse, with the broken hoe in his hand.

At the door he met the farmer's wife. She spread out her arms with a sudden, abrupt gesture.

"La, Mr. Williams," she said, "have you heard the news? Somebody shot ole Sam Pickens."

Fuget stopped. "Who's Sam Pickens?" he said. "Bless my life!" said the woman; "I forgot you're a stranger. Sam Pickens? Why, he's a cattle man that came over the mountains about two years ago. He bought the Carpenter land on the River."

Fuget had now his first moment of anxiety.

"I hope he ain't much hurt," he said.

"Hurt!" replied the woman. "Why, he's dead. They found him a-layin' in his pasture field, where he'd gone to salt his cattle."

Fuget stood for a moment, nodding his head

"Well, that's a terrible thing. Who done it?" The woman flung up her hands.

"That's the mystery," she said. "He didn't have any enemies. He was curious, but he was a good neighbor, folks say. They liked him. He lived over there by himself."

Fuget ventured a query.

"Did they see any signs of anybody about where they found him?"

"There wouldn't be any signs in a pasture

field," said the woman, "an' the person that shot him must have been standin' out in the pasture field, because he was a-layin' a-facin' the river. An' he'd been shot in the back. They could tell that for a certainty," she added, "because a bullet tears where it comes out, an' it carries in stuff with it when it goes in."

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Fuget made some further comment, then he held up the pieces of the hoe.

"I come in to get another hoe," he said. broke the blade on a root."

Then he went out to the log barn, selected a hoe from a number hanging in a crack of logs, and returned to the cornfield.

He had now a sense of complete security. Even chance had helped. The turning of the old man in the act of death had diverted inquiry from the direction of the river, where some broken bushes might have indicated his hiding-place. He worked the remainder of the day in the cornfield. He had the profound satisfaction of one who successfully shapes events to a plan. Nevertheless, he found himself pausing now and then, to consider what it was that Pickens had said. The elimination of all anxieties seemed somehow to have brought this feature of the tragedy forward to the first place. It seized his attention with the persistent interest of a puzzle.

That evening at supper, the farmer related the gossip of the countryside. There was nothing in this gossip that gave Fuget the slightest concern. No clue of any character had been observed, and there were no conjectures that remotely approached the truth. Fuget talked of the tragedy without the least restraint. That anxiety which he had feared to feel when the matter would come to be discussed did not present itself. The old wives' tales of tortured conscience and the like, while he had not believed them, had, nevertheless, given him a certain concern. They were like tales of ghosts, which one could laugh at, but could not disprove until one had slept in the haunted house. He now knew that they were false.

He went to bed with the greatest composure. He was even cheerful. But he did not sleep. His mind seemed unusually clear and active. It reverted to the details of the tragedy, not with any sense of anxiety, but with a sort of satisfaction, as of one who contemplates an undertaking successfully accomplished. He passed the incidents in review, until he reached the words which Pickens had uttered. And, keenly alert, like a wrestler in condition, his mind began to struggle with that enigma. He endeavored to compoze himself to slumber. But he could not. He was intensely awake. His mind formulated all the

expressions that might resemble in sounds those at shot words which Pickens seemed to have said, but asture they were of no service. He turned about in his river. bed, endeavoring to dismiss the problem. But ld tell his mind seemed to go on with it against every bullet effort of his will. He concluded that this sleepstuff lessness was due to the coffee which he had taken at supper, and he determined to abandon the use en he of it. Now and then he fell asleep, but he seemed almost instantly to awaken. He was glad when d. "I

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The following night he drank no coffee, and he fell asleep. But some time in the night he awoke again to the besetting puzzle. He sat up in the bed, and determined to dismiss it. He had believed Pickens to say, "You shall hear from me"; very well then, that was what he had said. And he lay down. But, instantly, upon that decision, there appeared another phaze of the puzzle that fascinated his attention. Why had Pickens used that expression? Why should he say, "You shall hear from me?" He was in the act of death when he spoke. He knew that. The realization of it was in his face. These words were inconsistent with a sense of death.

He lay for a long time, intent upon this new aspect of the matter. Did the dying man intend this as a threat which he expected to carry out? But how could one hear from a dead man? And there arose a medley of all the tales that he had ever heard, relating to messages transmitted to the living from the spirit world. He dismissed these tales as inconsistent with the sane experiences of men. But the effect of them, which he had received as a child, he could not dismiss. Moreover, how could one be certain that, under some peculiar conditions, such messages were not transmitted? Learned men were themselves not absolutely sure.

And intent upon this thing he remembered that those about to die were said sometimes to catch glimpses of truth ordinarily hidden. Men plucked from death had testified to a supernal activity of the mind. And those who had watched had observed the dying to use words and gestures which indicated a sight and hearing beyond the capacities of life.

He reflected. When Pickens had said, "You shall hear from me," it was certain that he meant what he said. Men did not utter idle threats when they were being ejected out of life. The law, ordinarily so careful for the truth, recognized this fact. He had heard that the declarations of those who believed themselves in dissolution were to be received in courts of law without the sanctity of an oath. It was the common belief that the dying did not lie. Then, if he had

heard correctly this business was not ended. But had he heard correctly? And here the abominable thing turned back upon itself. And he began again on this interminable circle, as a fly follows the inside of a bowl, from which it can never escape.

In the realities of daylight, he was able to assail this thing, and, in a measure, overcame it The dead did not return, and their threats were harmless. But in the security of darkness, it possessed him. In the vast, impenetrable, mysterious night, one could not be so certain. One seemed then on the borderland of life where things moved that did not venture out into the sun, or in the sun became invisible. And, under the cover of this darkness, the dead man might somehow be able to carry out his threat. This was the anxiety that beset him. And in spite of his belief and the assurance of his reason he began to expect this message. And he began to wonder from what quarter it would approach him; and at what hour, and in what form. This thing appalled him: that one, whom he did not fear from the activity of life, should thus disturb him from the impotency of death.

Fuget was preparing quietly to leave the country when, about a week later, the farmer inquired if he wished to go with him on that morning to the county seat. It was the day on which the circuit court convened—"court day"—and by custom the country people assembled in the village. The farmer had been drawn on the grand jury.

"The judge will be chargin' us about the Pickens murder," he said. "You'd better go in an' hear him; the judge is a fine speaker."

It was the custom of these circuit judges to direct the attention of the grand jury to any conspicuous crime, and they usually availed themselves of this custom to harangue the people.

The curiosity which moved Fuget to seek the earliest news of the murder now urged him to hear what the judge would say, and he went with the farmer to the village. The court-room was crowded. Fuget remained all the afternoon seated on one of the benches. After the assembling of the grand jury, the judge began his charge. He reviewed the incidents of the assassination. Fuget found himself following these details. Under the speaker's dramatic touch the thing took on a more sinister aspect.

It could not avail the assassin that no human eye had seen him at his deadly work. By this act of violence he had involved himself with mysterious agencies that would not permit him to maintain his secret. It was in vain that human ingenuity strove against these influences. One

might thrust his secret into the darkness, but he could not compel the darkness to retain it. These agencies would presently expel it into the light; as one could cast the body of the dead into the sea, but could not force the sea to receive it; it would be there when he returned, ghastly on the sand. And the hideous danger was that one never could tell at what hour, or in what place, or by what means, these mysterious agencies would reveal the thing which he had hidden.

While the judge spoke, Fuget thought of the strange words which Pickens had uttered, and he felt a sense of insecurity. He moved uneasily in his seat, and the perspiration dampened his body. When the court adjourned, he hurried out. He passed through the swinging doors of the court-room, and descended the stairway into the corridor below. As he elbowed his way through the crowd he thought some one called out his name, "Henry Fuget," and instinctively he stopped, and turned around toward the stairway. But no one in the crowd coming down seemed

to regard him, and he hurried away.

He was now alarmed, and he determined to leave the country at once. He returned with the farmer. That night, alone in the loft of the farm-house, he packed his possessions into a bundle and sat down on the bed to wait until the family below him should be asleep. He did not cease to consider this extraordinary incident. And it presently occurred to him that if some one had, in fact, recognized him, and he should now flee in the night, his guilt would be conclusively indicated. And side by side with that suggestion there arose another. Had he, in fact, heard a human tongue call out his name? He labored to recall the sounds which he seemed to have heard, as he had labored to recall those which Pickens had uttered. The voice had seemed to him thin and high. Was it a human voice?

He rose, unpacked the bundle, and went over to the window. The night seemed strange to him. The air was hard and bright, thin clouds were moving, a pale moonlight descended now and then on the world. There was silence. Every living thing seemed to have departed out of life. He thought of all the persons whom he had this day seen alert and alive, as now no better than dead men, lying unconscious, while the earth turned under them in this ghostly light. And it seemed to him a thing of no greater wonder that the dead should appear or utter voices than that these innumerable bodies, prone and motionless, should again reenter into life.

The following morning the farmer reassurred him. No witness had come before the grand jury, and the prosecuting attorney had no evi-

dence to offer.

"I reckon no body will ever know who killed ol' Pickens," he said. Then he added, "The grand jury's goin' to set pretty late, an' I may have to stay in town to-night. I wish you'd go in with me, an' bring the horse home."

Fuget could not refuse, and he returned to the village. Again he sat all day in the crowded court-room. Loss of sleep and fatigue overcame him, and occasionally, in the heat of the room, in spite of his anxiety, he would almost fall asleep. And at such times he would start up, fearful that some word or gesture would escape him. And always, when the judge turned in his chair, or an attorney spoke, he was anxious. And when anyone passed the bench on which he sat, he appeared to be watching something in the opposite corner of the court-room, or, by accident, F

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to screen his face with his hat.

But as the day advanced, he became reassured, and when the court adjourned he went out quietly with the crowd. On the stairway and in the corridor below, he was anxious lest he should again hear his name called out. But when it did not occur and he approached the exit of the courthouse, his equanimity returned. On the steps, in the sun, he stopped and wiped his face with his sleeve. He seemed to have escaped out of peril, as through a door. He was glad now of the good judgment that had turned him back from flight, and of the incident that had brought him here to face the thing that he had feared. He came forth like one who had braved a gesticulating specter and found its threatening body to be harmless and impalpable.

He descended the long stone steps leading down from the portico of the ancient court-house, with that sense of buoyant freedom peculiar to those who are lifted out of danger. At the street, as he was about to walk away, some one touched him on the shoulder. He turned. The

sheriff of the county was beside him.

"Will you step into the Squire's office," he said. Fuget was appalled.

"Me!" he stammered. "What does the Squire want with me?"

But, obedient to the command, he followed the sheriff into the basement of the court-house, and through a corridor into the office of the justice of the peace. Here he found himself come into the presence of the prosecuting attorney, the justice, and a little man with sharp black eyes, and a thin, clean shaven face. He remembered having seen this man enter the court-room on the first day, while the judge was speaking. He had carried then a pair of saddle-pockets over his arm and had seemed to be a stranger, for he had stopped at the door and looked about, as if the court-room were unfamiliar to him. Fuget had observed this incident, as with painful attention he had observed every incident occurring in the court-room during these two days of stress. He had not seen this man again. But he now distinctly recalled him.

The justice of the peace sat at a table. Before him lay a printed paper, certain blank lines of which had been written in with a pen. He put his hand on this paper; then he spoke.

"Is your name Henry Fuget?" he said.

Fuget looked around him without moving his head, swiftly, furtively, like an animal penned into a corner. The eyes of the others were on him. They seemed to know all the details of some mysterious transaction that had led up to this question, and of which he was ignorant. He felt that he had entered some obscure trap, the deadly peril of which these men had cunningly hidden that he might the more easily step into it. Nevertheless, he realized that he could not remain silent.

"No, sir," he said, "my name's Silas Williams." Then he added, "I work for Dan'l Sheets, out on the ten-mile road. You can ask him; he'll tell you."

The justice continued, as the following a certain formula:

"Did you know Samuel Pickens?"

"No, sir."

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The justice seemed to consult a memorandum in pencil on the margin of the written paper.

"Were you not convicted of arson, on the testimony of Samuel Pickens, and sentenced to the penitentiary; and have you not repeatedly threatened to kill him when your term of penal servitude should have expired?"

Fuget was now greatly alarmed. How did these exact facts come to be known in this distant community? Here Pickens alone knew them, and he was dead. He saw that his security lay in denying that he was Henry Fuget.

"And your name's not Henry Fuget?"
"No, sir."

The justice turned to the stranger.

"This man denies that he is Henry Fuget," he said.

Then it was that the words were uttered that dispossessed the prisoner of composure, and cast him into panic.

"If the communication which I have received from Samuel Pickens is true," said the stranger, "Henry Fuget has the scar of a gunshot wound on his right arm above the elbow."

The muscles of Fuget's face relaxed. His mouth fell into a baggy gaping. Then he faltered the query that possessed him.

"Did you hear from Sam Pickens?"

"Yes."

"After he was dead?"

The stranger reflected. "Yes," he said. "Pickens was dead then."

Fuget's mouth remained open. A sense of disaster, complete and utter, descended on him. The dead man had carried out his terrible threat. He began to stammer, unconscious that he was completing his ruin.

"That's what he said—that's what he said when I shot him—but I thought I'd hear—I didn't

think somebody else would hear."

He caught hold of the table with his hand, and lowered himself into a chair. But he continued to regard this sinister stranger. And presently he spoke again.

"How did he tell you?" he said.

A crowd had begun to gather at the door and at the windows—a rumor had gone out.

The stranger put his hand into his pocket and

drew from it a folded paper.

"I will tell you," he said. "I am an attorney at law; my name is Gordon, and I reside in Georgia. On the 3rd day of November, I received this paper, inclosed in an envelope, and addressed to me. It was dated in October, but when I got it Pickens was dead." He unfolded the paper and read in a thin, high-pitched voice:

"In the name of God, Amen! I, Samuel Pickens, do make, publish, and declare this to be my last will and testament. I hereby appoint Horatio Gordon my executor, and I direct and charge him as follows, to-wit: Henry Fuget, a convict about to be discharged from the penitentiary of Georgia, has repeatedly threatened my life. I have come here to avoid him, but I fear that he will follow and kill me. Now, therefore, if I should be found dead, be it known that Henry Fuget is the assassin, and I direct my executor to expend the sum of one thousand dollars in order to bring him to the gallows. Fuget is to be known by a scar on the fleshy part of his right arm where he was shot in an attempt to escape from the penitentiary. residue of my estate, both real and personal, I bequeath to my beloved daughter, Selina Pickens, now Mrs. Jonathan Clayton, of Jackson, Miss.

Given under my hand and seal, Oct. 14, 1850. SAMUEL PICKENS. (Seal.)

The stranger looked up from the paper.

"When I heard that Pickens was dead," he said, "I came here immediately. The circuit court was sitting when I arrived. It occurred to me that the assassin might be present in this crowd of people. To determine that, I placed myself at the head of the stairway, and as the crowd was going out I called the name. This man turned, and I knew then that he was Henry Fuget."

Fuget sat with his hands on the arms of the chair, his big body thrown loosely forward, his eyes on the stranger. Slowly the thing came to him. The atmosphere of ghostly supernatural agencies receded. He saw that he had been trapped by his own fancy. The hand that had choked this confession out of him had been born of his own flesh; the bones of it, the sinews of it, he had himself provided.

And a madness seized him. He sprang up and rushed out of the door. The crowd gave way before the bulk of this infuriated man. But the corridor was narrow, and as he fought his way persons began to seize him. He staggered out into the courtyard. The crowd of people wedged him in, clung to him, and bore him down. He rose. Under the mass of men who had thrown themselves upon him, the bones of his legs seemed about to snap; his muscles to burst; his vertebrae to crumble. For a dozen steps he advanced with his crushing burden, but every moment it increased and finally he fell.

# · Che Humor of Life ·



AST month, in the pages of the Paris Revue, some of the leading humorists of Europe attempted to define humor. Owen Seaman, editor of Punch,

puzzled over the American brand, and tried to give a recipè for it. While Englishmen laugh at England, with her traditions, her institutions, her national genius, he believes Americans laugh at each other individually. There are three elements in American humor. One of them is exaggeration; another is a picturesque profusion of metaphors, due, according to Mr. Seaman, to the "newness" of our country; the third element is the sup-

pression of a link in the chain of a story. Here is a story, in the New York American, that seems to fit the last part of the British humorist's description of American humor. More than one link in the chain of this narrative is suppressed:

THE PARROT THAT OUIT TALKING.

Kerrigan went on a trip to South America, and while there bought a present for O'Brien in the shape of a pretty Spanish parrot, which was shipped to O'Brien. When he got back home he said to O'Brien:

"Dinny, did ye get the foine parrot Oi sent ye?"
"Oi did that, Kerrigan, and Oi wants to tell ye
that Oi never put me teeth into a tougher bird in
me life!"

We love to laugh at our law-makers and law-enforcers. It gives us such a cheerful sense of superiority to the politicians. This is from Fun:

LAW-ABIDING.

"What are they moving the church for?"

"Well, stranger, I'm mayor of these diggin's, an' I'm fer law enforcement. We've got an ordinance what says no saloon shall be nearer than 300 feet from a church. I give 'em three days to move the church."

We like also to laugh at ourselves in America.



A WORM'S-EYE VIEW

TRAMF: The way of the world: Those who have money and can buy boots—fly! In the following (from Life) the laugh is a little sardonic:

ALL BROTHERS.

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BRIGGS: I see they have brought it up against Crawlson that he used to work for the Standard Oil Company.

GRIGGS: How absurd! As if every true and patriotic American citizen is not doing the same thing.

Our illusions about college education in America seem to be withstanding the attacks of the humorists, notwithstanding the fact that they occasionally strike at our most unprotected prejudices. Here are two about the college boy, from Happer's Weekly:

DEVOTED TO IT.

"Well, Dobson, how is that son of yours getting along at college? Still devoted to burning the midnight oil?" asked Hicks.

midnight oil?" asked Hicks.
"Yep," said Dobson. "More devoted than ever—
fact is, he was arrested for joy-riding the other

PAPA'S TOB.

"What is Billy Hardatit doing these days?" asked

"Oh, he's working his son's way through college," said little Binks.

The Argonaut tells this one about the college boy's fond papa:

### BRIGHT BOY.

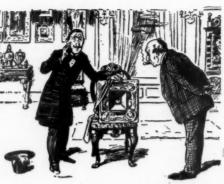
A young New Haven man, returning home from

a health trip to Colorado, told his father about buying a silver mine for \$3,000. "I knew they'd rope you in!" exclaimed the old man. "So you were assenough to buy a humbug mine."

"Yes, but I didn't lose anything. I formed a company, and sold half the stock to a Connecticut man for \$7,000."

"Y-you did," gasped the old man as he turned white. "I'll bet I'm the one who bought it."

"I know you are," coolly observed the young man as he crossed his legs and tried to appear very much at home.



per morros

Unscrupulous Picture Dealer (in New York):
"S.h.h. This is the left eye of Leonardo's 'Mona Lisa."
You can have it for five hundred dollars."

—Punch.

Frank Tinney, the monologist of the New York Winter Garden, recently published in Fun some good examples of negro humor (made by white men) that is so greatly appreciated by all Americans. One of them follows:

# NOT A SOCIAL SUCCESS

SAM: Were you at the Whitewashers' ball last week, Frank?

FRANK: I sure was. SAM: Was it a success?

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FRANK: No, Sam, it lacked de eclaw dat similar functions has had in recent yeahs.

SAM: Why, what was the matter? spoiled it?

FRANK: De safety razor, dat's what-de safety

In this year of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Dickens, we find the Mark Tapley style of optimism still the subject of abundant jest. S. E. Kiser gives us this in Opportunity:

# THE OPTIMIST

An optimist who paused a while Where all the scene was fair, Perceived a man whose look was sad. And thus addressed him there: 'You've lost your right arm, I perceive-Up near the shoulder, too; But why permit an empty sleeve To bring regret to you? You cannot cope with other men, Yet why should you be glum? You've lost your good right arm, but then, You cannot pound your thumb."

This optimist could bravely hope When he was well or ill; When Trouble pounded at his door He was undaunted still. A mule once kicked him through a fence, But, tho he could not rise And suffered pain that was intense, He could philosophize. "Why should I mourn my lot?" he thought, "Or speak a foolish oath She kicked with one hind foot-ah, what If she had kicked with both!"

One day he filled his stove with wood, And then poured in some oil; Eftsoons as swiftly as he could He left his native soil; But as he soared away he said: "How fortunate am I; The kitchen roof blew off just as I started for the sky, And if this had not happened, who Can entertain a doubt That I would have been injured by The rafters, coming out?'

American children are unconscious humorists, and it strikes us that the children we encounter in some of our women's magazines are a bit cleverer than those we find so often in Punch. Here is a boy from the Ladies' Home Journal:



THE OPTIMIST: "By Jove! the view certainly is -Harber's

### AND A BARGAIN AT THAT.

A little boy had got into the habit of saying "Darn," of which his mother naturally did not ap-

"Dear," she said to the little boy, "here is ten cents: it is yours if you will promise me not to say 'Darn' again." "All right, mother," he said, as he took the money,

"I promise. As he lovingly fingered the money a hopeful look came into his eyes, and he said: "Say, mother, I know a word that's worth fifty cents."

Shall we hold the "funny papers" responsible for the cleverness of American boys and girls? Perhaps, according to this story from Success:

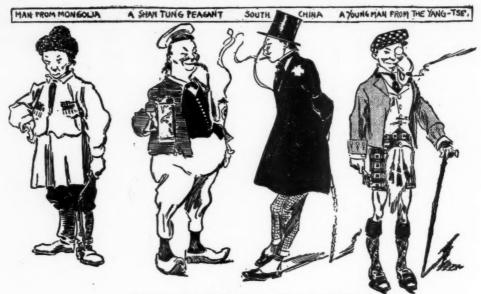
### RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Albert was a solemn-eyed, spiritual-looking child. "Nurse," he said one day, leaving his blocks and laying his hand gently on her knee, "nurse, is this God's day?"

"No, dear," said the nurse, "this is not Sunday; it is Thursday."

"I'm so sorry," he said sadly, and went back to

The next day and the next, in his serious manner, he asked the same question and the nurse tearfully said to the cook: "That child is too good for this world."



CHINESE COSTUMES AFTER "THE PARTITION"

-Mayer in New York Times

On Sunday the question was repeated and the nurse with a sob in her voice said: "Yes, Lambie, this is God's day."

"Then where is the funny paper?" he demanded.

Even the self-made man, who used to be idolized by most of us, is now frequently made the subject of jest. The New York *Times* tells this:



THE COST OF (ALMOST) LIVING

STRANGER: "Poor fellow! Why are they taking him

### FORGOT THE FRINGE.

His chief characteristics to the casual observer were an assertively pompous manner and an assertively bald head. For about an hour he had monopolized the conversation around the club fireplace by the recital of the struggle that had raised him from poverty in youth to affluence in mature manhood.

"Yes, gentlemen," he continued proudly, "I'm a self-made man."

A wearied voice came from the recesses of an armchair: "I should think, then, that you would have put more hair on the top of your head."

And the conversation was at last turned.

Here is a "Whistler" story, credited by the Dallas *News* to Robert Henri, the well-known portrait-painter:

# OIL IN STOCK.

"Many a millionaire's knowledge of art," Mr. Henri said, "is about equal to that of the sausage manufacturer who said to Whistler:

"'What would you charge to do me in oil?'

"'Ten thousand,' said Whistler promptly.
"'But suppose I furnish the oil?' said the millionaire."

Here, according to the *Argonaut*, is a similar case of ignorance on the part of a Chicago banker:

### A LIGHTNING CHANGE.

A Chicago banker was dictating a letter to his stenographer. "Tell Mr. Soandso," he ordered, "that I will meet him in Schenectady."

"How do you spell Schenectady?" asked the Stenographer.

"S-c, S-c—er—er—er— Tell him I'll meet him in Albany."